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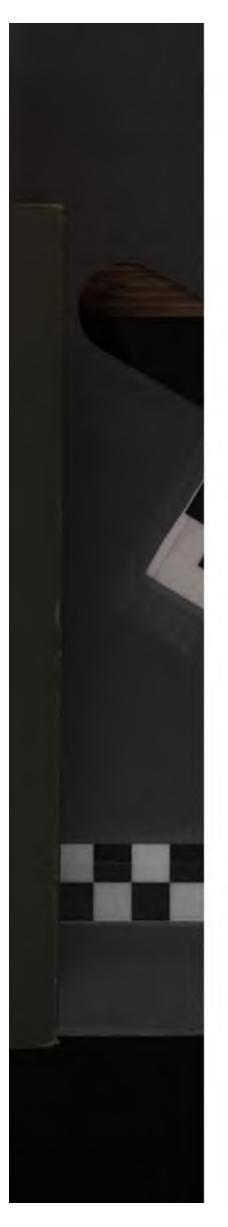
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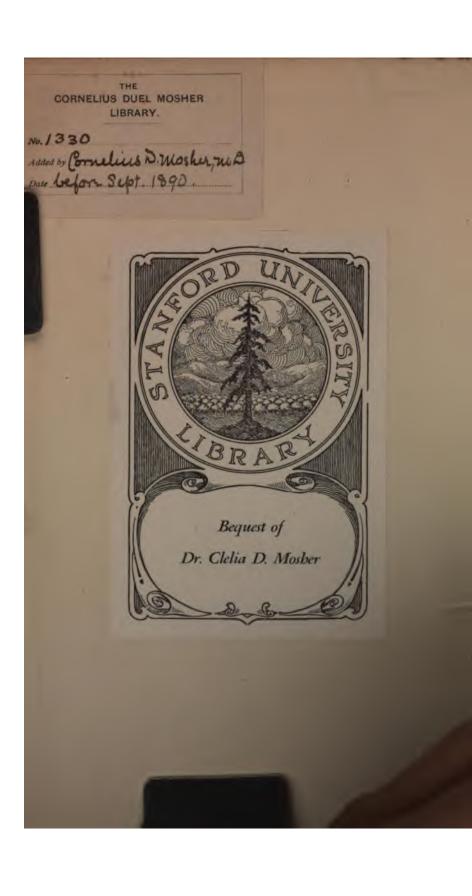
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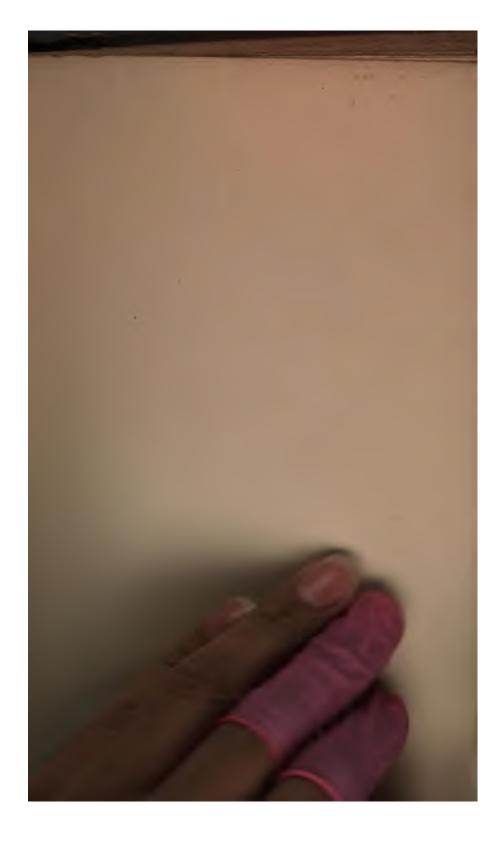
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Dramatic Works

OF

SHAKESPEARE





TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Dramatic Works

*

SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT OF THE FIRST EDITION

Illustrated with Etchings

VOLUME SIXTH

EDINBURGH

WILLIAM PATERSON
1883

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MAAAAL GAORMATS



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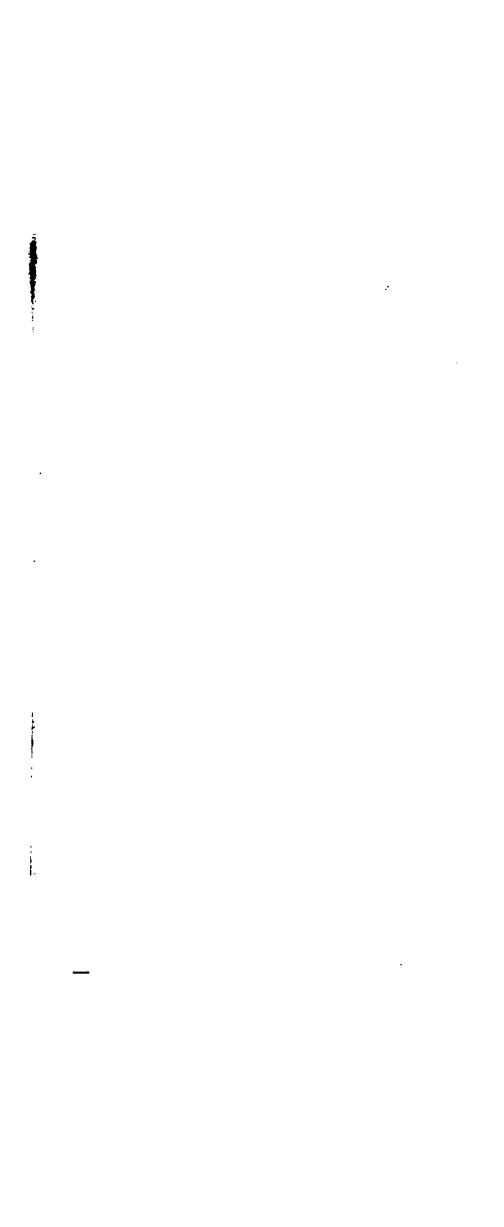
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Etched by M. Monziès, from the original Designs of M. Pille.

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Of this issue of the Works of William Shakespeare there have been printed FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES, of which this is

No. 364



TRAGEDIES.



The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene : From Iles of Greec The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'a Have to the Port of Athens sent their shippes Fraught with the ministers and instruments Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene, With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrels To Tenedos they come, And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaine The fresh and yet unbruised Greekes do pitch Their brave Pavillions. Priams six-gated City, Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien, And Antenonidus with massie Staples And corresponsive and fulfilling Bolts Stirre up the Sonnes of Troy. Now Expediation tickling skittish spirits, On one and other side, Trojan and Greeke, Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come, A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence Of Authors pen, or Afters voyce; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument,
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the waunt and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away, To what may be digested in a Play: Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are, Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.



THE TRAGEDIE OF

Troylus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scana Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus.

All here my Varlet, Ile unarme againe.

Why should I warre without the wals of Troy That finde such cruell battell here within?

Each Trojan that is master of his heart, Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength, Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant:

But I am weaker than a womans teare;

Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;

Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,

And skillesse as unpractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will have a Cake out of the Wheate, must needes tarry the grinding.

Troy. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troy. Have I not tarried?

Pan, I the boulting; but you must tarry the leav'ing.

Troy. Still have I tarried.

Pan. 1, to the leavening: but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Oven, and the Baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance, then I doe:
At Priams Royall Table doe I sit;
And when faire Cressid comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.

Pan. Well:

She look'd yesternight fairer, then ever I saw her looke, Or any woman else.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart, As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twaine, Least Hellor, or my Father should perceive me: I have (as when the Sunne doth light a-scorne) Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile: But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse, Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.

Pan. And her haire were not somewhat darker than Helens, well go too, there were no more comparison betweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswoman, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Troy. Oh Pandarus! I tell thee Pandarus;
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressids love. Thou answer'st she is Faire,
Powr'st in the open Ulcer of my heart.
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,
Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand
(In whose comparison, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,

The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'st me; As true thou tel'st me, when I say I love her: But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme, Thou lai'st in every gash that love hath given me, The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth. Troy. Thou do'st not speake so much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as shee is, if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good Pandarus: How now Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my Labour for my travell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you; Gone betweene and betweene, but small thankes for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry Pandarus? what with me? Pan. Because she's Kinne to me, therefore shee's not so faire as Helen, and she were not kin to me, she would be as faire on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care 1? I care not and she were a Black-a Moore, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Pan. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a Foole to stay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.

Troy. Pandarus?
Pan. Not I.

Troy. Sweete Pandarus.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. Exit Pand.

Sound Alarum.

Tro. Peace you ungracious Clamors, peace rude sounds, Fooles on both sides, Helen must needes be faire, When with your bloud you daily paint her thus. I cannot fight upon this Argument:

. . . .

It is too starv'd a subject for my Sword, But Pandarus: O Gods! How do you plague me? I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar, And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe, As she is stubborne, chast, against all suite. Tell me Apollo for thy Daphnes Love What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we: Her bed is *India*, there she lies, a Pearle, Between our Ilium, and where shee recides Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood, Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling Pandar, Our doubtfull hope, our convoy and our Barke,

Alarum. Enter Eneas.

Ene. How now Prince Troylus?

Wherefore not a field?

Troy. Because not there; this womans answer sorts, For womanish it is to be from thence: What newes Æneas from the field to day?

Ene. That Paris is returned home, and hurt, Troy. By whom Eneas?

Troylus by Menelaus.

Troy. Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne,

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus horne.

Alarum. Ene. Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day. Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:

But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?

Ene. In all swift hast,

Troy. Come goe wee then togither. Exeunt.

Enter Cressid and ber man.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Queene Hecuba, and Hellen.

Crr. And whether go they?

Man. Up to the Easterne Tower, Whose height commands as subject all the vaile, To see the battell: Hellor whose pacience, Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mov'd: He chides Andromache and strooke his Armorer, And like as there were husbandry in Warre Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte, And to the field goe's he; where every flower Did as a Prophet weepe what it forsaw, In Hellors wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Man. The noise goe's this;
There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Trojan blood, Nephew to Hellor,
They call him Ajax.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They say he is a very man per se and stands alone. Cre. So do all men, unlesse they are drunke, sicke, or have no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish as the Beare, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries some staine of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire, hee hath the joynts of every thing, but every thing so out of joynt, that hee is a gowtie Briareus, many hands and no use; or

purblinded Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile, make Hedor angry?

Man. They say he yesterday cop'd Hellor in the battell and stroke him downe, the disdaind & shame whereof, hath ever since kept Hellor fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam your Uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hedors a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow Uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow Cozen Cressid: what do you talke of? good morrow Alexander: how do you Cozen? when were you at Illium?

Cre. This morning Uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hellor arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? Hellen was not up? was she?

Cre. Hedor was gone but Hellen was not up?

Pan. E'ene so; Hellor was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry? Cre. So he saies here.

Pan. True he was so; I know the cause too, heele lay about

him to day I can tell them that, and there's Troylus will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of Troylus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who Troylus?

Troylus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh Jupiter; there's no comparison.

Pan. What not betweene Troylus and Hellor? do you know a man if you see him?

Cre. I, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I say Troylus is Troylus. Cre. Then you say as I say,

For I am sure he is not Hellor.

Pan. No nor Hellor is not Troylus in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just, to each of them he is himselfe.

Pan. Himselfe? alas poore Troylus I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

Cre. He is not Hellor.

Pan. Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were himselfe: well, the Gods are above, time must friend or end: well Troylus well, I would my heart were in her body; no, Hettor is not a better man then Troylus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder. Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: Hellor shall not have his will this yeare.

Cre. He shall not neede it if he have his owne.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter. Pan. Nor his beautie.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement Neece; Hellen her selfe swore th'other day that Troylus for a browne favour (for so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne. Pan. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why Paris hath colour inough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then Troylus should have too much, if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher then his, he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieve Hellens golden tongue had commended Troylus for a copper nose.

Pan. I sweare to you, I thinke Hellen loves him better then Paris.

Cre. Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.

Pan. Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other day

into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or foure haires on his chinne.

Cres. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will be within three pound lift as much as his brother Hellor.

Cres. Is he is so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to proove to you that Hellen loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cres. Juno have mercy, how came it cloven? Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,

I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in Autumne.

Pan. Why go to then, but to prove to you that Hellen loves Troylus.

Cre. Troylus wil stand to thee

Proofe, if youle proove it so.

Pan. Troylus? why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you love an addle egge as well as you love an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed shee has a marvel's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pas. And shee takes upon her to spie a white haire on his chinne,

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was such laughing, Queene Hecuba laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Milstones.

Pan. And Cassandra laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And Hedor laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that Hellen spied on Troylus chin.

Cres. And t'had beene a greene haire, I should have laught too.

Pand. They laught not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answere.

Cre. What was his answere?

Pan. Quoth shee, heere's but two and fifty haires on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pand. That's true, make no question of that, two and fiftie haires quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. Jupiter quoth she, which of these haires is Paris my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and give it him: but there was such laughing, and Hellen so blusht, and Paris so chaft, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now,

For it has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,

I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cre. So I does.

Pand. Ile be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill.

Sound a retreate.

Cres. And Ile spring up in his teares, an'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, shal we stand up here and see them, as they passe toward Illium, good Neece do, sweet Neece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may see

most bravely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke Troylus above the rest.

Enter Æneas.

Cre. Speake not so low'd.

Pan. That's Eneas, is not that a brave man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke Troylus, you shal see anon. Cre. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's Antenor, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th soundest judgement in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of person: when comes Troylus? Ile shew you Troylus anon, if hee see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cro. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.
Cre If he do, the rich shall have, more.

Enter Hedor.

Pan. That's Hellor, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way Hellor, there's a brave man Neece, O brave Hellor! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; ist not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no jesting, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the divell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: looke yee yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not? Why this is brave now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do Hellens heart good now, ha? Would I could see Troylus now, you shall Troylus anon.

Cre. Whose that?

Enter Hellenus.

Pan. That's Hellenus, I marvell where Troylus is, that's Helenus, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's Hellenus.

Cre. Can Hellenus fight Uncle?

Pan. Hellenus no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I marvell where Troylus is; harke, do you not haere the people crie Troylus? Hellenus is a Priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Trylus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's Daphobus. "Tis Troylus! Ther's a man Neece, hem! Brave Troylus, the Prince of Chivalrie.

Cre. Peace, for shame peace.

Pand. Marke him, not him: O brave Troylus: looke well upon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then Hellors, and how he lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troylus, go thy way, had I a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is durt to him, and I warrant, Helen to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Cres. Heere come more.

Pan. Asses, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could live and dye i'th'eyes of Troylus. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as Troylus, then Agamemnon and all Greece.

Exit Pand.

Cres. There is among the Greekes Achilles, a better man then Troybus.

Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cres. Well well.

Pan. Well, well? Why have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentlenesse, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?

Cres. I, a minc'd man and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the man's dates out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

Cres. Upon my backe, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; uppon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at all these wardes I lye at, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unlesse it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

Pan, Where?

Boy. At your owne house.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt.

Fare ye well good Neece.

Cres. Adieu Unkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Cres. To bring Unkle. Pan. I, a token from Troylus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a Bawd.

Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loves full sacrifice,
He offers in anothers enterprise:
But more in Troylus thousand fold I see,
Then in the glasse of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, joyes soule lyes in the dooing:
That she belov'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more then it is.
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxime out of love I teach;
"Atchievement, is command; ungain'd, beseech.
That though my hearts Contents firme love doth beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare.

Exit.

Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes:

What greefe hath set the Jaundies on your cheekes? The ample proposition that hope makes In all designes, begun on earth below Fayles in the promist largenesse: checkes and disasters Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd. As knots by the conflux of meeting sap, Infect the sound Pine, and diverts his Graine Tortive and erant from his course of growth. Nor Princes, is it matter new to us, That we come short of our suppose so farre, That after seven yeares siege, yet Troy walles stand, Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have Record, Triall did draw Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme: And that unbodied figure of the thought That gave't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes) Do you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes,

And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else But the protractive trials of great love, To finde persistive constancie in men? The finenesse of which Mettall is not found In Fortunes love: for then, the Bold and Coward, The Wise and Foole, the Artist and un-read, The hard and soft, seeme all affin'd, and kin. But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne, Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan, Puffing at all, winnowes the light away; And what hath masse, or matter by it selfe, Lies rich in Vertue, and unmingled. Nestor. With due Observance of thy godly seat, Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply Thy latest words, In the reproofe of Chance, Lies the true proofe of men: The Sea being smooth, How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile Upon her patient brest, making their way With those of Nobler bulke? But let the Ruffian Boreas once enrage The gentle Thetis, and anon behold The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut, Bounding betweene the two moyst Elements Like Perseus Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boate, Whose weake untimber'd sides but even now Co-rival'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled, Or made a Toste for Neptune. Even so, Doth valours shew, and valours worth divide In stormes of Fortune. For, in her ray and brightnesse, The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes, And Flies fled under shade, why then

The thing of Courage, As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize, And with an accent tun'd in selfe-same key, ·Retyres to chiding Fortune.

Ulys. Agamemnon, Thou great Commander, Nerve, and Bone of Greece, Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,

In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all Should be shut up: Heare what Ulysses speakes, Besides the applause and approbation

The which most mighty for thy place and sway, And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,

I give to both your speeches: which were such, As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in Brasse: and such againe As venerable Nestor (hatch'd in Silver)

Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree In which the Heavens ride, knit all Greekes eares

To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both (Thou Great, and Wise) to heare Ulysses speake.

Aga. Speak Prince of Ithaca, and be't of lesse expect:

That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen Divide thy lips; then we are confident

When ranke Thersites opes his Masticke jawes,

We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.

Ulys. Troy yet upon his basis had bene downe, And the great Hectors sword had lack'd a Master But for these instances.

The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected; And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand Hollow upon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions. When that the Generall is not like the Hive, To whom the Forragers shall all repaire, What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded, Th'unworthiest shews as fairely in the Maske.

The Heavens themselves, the Planets, and this Center, Observe degree, priority, and place, Insisture, course, proportion, season, forme, Office, and custome, in all line of Order: And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd Amid'st the other, whose med'cinable eye Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets evill, And postes like the Command'ment of a King, Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets In evill mixture to disorder wander, What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny? What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth? Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors, Divert, and cracke, rend and deracinate The unity, and married calme of States Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is shak'd, (Which is the Ladder to all high designes) The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities, Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities, Peacefull Commerce from dividable shores, The primogenitive, and due of Byrth, Prerogative of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels, (But by Degree) stand in Authentique place? Take but Degree away, un-tune that string, And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meetes In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters, Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores, And make a soppe of all this solid Globe: Strength should be Lord of imbecility, And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead: Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong, (Betweene whose endlesse jarre, Justice recides) Should loose her names, and so should Justice too. Then every thing includes it selfe in Power.

Power into Will, Will into Appetite, And Appetite (an universall Wolfe, So doubly seconded with Will, and Power) Must make perforce an universall prey, And last, eate up himselfe. Great Agamemnon: This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate, Followes the choaking: And this neglection of Degree, is it That by a pace goes backward in a purpose It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd By him one step below; he, by the next, That next, by him beneath: so every step Exampled by the first pace that is sicke Of his Superiour, growes to an envious Feaver Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation. And 'tis this Feaver that keepes Troy on foote, Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length, Troy in our weaknesse lives, not in her strength. Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses heere discover'd The Feaver, whereof all our power is sicke. Aga. The Nature of the sicknesse found (Ulysses)

What is the remedie?

Ulys. The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes,
The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,
Having his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our designes. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazie Bed, the live-long day
Breakes scurrill Jests,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants us. Sometime great Agamemnon,
Thy toplesse deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit

Lies in his Ham-string, and doth thinke it rich To heare the woodden Dialogue and sound 'Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage, Such to be pittied, and ore-rested seeming He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speakes, Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes unsquar'd, Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt, Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fusty stuffe, The large Achilles (on his prest-bed lolling) From his deepe Chest, laughes out a lowd applause, Cries excellent, 'tis Agamemnon just. Now play me Nestor; hum, and stroke thy Beard As he, being drest to some Oration: That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends Of paralels; as like, as Vulcan and his wife, Yet god Achilles still cries excellent, Tis Nestor right. Now play him (me) Patroclus, Arming to answer in a night-Alarme, And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit, And with a palsie fumbling on his Gorget, Shake in and out the Rivet: and at this sport Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough Patroclus, Or, give me ribs of Steele, I shall split all In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion, All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, Severals and generals of grace exact, Atchievments, plots, orders, preventions, Excitements to the field, or speech for truce, Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serves As stuffe for these two, to make paradoxes. Nest. And in the imitation of these twaine, Who (as Ulysses sayes) Opinion crownes With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:

Ajex is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head

In such a reyne, in full as proud a place As broad Achilles, and keepes his Tent like him; Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre Bold as an Oracle, and sets Thersites A slave, whose Gall coines Slanders like a Mint,

A slave, whose Gall coines Slanders like a Mint, To match us in comparisons with durt,

To weaken and discredit our exposure,

How ranke soever rounded in with danger.

Ulys. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,

Fore-stall prescience, and esteeme no acte
But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,

That do contrive how many hands shall strike When fitnesse call them on, and know by measure

Of their observant toyle, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:

They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Closset-Warre:

So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall, For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize, They place before his hand that made the Engine,

Or those that with the finenesse of their soules,

By Reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles horse Makes many Thetis sonnes.

Aga. What Trumpet? Looke Menelaus. Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?

Men. Is this great Agamemnons Tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Enc. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince, Do a faire message to his Kingly eares?

Aga. With surety stronger then Achilles arme, 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce

Tucket.

Call Agamemnon Head and Generall.

Æne. Faire leave, and large security. How may A stranger to those most Imperial lookes, Know them from eyes of other Mortals?

Aga. H

And on the cheeke be ready with a blush Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthfull Phoebus:

Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Aga. This Troyan scornes us, or the men of Troy Are ceremonious Courtiers.

Ene. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; unarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would seeme Souldiers, they have galles,
Good armes, strong joynts, true swords, & Joves accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace Eneas,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe Eneas?

Æne. I Greeke, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?

Ene. Sir pardon, 'tis for Agamemnons eares.

Aga. He heares nought privatly

That comes from Troy.

Ene. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him. I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To set his sence on the attentive bent,
And then to speake.

Aga. Speake frankely as the winde, It is not Agamemnons sleeping houre;

That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake, He tels thee so himselfe.

Enc. Trumpet blow load,
Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tests,
And every Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke aloud.

The Trumpets sound.

We have great Agameman heere in Troy, A Prince calld Hellor, Priam is his Father: Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce. Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet, And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords, If there be one among'st the fayr'st of Greece, That holds his Honor higher then his ease, That seekes his praise, more then he feares his perill, That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his seare, That loves his Mistris more then in confession, (With Truant vowes to her owne lips he loves) And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth, In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge. Hellor, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes, Shall make it good, or do his best to do it. He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer, Then ever Greeke did compasse in his armes, And will to morrow with his Trumpet call, Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy, To rowze a Grecian that is true in love. If any come, Hellor shal honour him: If none, hee'l say in Troy when he retyres, The Grecian Dames are sun-burnt, and not worth The splinter of a Lance: Even so much. Aga. This shall be told our Lovers Lord Æneas, If none of them have soule in such a kinde, We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers, And may that Souldier a meere recreant prove,

That meanes not, hath not, or is not in love: If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be, That one meets Hellor; if none else, Ile be he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man When Hellors Grandsire suckt: he is old now, But if there be not in our Grecian mould, One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire To answer for his Love; tell him from me, Ile hide my Silver beard in a Gold Beaver, And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne, And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady Was fayrer then his Grandam, and as chaste As may be in the world: his youth in flood, Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.

Ene. Now heavens forbid such scarsitie of youth.

Ulys. Amen.
Aga. Faire Lord Æneas, Let me touch your hand : To our Pavillion shal I leade you first: Achilles shall have word of this intent,

So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent : Your selfe shall Feast with us before you goe, And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.

Manet Ulysses, and Nestor.

Ulys. Nestor.

Nest. What sayes Ulysses?

Ulys. I have a young conception in my braine, Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't ?

Ulysses. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded Pride That hath to this maturity blowne up In ranke Achilles, must or now be cropt, Or shedding breed a Nursery of like evil

To over-bulke us all.

Nest. Wel, and how?

Ulys. This challenge that the gallant Hellor sends, How ever it is spred in general name, Relates in purpose onely to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance, Whose grossenesse little charracters summe up, And in the publication make no straine, But that Achilles, were his braine as barren As bankes of Lybia, though (Apollo knowes) 'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of judgement, I, with celerity, finde Hellors purpose

Pointing on him. Ulys. And wake him to the answer, thinke you? Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose That can from Hellor bring his Honor off, If not Achilles; though't be a sportfull Combate, Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels. For heere the Troyans taste our deer'st repute With their fin'st Pallate: and trust to me Ulysses, Our imputation shall be oddely poiz'd In this wilde action. For the successe (Although particular) shall give a scantling Of good or bad, unto the Generall: And in such Indexes, although small prickes To their subsequent Volumes, there is seene The baby figure of the Gyant-masse Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd, He that meets Hellor, issues from our choyse; And choise being mutuall acte of all our soules, Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle As 'twere, from forth us all: a man distill'd Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,

What heart from hence receyves the conqu'ring part

To steele a strong opinion to themselves,

Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments, In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes Directive by the Limbes.

Give pardon to my speech. Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hellor:

Let us (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares, And thinke perchance they'l sell: If not,

The luster of the better yet to shew,

Shall shew the better. Do not consent,

That ever Hellor and Achilles meete:

For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,

Are dogg'd with two strange Followers. Nest. I see them not with my old eies: what are they?

Ulys. What glory our Achilles shares from Hellor,

(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him: But he already is too insolent,

And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,

Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes

Should he scape Hellor faire. If he were foyld,

Why then we did our maine opinion crush

In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,

And by device let blockish Ajax draw

The sort to fight with Hellor: Among our selves,

Give him allowance as the worthier man,

For that will physicke the great Myrmidon

Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall

His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.

If the dull brainlesse Ajax come safe off,

Wee'l dresse him up in voyces: if he faile,

Yet go we under our opinion still,

That we have better men. But hit or misse,

Our projects life this shape of sence assumes, Ajax imploy'd, pluckes downe Achilles Plumes.

Nest. Now Ulysses, I begin to rellish thy advice.

And I wil give a taste of it forthwith

To Agamemnon, go we to him straight:

Two Curres shal tame each other, Pride alone Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone.

Excunt.

Enter Ajax, and Thersites.

Aja. Thersites?

Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had Biles (ful) all over generally.

Aja. Thersites?

Ther. And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the General run, were not that a botchy core?

Aja. Dogge.

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him: I see none now.

Aja. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst thou not heare? Feele then.

Strikes bim.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee thou Mungrel beefe-

witted Lord.

Aja. Speake then you whinid'st leaven speake, I will beate

thee into handsomnesse.

Ther. I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse: but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oration, then thou learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red

Murren o'th thy Jades trickes.

Aja. Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doest thou thinke I have no sence thou strik'st me thus?

Aja. The Proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.

Aja. Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the lothsom'st scab in Greece.

Aja. I say the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumblest & railest every houre on Achilles, and thou art as ful of envy at his greatnes, as Cerherus is at Proserpina's beauty. I, that thou barkst at him.

Aja. Mistresse Thersites.

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Aja. Coblofe.

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.

Aja. You horson Curre.

Ther. Do, do.

Aja. Thou stoole for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou hast no more braine then I have in mine elbows: An Asinico may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant Asse, thou art heere but to thresh Troyans, and thou art bought and solde among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I wil begin at thy heele and tel what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

Aja. You dogge.

Ther. You scurvy Lord.

Aja. You Curre.

Ther. Mars his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now Ajax? wherefore do you this?

How now Thersites? what's the matter man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Acbil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke upon him.

Acbil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Acbil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you looke not well upon him: for who some ever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Acbil. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.

Ajax. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters: his evasions have eares thus long. I have bobb'd his Braine more

then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a peny, and his Piamater is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (Achilles) Ajax who wears his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I say of him.

Acbil. What?

Ther. I say this Ajax-

Achil. Nay good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit.

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helens Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Acbil. Peace foole.

Ther. I would have peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd Curre, I shall-

Achil. Will you set your wit to a Fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.

Pat. Good words Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Ajax. I bad thee vile Owle goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rayles upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go too, go too.

Ther. 1 serve heere voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was heere the voluntary, and you as under an Impresse.

Ther. E'ne so, a great deale of your wit too lies in your sinnewes, or else there be Liars. Hellor shall have a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, whose Wit was mouldy ere their Grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough up the waire.

Exit.

Acbil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good sooth, to Achilles, to Ajax, to-Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou after-

Pat. No more words Thersites.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles Brooch bids me, shall I?

Acbil. There's for you Patroclus. Ther. I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any

more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fooles. Exit.

Pat. A good riddance. Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our host,

That Hellor by the fift houre of the Sunne, Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy

To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes, That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare

Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell? who shall answer him?
Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwise

He knew his man.

Ajax. O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it.

Enter Priam, Hellor, Troylus, Paris and Helenus. Pri. After so many houres, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once againe sayes Nestor from the Greekes, Deliver Helen, and all damage else (As honour, losse of time, travaile, expence, Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is consum'd In hot digestion of this comorant Warre)

Shall be stroke off. Hellor, what say you too't. Hea. Though no man lesser feares the Greeks then I, As farre as touches my particular: yet dread Priam,

There is no Lady of more softer bowels,

More spungie, to sucke in the sense of Feare,
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then Hellor is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure: but modest Doubt is cal'd
The Beacon of the wise: the tent that searches
To'th'bottome of the worst. Let Helen go,
Since the first sword was drawne about this question,
Every tythe soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath bin as deere as Helen: I meane of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yeelding of her up.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother;

Weigh you the worth and honour of a King (So great as our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters summe
The past proportion of his infinite,
And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse,
With spannes and inches so diminutive,
As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?

Hel. No marvel though you bite so sharp at reason, You are so empty of them, should not our Father Beare the great sway of his affayres with reasons, Because your speech hath none that tels him so.

Troy. You are for dreames & slumbers brother Priest,
You furre your gloves with reason: here are your reasons,
You know an enemy intends you harme,
You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous,
And reason flyes the object of all harme.
Who marvels then when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heeles:
Or like a Starre disorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reason,

And flye like chidden Mercurie from Jove,
Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor
Should have hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoghts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect,
Makes Livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hea. Brother, she is not worth
What she doth cost the holding.

Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?

Hea. But value dwels not in particular will,

It holds his estimate and dignitie

As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,

As in the prizer: 'Tis made idolatrie,

To make the service greater then the God,

And the will dotes that is inclineable

To what infectiously it selfe affects,

Without some image of th'affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election Is led on in the conduct of my Will; My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares, Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores Of Will, and Judgement. How may I avoyde (Although my will distaste what it elected) The Wife I chose, there can be no evasion To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour. We turne not backe the Silkes upon the Merchant When we have spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands We do not throw in unrespective same, Because we now are full. It was thought meete Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes; Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes, The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce, And did him service; he touch'd the Ports desir'd, And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captive, He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse Wrinkles Apolloes, and makes stale the morning.

VI.

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Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt: Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle, Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand Ships, And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants. If you'l avouch, 'twas wisedome Paris went, (As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go:) If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize, (As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands, And cride inestimable; why do you now The issue of your proper Wisedomes rate, And do a deed that Fortune never did? Begger the estimation which you priz'd, Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base! That we have stolne what we do feare to keepe. But Theeves unworthy of a thing so stolne, That in their Country did them that disgrace, We feare to warrant in our Native place.

Enter Cassandra with her haire about her eares.

Cas. Cry Troyans, cry. Priam. What noyse? what shreeke is this?

Troy. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce. Cas. Cry Troyans.

Hett. It is Cassandra.

Cas. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,

And I will fill them with Propheticke teares. Hea. Peace sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old, Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry, Adde to my clamour: let us pay betimes A moity of that masse of moane to come. Cry Troyans cry, practise your eyes with teares, Troy must not be, nor goodly Illion stand, Our fire-brand Brother Paris burnes us all. Cry Troyans cry, a Heles and a woe;

Exit.

Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or else let *Helen* goe.

Hea. Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not these hie strains
Of divination in our Sister, worke
Some touches of remorse? Or is your bloud

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason, Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,

Can qualifie the same?

Troy.

Why Brother Hellor,

We may not thinke the justnesse of each acte
Such, and no other then event doth forme it,

Nor once deject the courage of our mindes; Because Cassandra's mad, her brainsicke raptures

Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell, Which hath our severall Honours all engag'd To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* sonnes, And Jove forbid there should be done among'st us Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,

To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Else might the world convince of levitie,

As well my under-takings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on so dire a project.
For what (alas) can these my single armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,

Were I alone to passe the difficulties, And had as ample power, as I have will, Paris should ne're retract what he hath done, Nor faint in the pursuite.

Pri. Paris, you speake Like one be-sotted on your sweet delights; You have the Hony still, but these the Gall, So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meerely to my selfe, The pleasures such a beauty brings with it: But I would have the soyle of her faire Rape Wip'd off in honourable keeping her What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queene, Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me, Now to deliver her possession up Can it be, On termes of base compulsion? That so degenerate a straine as this, Should once set footing in your generous bosomes? There's not the meanest spirit on our partie, Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw, When Helen is defended: nor none so Noble Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd, Where *Helen* is the subject. Then (I say) Well may we fight for her, whom we know well, The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.

Hea. Paris and Troylus, you have both said well: And on the cause and question now in hand, Have gloz'd, but superficially; not much Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought Unfit to heare Morall Philosophie. The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce To the hot passion of distemp'red blood, Then to make up a free determination 'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and revenge, Have eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce Of any true decision. Nature craves All dues be rendred to their Owners: now What neerer debt in all humanity, Then Wife is to the Husband? Of Nature be corrupted through affection, And that great mindes of partiall indulgence, To their benummed wills resist the same,

There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation, To curbe those raging appetites that are Most disobedient and refracturie. If Helen then be wife to Sparta's King (As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes Of Nature, and of Nation, speake alowd To have her backe return'd. Thus to persist In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong, But makes it much more heavie. Hellors opinion Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse, My spritely brethren, I propend to you In resolution to keepe Helen still; For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance, Upon our joynt and severall dignities. Tro. Why? there you toucht the life of our designe: Were it not glory that we more affected, Then the performance of our heaving spleenes,

Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heaving spleenes,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy Hellor,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us.
For I presume brave Hellor would not loose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds revenew.

HeG. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great Priamus,
I have a roisting challenge sent among'st
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,
I was advertiz'd, their Great generall slept,
Whil'st emulation in the armie crept:
This I presume will wake him.

Excunt.

Enter Thersites solus.

How now Thersites? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy furie? shall the Elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to conjure and raise Divels, but Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's Achilles, a rare Enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the King of gods: and Mercury, loose all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little lesse then little wit from them that they have, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so abundant scarse, it will not in circumvention deliver a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the curse dependant on those that warre for a placket, said my prayers and divell, envie, say Amen: What ho? my Lord Achilles?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites. Good Thersites come in and raile.

Ther. If I could have remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipt out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thy selfe upon thy selfe. The common curse of mankinde, follie and ignorance be thine in great revenew; heaven blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if she that laies thee out sayes thou art a faire coarse, Ile be sworne and sworne upon't she never shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's Achilles?

Patr. What art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer? Ther. I, the heavens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Acbil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thy selfe into my Table, so many meales? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy Commander Achilles, then tell me Patroclus, what's Acbilles ?

Patr. Thy Lord Thersites: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knower Patroclus: then tell me Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou maist tell that know'st.

Acbil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile declin the whole question: Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Patroclus knower, and Patrochus is a foole.

Patro. You rascall.

Ter. Peace foole, I have not done.

Achil. He is a priviledg'd man, proceede Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a foole, Achilles is a foole, Thersites is a foole, and as aforesaid, Patroclus is a foole.

Achil. Derive this? come?

Ther. Agamemnon is a foole to offer to command Achilles, Achilles is a foole to be commanded of Agamemnon, Thersites is a foole to serve such a foole: and Patroclus is a foole positive.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulisses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it suffises me thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, Ile speake with no body: come in with me Thersites.

Ther. Here is such patcherie, such jugling, and such knaverie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and bleede to death upon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subject, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is Achilles?
Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:

He sent our Messengers, and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him.

Ulis. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,

He is not sicke.

Aja. Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of proud heart; you may call it Melancholly if will favour the man, but by my head, it is pride; but why, why, let him show us the cause? A word my Lord.

Nes. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulis. Achillis hath inveigled his Foole from him.

Nes. Who, Thersites?

Ulis. He.

Nes. Then will Ajax lacke matter, if he have lost his Argument.

Ulis. No, you see he is his argument that has his argument

Nes. All the better, their fraction is more our wish then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a Foole could disunite.

Ulis. The amitie that wisedome knits, not folly may easily untie. Enter Patroclus.

Here comes Patroclus.

Nes. No Achilles with him?

Ulis. The Elephant hath joynts, but none for curtesie:

His legge are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

Patro. Achilles bids me say he is much sorry:

Patro. Actules bids me say he is much sorry:

If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,

Did move your greatnesse, and this noble State,

To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,

But for your health, and your digestion sake; An after Dinners breath.

Heare you Patroclus: Aga. We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion winged thus swift with scorne, Cannot outflye our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reason, Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues, Not vertuously of his owne part beheld, Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glosse; Yea, and like faire Fruit in an unholdsome dish, Are like to rot untasted: goe and tell him, We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne, If you doe say, we thinke him over proud, And under honest; in selfe-assumption greater Then in the note of judgement: & worthier then himselfe Here tends the savage strangenesse he puts on,

Disguise the holy strength of their command:
And under write in an observing kinde
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he overhold his price so much,
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye under this report.

Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre: A stirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance give, Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answere presently.

Aga. In second voyce weele not be satisfied, Exit Ulisses.

We come to speake with him, Ulisses enter you. Ajax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aja. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himselfe a

better man then I am? Ag. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Ag. No, Noble Ajax, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the cleerer Ajax, and your vertues the fairer; he that is proud, eates up himselfe; Pride is his owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and what ever praises it selfe but in the deede, devoures the deede in the praise.

Enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.

Nest. Yet he loves himselfe: is't not strange?

Ulis. Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuse?

Ulis. He doth relye on none, But carries on the streame of his dispose,

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

Aga. Why, will he not upon our faire request, Untent his person, and share the ayre with us?

Ulis. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely

He makes important; possest he is with greatnesse,

And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride

That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth

Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,

That twixt his mentall and his active parts, Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages, And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say? He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it, Cry no recovery.

Ag. Let Ajax goe to him, Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent; 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led

At your request a little from himselfe. Ulis. O Agamemnon, let it not be so.

Weele consecrate the steps that Ajax makes, When they goe from Achilles; shall the proud Lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,

And never suffers matter of the world,

Enter his thoughts: save such as doe revolve And ruminate himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,

Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,

Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,

Nor by my will assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles is: by going to Achilles,

That were to enlard his fat already, pride,

And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes

With entertaining great Hiperion.

This L. goe to him? Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder, Achilles goe to him. Nest. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinkes up this applause.

Aja. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him ore the

Ag. O no, you shall not goe.

Aja. And a be proud with me, Ile phese his pride: let me goe

Uks. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Aja. A paultry insolent fellow.

Nest. How he describes himselfe.

Aja. Can he not be sociable?

Ulis. The Raven chides blacknesse.

Aja. Ile let his humours bloud.

Ag. He will be the Physitian that should be the patient.

Aja. And all men were a my minde.

Ulis. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aja. A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe.

Ulis. A would have ten shares.

Aja. I will knede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not yet through warme.

Nest. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his ambition is dry.

Ulis. My L. you feede too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Diom. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulis. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.

Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,

1 will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulis. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aja. A horson dog, that shal palter thus with us, would he

Aya. A horson dog, that shal palter thus with us, would be were a Trojan.

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now-

Ulis. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulis. I, or surley borne.

Dio. Or strange, or selfe affected.

Ul. Thank the heavens L. thou art of sweet composure;

Design the state of the state o

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee sucke:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,

Let Mars devide Eternity in twaine,

And give him halfe, and for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo: his addition yeelde

To sinnowie Ajax: I will not praise thy wisdome,

Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's Nestor

Instructed by the Antiquary times:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

But pardon Father Nestor, were your dayes

As greene as Ajax and your braine so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Aja. Shall I call you Father?

Ulis. I my good Sonne.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord Ajax.

Ulis. There is no tarrying here, the Hart Achilles

Keepes thicket: please it our Generall, To call together all his state of warre,

Fresh Kings are come to Troy; to morrow

We must with all our maine of power stand fast.

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And cull their flowre, Ajax shall cope the best.

Ag. Goe we to Counsaile, let Achilles sleepe;

Light Botes may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw deepe.

Excunt. Musicke sounds within.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. 'Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord Paris?

Ser. I sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble Gentleman: I must needes praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith sir, superficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord Pandarus.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe desire it. Ser. You are in the state of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my title: What Musique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Musitians.

Ser. Wholly sir.

Pa. Who play they to? Ser. To the hearers sir.

Pa. At whose pleasure friend? Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that love Musicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who shall I command sir?

Pa. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request of Paris my L. who's there in person: with him the mortall Venus, the heart bloud of beauty, loves invisible soule.

Pa. Who? my Cosin Cressida.

Ser. No sir, Helen, could you not finde out that by her attri-

Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speake with Paris from the Prince Troylus: I will make a complementall assault upon him, for my businesse secthes.

Ser. Sodden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena,

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire desires in all faire measure fairely guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.

Par. You have broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. Nel, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. O sir.

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Paris. Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this shall not hedge us out, weele heare you sing certainely.

Pan. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most esteemed friend your brother Troylus.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus, hony sweete Lord.

Pass. Go too sweete Queene, goe to.

Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob us out of our melody:

If you doe, our melancholly upon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene Ifaith——

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turne, that shall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus?

Pas. What saies my sweete Queene, my very, very sweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?

Hd. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What saies my sweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. With my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your disposer is sicke.

Par. Well, Ile make excuse.

Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say Cressida? no, your poore disposer's sicke.

Par. I spie.

Pan. You spie, what doe you spie: come, give me an Instrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in love with a thing you have sweete Queene.

Hel. She shall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pand. Hee? no, sheele none of him, they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a

song now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy song be love: this love will undoe us al.

Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

Pan. Love? I that it shall yfaith.

Par. I, good now love, love, no thing but love.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more:
For O loves Bow,
Shootes Bucke and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore:
These Lovers cry, oh he they dye;
Tet that which seemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:

So dying love lives still, O ho a while, but ha ha ha, O ho grones out for ha ha ha-hey ho.

Hel. In love yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eates nothing but doves love, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Love a generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

Par. Hellor, Deiphebus, Helenus, Anthenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would faine have arm'd to day, but my Nell would not have it so.

How chance my brother Troylus went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at something; you know all Lord Pandarus ?

Pan. Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell sweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece. Pan. I will sweete Queene.

Sound a retreat. Par. They're come from fielde: let us to Priams Hall

To greete the Warriors. Sweet Hellen, I must woe you, To helpe unarme our Hellor: his stubborne Buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht, Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele, Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall doe more Then all the Iland Kings, disarme great Hellor. Hd. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant Paris:

Yes what he shall receive of us in duetie, Gives us more palme in beautie then we have:

VI.

Yea overshines our selfe.

Sweete above thought I love thee,

Excunt.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen Cressidas ?

Man. No sir, he stayes for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now? Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Have you seene my Cousin? Troy. No Pandarus: I stalke about her doore

Like a strange soule upon the Stigian bankes Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle Pandarus, From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings, And flye with me to Cressid.

Pan. Walke here ith'Orchard, Ile bring her straight. Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round, Th'imaginary relish is so sweete, That it inchants my sence: what will it be When that the watry pallate taste indeede Loves thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me Sounding distruction, or some joy too fine, Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse, For the capacitie of my ruder powers; I feare it much, and I doe feare besides, That I shall loose distinction in my joyes, As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes

The enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Shee's making her ready, sheele come straight; you must be witty now, she does so blush, & fetches her winde so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a new tane Sparrow. Exit Pand.

Troy. Even such a passion doth imbrace my bosome: My heart beates thicker then a feavorous pulse, And all my powers doe their bestowing loose, Like vassalage at unawares encountring The eye of Majestie.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you blush? Shames a babie; here she is now, sweare the oathes now to her, that you have sworne to me. What are you gone againe, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you i'th fils: why doe you not speake to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture. Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and 'twere darke you'ld close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse the mistresse; how now, a kisse in feefarme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith River: go too, go too.

Troy. You have bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; give her deedes: but sheele bereave you 'oth' deeds too, if shee call your activity in question: what billing againe? here's in witnesse whereof the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O Cressida, how often have I wisht me thus? Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord. Troy. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete Lady in the fountaine of our love?

Cres. More dregs then water, if my teares have eyes.

Troy. Feares make divels of Cherubins, they never see truely.

Cres. Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare, In all Cupids Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troy. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vowe to weepe seas, live in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Mistresse to devise imposition inough, then for us to undergoe any difficultie imposed. This is the monstruositie in love Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say all Lovers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that have the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monsters?

Troy. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall goe base till merit crowne it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire faith. Troylus shall be such to Cressid, as what envie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can speake truest, not truer then Troylus.

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blushing still? have you not done talking yet? Cres. Well Unckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

SC. I.

Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle give him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troy. You know now your hostages: your Unckles word and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, Ile give my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le sticke where they are throwne.

Cres. Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince Troylus, I have lov'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win? Cres. Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord With the first glance; that ever pardon me, If I confesse much you will play the tyrant: I love you now, but not till now so much But I might maister it; infaith I lye: My thoughts were like unbrideled children grow Too head-strong for their mother: see we fooles, Why have I blab'd: who shall be true to us When we are so unsecret to our selves? But though I lov'd you well, I woed you not, And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man; Or that we women had mens priviledge Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shall surely speake The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse drawes My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth. Troy. And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence. Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Cres. My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me, Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse: I am asham'd; O Heavens, what have I done!

For this time will I take my leave my Lord.

Troy. Your leave sweete Cressid?

Pan. Leave: and you take leave till to morrow morning.

Cres. Pray you content you.

What offends you Lady? Troy.

Cres. Sir, mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot shun your selfe.

Cres. Let me goe and try:

I have a kinde of selfe recides with you:

But an unkinde selfe, that it selfe will leave,

To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?

I would be gone: I speake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speakes so

wisely.

Cre. Perchance my Lord, I show more craft then love,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,

Or else you love not: for to be wise and love,

Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods above.

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:

As if it can, I will presume in you,

To feede for aye her lampe and flames of love.

To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,

Out-living beauties outward, with a minde

That doth renew swifter then blood decaies:

Or that perswasion could but thus convince me,

That my integritie and truth to you, Might be affronted with the match and waight

Of such a winnowed puritie in love:

How were I then up-lifted! but alas,

I am as true, as truths simplicitie,

And simpler then the infancie of truth.

Cres. In that Ile warre with you.

O vertuous fight, When right with right wars who shall be most right:

True swaines in love, shall in the world to come Approve their truths by Troylus, when their rimes, Full of protest, of oath and big compare; Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration, As true as steele, as plantage to the Moone: As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate: As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th'Center: Yet after all comparisons of truth, (As truths authenticke author to be cited) As true as Troylus, shall crowne up the Verse, And sanctifie the numbers.

And sanchifie the numbers.

Cres.

Prophet may you be:

If I be false, or swerve a haire from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:

When water drops have worne the Stones of Troy;

And blinde oblivion swallow'd Cities up;

And mightie States characterlesse are grated

To dustie nothing; yet let memory,

From false to false, among false Maids in love,

Upbraid my falsehood, when they'ave said as false,

As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as sandie earth;

As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;

Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;

Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of falsehood,

As false as Cressid.

Pand. Go too, a bargaine made: seale it, seale it, Ile be the witnesse here I hold your hand: here my Cousins, if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be Troylusses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers betweene, Panders: say, Amen.

Troy. Amen. Cres. Amen. Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, presse it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tong-tide Maidens heere,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geere.

Excust.

Enter Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chalcas. Florish.

Cal. Now Princes for the service I have done you,

Th'advantage of the time promps me aloud, To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde, That through the fight I beare in things to love, I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incur'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe, From certaine and possest conveniences, To doubtfull fortunes, sequestring from me all That time, acquaintance, custome and condition, Made tame, and most familiar to my nature: And here to doe you service am become, As new into the world, strange, unacquainted, I doe beseech you, as in way of taste, To give me now a little benefit: Out of those many registred in promise, Which you say, live to come in my behalfe. Agam. What would'st thou of us Trojan? make demand? Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, cal'd Anthenor, Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere. Oft have you (often have you, thankes therefore) Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange. Whom Troy hath still deni'd: but this Anthenor, I know is such a wrest in their affaires; That their negotiations all must slacke, Wanting his mannage: and they will almost, Give us a Prince of blood, a Sonne of Priam, In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,

Exit.

And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence, Shall quite strike off all service I have done,

In most accepted paine.

Let Diomedes beare him, Aga. And bring us Cressid hither: Calcas shall have

What he requests of us: good Diomed Furnish you fairely for this enterchange;

Withall bring word, if Hellor will to morrow

Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burden Which I am proud to beare.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Ulis. Achilles stands i'th entrance of his Tent;

Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him,

As if he were forgot: and Princes all,

Lay negligent and loose regard upon him;

I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,

Why such unplausive eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?

If so, I have derision medicinable,

To use betweene your strangenesse and his pride, Which his owne will shall have desire to drinke;

It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse

To show itselfe, but pride: for supple knees,

Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. Weele execute your purpose, and put on

A forme of strangenesse as we passe along,

So doe each Lord, and either greete him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more,

Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to speake with me?

You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What saies Achilles, would be ought with us? Nes. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall? Acbil. No.

Nes. Nothing my Lord. Aga. The better. Achil. Good day, good day. Men. How doe you? how doe you? Achil. What, do's the Cuckold scorne me? Ajax. How now Patroclus? Achil. Good morrow Ajax?
Ajax. Ha. Achil. Good morrow. Ajax. I, and good next day too. Excunt. Achil. What meane these fellowes? know they not Achilles? Patr. They passe by strangely: they were us'd to bend To send their smiles before them to Achilles: To come as humbly as they us'd to creepe to holy Altars. Achil. What am I poore of late? 'Tis certaine, greatnesse once falne out with fortune, Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is, He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others, As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies, Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer: And not a man for being simply man, Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours That are without him; as place, riches, and favour, Prizes of accident, as oft as merit: Which when they fall, as being slippery standers; The love that leand on them as slippery too, Doth one plucke downe another, and together Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me; Fortune and I are friends, I doe enjoy At ample point, all that I did possesse, Save these mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding, As they have often given. Here is Ulisses, Ile interrupt his reading: how now Ulisses?

Ulis. Now great Theiis Sonne.

Acbil. What are you reading?

This. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, how dearely ever parted, How much in having, or without, or in, Cannot make boast to have that which he hath; Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection: As when his vertues shining upon others, Heare them, and they retort that heate again

To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange Ulisses:

The beautie that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe,
Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,
Salutes each other with each others forme.
For speculation turnes not to it selfe,
Till it hath travail'd, and is married there

Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

Ulis. I doe not straine it at the position,

It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,

Who in his circumstance, expresly proves

That no may is the Lord of any thing,

(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)

Till he communicate his parts to others:

Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,

Till he behold them formed in th'applause,

Where they are extended: who like an arch reverb'rate

The voyce againe; or like a gate of steele,

Fronting the Sunne, receives and renders backe

His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,

And apprehended here immediately:

The unknowne Ajax;

Heavens what a man is there? a very Horse,

Heavens what a man is there? a very Horse, That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there are Most abject in regard, and deare in use.

What things againe most deere in the esteeme,

And poore in worth: now shall we see to morrow, An act that very chance doth throw upon him?
Ajax renown'd? O heavens, what some men doe, While some men leave to doe!
How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall, Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonnesse
To see these Grecian Lords; why, even already,
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foote were on brave Hellors brest,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil.

I doe beleeve it:

For they past by me, as mysers doe by beggars, Neither gave to me good word, nor looke:

What are my deedes forgot?

Ulis. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe, Wherein he puts almes for oblivion: A great siz'd monster of ingratitudes: Those scraps are good deedes past, Which are devour'd as fast as they are made, Forgot as soone as done: perseverance, deere my Lord, Keepes honor bright, to have done, is to hang Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male, In monumentall mockrie: take the instant way, For honour travels in a straight so narrow, Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the path: For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes, That one by one pursue; if you give way, Or hedge aside from the direct forth right; Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by, And leave you hindmost:

Or like a gallant Horse falne in first ranke, Lye there for pavement to the abject, neere Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present, Though lesse then yours in past, must ore-top yours: For time is like a fashionable Hoste, That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th'hand; And with his armes out-stretcht, as he would flye, Graspes in the commer: the welcome ever smiles, And farewels goes out sighing: O let not vertue seeke Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit, High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service, Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all To envious and calumniating time: One touch of nature makes the whole world kin: That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes, Though they are made and moulded of things past, And goe to dust, that is a little guilt, More laud then guilt oredusted. The present eye praises the present object: Then marvell not thou great and compleat man, That all the Greekes begin to worship Ajax; Since things in motion begin to catch the eye, Then what not stirs: the cry went out on thee, And still it might, and yet it may againe, If thou would'st not entombe thy selfe alive, And case thy reputation in thy Tent; Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late, Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves, And drave great Mars to faction. Acbil. Of this my privacie, I have strong reasons. But 'gainst your privacie Ulis.

The reasons are more potent and heroycall:

Tis knowne Achilles, that you are in love With one of Priams daughters. Acbil.

Ulis. Is that a wonder?

Ha? knowne?

The providence that's in a watchfull State,

Knowes almost every graine of Plutoes gold; Findes bottome in th'uncomprehensive deepes;

Patr.

Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods, Doe thoughts unvaile in their dumbe cradles: There is a mysterie (with whom relation Durst never meddle) in the soule of State; Which hath an operation more divine, Then breath or pen can give expressure to: All the commerse that you have had with Troy, As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord. And better would it fit Achilles much, To throw downe Hellor then Polizena. But it must grieve yong Pirhus now at home, When fame shall in her Iland sound her trumpe; And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing, Great Hellors sister did Achilles winne; But our great Ajax bravely beate downe him. Farewell my Lord: I as your lover speake; The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake. Patr. To this effect Achilles have I mov'd you; A woman impudent and mannish growne, Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man, In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this; They thinke my little stomacke to the warre, And your great love to me, restraines you thus: Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weake wanton Cupid Shall from your necke unloose his amorous fould, And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane, Be shooke to ayrie ayre. Acbil. Shall Ajax fight with Hellor? Patr. I, and perhaps receive much honor by him. Achil. I see my reputation is at stake, My fame is shrowdly gored.

O then beware:

Those wounds heale ill, that men doe give themselves:

Omission to doe what is necessary, Seales a commission to a blanke of danger, And danger like an ague subtly taints

Even then when we sit idely in the sunne.

Achil. Goe call Thersites hither sweet Patroclus,

Ile send the foole to Ajax, and desire him T'invite the Trojan Lords after the Combat

To see us here unarm'd: I have a womans longing, An appetite that I am sicke withall,

To see great Hellor in his weedes of peace.

Enter Thersites, To talke with him, and to behold his visage,

Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd.

Ther. A wonder. Acbil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and downe the field, asking for himselfe. Achil. How so?

Ther. Hee must fight singly to morrow with Hellor, and is so

prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he stalkes up and downe like a Peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostesse, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should say, there were wit in his

head and twoo'd out; and so there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The mans undone for ever; for if Heller breake not his necke

i'th'combat, heele break't himselfe in vaine-glory. He knowes not mee: I said, good morrow Ajax; and he replyes, thankes Agamemnon. What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fish, languagelesse, a monster: a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him Thersites.

Ther. Who, I: why, heele answer no body: he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him Patroclus; tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hellor, to come unarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimious and most illustrious, sixe or seaven times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie Agamemson, &c., doe this.

Patro. Jove blesse great Ajax.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hellor to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What say you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleven a clocke it will goe one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will be in him when Hellor has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am sure none, unlesse the Fidler Apollo get his sinewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine stir'd, And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Asse at it: I had rather be a Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Æneas with a Torch, at another Paris, Diephæbus, Anthenor, Diomed the Grecian, with Torches.

Par. See hoa, who is that there?

Dieph. It is the Lord Eneas.

Ene. Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lye long

As you Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly businesse, Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord Encar.

Par. A valiant Greeke Æneas, take his hand,

Witnesse the processe of your speech within; You told how *Diomed* in a whole weeke by dayes

Did haunt you in the Field.

Ene. Health to you valiant sir,

During all question of the gentle truce:

But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,

As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other Diomed embraces,

Our blouds are now in calme; and so long health.

But when contention, and occasion meetes,

By Jove, Ile play the hunter for thy life,

With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.

Enc. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye

With his face backward, in humaine gentlenesse:

Welcome to Troy; now by Anchises life,

Welcome indeede: by Venus hand I sweare,

No man alive can love in such a sort,

VI.

The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently. Diom. We sympathize. Jove let Eneas live (If to my sword his fate be not the glory) A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne, But in mine emulous honour let him dye: With every joynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Enc. We know each other well.

Dio. We doe, and long to know each other worse. Par. This is the most, despightful'st gentle greeting; The noblest hatefull love, that ere I heard of.

What businesse Lord so early? Ænc. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greek To Calcha's house; and there to render him,

For the enfreed Anthenor, the faire Cressid:

Lets have your company; or if you please, Haste there before us. I constantly doe thinke (Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)

My brother Troylus lodges there to night.

Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,

With the whole quality whereof, I feare We shall be much unwelcome.

Ene. That I assure you.

Then Cressid borne from Troy.

There is no helpe: Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,

The bitter disposition of the time will have it so. On Lord, weele follow you.

Æne. Good morrow all. Exit Æneas.

Par. And tell me noble Diomed; faith tell me true,

Even in the soule of sound good fellowship,

Who in your thoughts merits faire Helen most?

My selfe, or Menelaus?

Diom. Both alike.

He merits well to have her, that doth seeke her,

Not making any scruple of her soylure, With such a hell of paine, and world of charge. And you as well to keepe her, that defend her, Not pallating the taste of her dishonour, With such a costly losse of wealth and friends: He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke up The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece: You like a letcher, out of whorish loynes, Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors: Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more, But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman. Dio. Shee's bitter to her countrey: heare me Paris, For every false drop in her baudy veines, A Grecians life hath sunke: for every scruple Of her contaminated carrion weight, A Trojan hath beene slaine. Since she could speake, She hath not given so many good words breath, As for her, Greekes and Trojans suffred death. Par. Faire Diomed, you doe as chapmen doe,

Dis praise the thing that you desire to buy: But we in silence hold this vertue well; Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.

Here lyes our way.

Exeunt

Enter Troylus and Cressida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold. Cres. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Unckle down; He shall unbolt the Gates,

Troy. Trouble him not: To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes, And give as soft attachment to thy sences,

As Infants empty of all thought.

Good morrow then.

Troy. I prithee now to bed.

Are you a weary of me? Troy. O Cressida! but that the busie day Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes, And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer: I would not from thee.

Night hath beene too briefe. Cres. Troy. Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she stayes, As hidiously as hell; but flies the graspes of love, With wings more momentary, swift then thought: You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee tarry, you men will never tarry; O foolish Cressid, I might have still held off, And then you would have tarried. Harke, ther's one up? Pand. within, What's all the doores open here?

Troy. It is your Unckle. Enter Pandarus. Cres. A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:

I shall have such a life.

Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads? Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin Cressid? Cres. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Unckle:

You bring me to doo-and then you floute me too. Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:

What have I brought you to doe?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart: youle nere be good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore Chipochia, hast not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it sleepe: a bugbeare take him,

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith'head. Who's that at doore? good Unckle goe and see.

My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber: You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troy. Ha, ha.

Cre. Come you are deceiv'd, I thinke of no such thing. How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in.

Excunt.

I would not for halfe Troy have you seene here.

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate downe

the doore? How now, what's the matter?

**Ene. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there my Lord Æneas? by my troth I knew you not: what newes with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troylus here?

Pan. Here? what should he doe here?

Ene. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:

It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should he doe

here?

Æne. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and Deiphebus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Anthenor
Deliver'd to us, and for him forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
We must give up to Diomeds hand
The Lady Cressida.

Troy. Is it concluded so?

Enc. By Priam, and the generall state of Troy, They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troy. How my atchievements mocke me;

I will goe meete them: and my Lord Æneas,

We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

En. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature Have not more gift in taciturnitie.

Excunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pau. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the divell take Anthenor; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague upon Anthenor: I would they had brok's necke.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ha!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord? gone? tell me sweet Unckle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deepe under the earth as I am above.

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Prythee get thee in: would thou had'st nere been borne; I knew thou would'st be his death. O poore Gentleman: a plague upon Anthenor.

Cres. Good Unckle I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Anthenor: thou must to thy Father, and be gone from Troylus: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it.

Cres. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou must,

Cres. I will not Unckle: I have forgot my Father:

I know no touch of consanguinitie:

No kin, no love, no bloud, no soule, so neere me, As the sweet Troylus: O you gods divine!

Make Cresids name the very crowne of falshood!

If ever she leave Troylus: time, force and death,

Do to this body what extremitie you can;

But the strong base and building of my love,

Is as the very Center of the earth,

Drawing all things to it. I will goe is

Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe. Pan. Doe, doe.

Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart With sounding Troylus. I will not goe from Troy. Executive

Enter Paris, Troylus, Eneas, Deiphebus, Anthenor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt Of her deliverie to this valiant Greeke Comes fast upon: good my brother Troylus, Tell you the Lady what she is to doe, Tell you the series.

And hast her to the purpose.

Walke into her house:

Ile bring her to the Grecian presently; And to his hand, when I deliver her, Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother Troylus A Priest, there offring to it his heart. Par. I know what 'tis to love, And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.

Please you walke in, my Lords.

Excunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate. Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste, And no lesse in a sense as strong As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it? If I could temporise with my affection, Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat, The like alaiment could I give my griefe: My love admits no qualifying crosse;

Enter Troylus. No more my griefe, in such a precious losse.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, 2 sweet ducke. Cres. O Troylus, Troylus!

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, heavie heart, why sighest thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking:

Enter Æneas.

there was never a truer rime; let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have neede of such a Verse: we see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

Troy. Cressid: I love thee in so strange a puritie; That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie, More bright in zeale, then the devotion which Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envie?

Pan. I, I, I, itis too plaine a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must goe from Troy?

Troy. A hatefull truth.

What, and from Troylus too? Cres.

Troy. From Troy, and Troylus.

Cres. Ist possible?

Troy. And sodainely, where injurie of chance

Puts backe leave-taking, justles roughly by

All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoyndure: forcibly prevents

Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes,

Even in the birth of our owne laboring breath.

We two, that with so many thousand sighes

Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selves,

With the rude brevitie and discharge of our

Injurious time; now with a robbers haste

Crams his rich theeverie up, he knowes not how.

As many farwels as be stars in heaven,

With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,

He fumbles up into a loose adiew;

And scants us with a single famisht kisse,

Distasting with the salt of broken teares.

Eneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready? Troy. Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius so

Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.

Bid them have patience: she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde,

Or my heart will be blowne up by the root, Cres. I must then to the Grecians? Troy. No remedy. Cres. A wofull Cressid 'mong'st the merry Greekes. Troy. When shall we see againe? Troy. Here me my love: be thou but true of heart. Cres. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this? Troy. Nay, we must use expostulation kindely, For it is parting from us: I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee: For I will throw my Glove to death himselfe,

That there's no maculation in thy heart: But be thou true, say I, to fashion in My sequent protestation: be thou true, And I will see thee.

Cres. O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger; Weare this Sleeve.

Cres. And you this Glove. When shall I see you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels, To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens: be true againe? Troy. Heare why I speake it; Love:

The Grecian youths are full of qualitie, Their loving well compos'd, with guift of nature, Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise: How novelties may move, and parts with person. Alas, a kinde of godly jealousie;

Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne: Makes me affraid.

Cres. O heavens, you love me not! Troy. Dye I a villaine then:

In this I doe not call your faith in question So mainely as my merit: I cannot sing, Nor heele the high Lavolt; nor sweeten talke; Nor play at subtill games; faire vertues all; To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant: But I can tell that in each grace of these, There lurkes a still and dumb-discoursive divell, That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted. Cres. Doe you thinke I will? Troy. No, but something may be done that we wil not: And sometimes we are divels to our selves, When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers, Presuming on their changefull potencie. Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord? Troy. Come kisse, and let us part. Paris within. Brother Troylus? Good brother come you hither, Troy. And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you. Exit. Cres. My Lord, will you be true?

Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault: Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion, I, with great truth, catch meere simplicitie;

Whil'st some with cunning guild their copper crownes, With truth and plainnesse I doe weare mine bare: Enter the Greekes. Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit

Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it. Welcome sir Diomed, here is the Lady Which for Antenor, we deliver you. At the port (Lord) Ile give her to thy hand, And by the way possesse thee what she is. Entreate her faire; and by my soule, faire Greeke, If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword, Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe As Priam is in Illion?

Faire Lady Cressid, Diom. So please you save the thankes this Prince expects: The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheeke, Pleades your faire visage, and to Diomed

You shall be mistresse, and command him wholly. Troy. Grecian, thou do'st not use me curteously, To shame the seale of my petition towards, I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece: Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy praises, As thou unworthy to be cal'd her servant: I charge thee use her well, even for my charge: For by the dreadfull Pluto, if thou do'st not,

(Though the great bulke Achilles be thy guard) Ile cut thy throate. Diom. Oh be not mov'd Prince Troylus;

Let me be priviledg'd by my place and message, To be a speaker free? when I am hence, Ile answer to my lust: and know my Lord;

Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so; Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.

Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee Diomed, This brave, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:

Lady give me your hand, and as we walke, To our owne selves bend we our needefull talke.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Harke, Hellors Trumpet.

How have we spent this morning

The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse, That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troylus fault: come, come, to field with him.

Excunt.

Dio. Let us make ready straight. Enc. Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie Let us addresse to tend on Hellors heeles:

The glory of our Troy doth this day lye On his faire worth, and single Chivalrie.

Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulisses, Nestor, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire, Anticipating time. With starting courage, Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy

Thou dreadfull Ajax, that the appauled aire May pierce the head of the great Combatant, And hale him hither.

Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse; Aja.

Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brasen pipe:

Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheeke Out-swell the collicke of puft Aquilon:

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud:

Thou blowest for Hellor.

Ulis. No Trumpet answers. Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.

Aga. Is not yong Diomed with Calcas daughter?

Ulis. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,

He rises on the toe: that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth. Aga. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most deerely welcome to the Greekes, sweete Lady. Nest. Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.

Ulis. Yet is the kindenesse but particular; 'twere better she

were kist in generall.

Nest. And very courtly counsell: Ile begin, So much for Nestor

Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady. Achilles bids you welcome.

Mene. 1 had good argument for kissing once.

Patro. But that's no argument for kissing now;

For thus pop't Paris in his hardiment. Ulis. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes, For which we loose our heads, to gild his hornes. Patro. The first was Menelaus kisse, this mine: Patroclus kisses you. Mene. Oh this is trim. Patr. Paris and I kisse evermore for him. Mene. Ile have my kisse sir: Lady by your leave. Cres. In kissing doe you render, or receive. Patr. Both take and give. Ile make my match to live. The kisse you take is better then you give: therefore no kisse. Mene. Ile give you boote, I give you three for one. Cres. You are an odde man, give even, or give none. Mene. An odde man Lady, every man is odde. Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true, That you are odde, and he is even with you. Mene. You fillip me a'th'head. No, Ile be sworne. Ulis. It were no match, your naile against his horne: May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you? Cres. You may. I doe desire it. Ulis. Why begge then? Ulis. Why then for Venus sake, give me a kisse: When Hellen is a maide againe, and his-Cres. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due. Ulis. Never's my day, and then a kisse of you. Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father. Nest. A woman of quicke sence. Fie, fie, upon her: Ulıs. Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip; Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out

At every joynt, and motive of her body: Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue, That give a coasting welcome ere it comes;

And wide unclaspe the tables of their thoughts,

To every tickling reader: set them downe,

For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie;

And daughters of the game.

Execut.

Enter all of Troy, Hellor, Paris, Æneas, Helenus and Attendants. Florish.

All. The Trojans Trumpet.

Aga. Yonder comes the troope.

Ene. Haile all you state of Greece: what shal be done

To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,
A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Pursue each other; or shall be divided
By any voyce, or order of the field: Hellor bad aske?

Aga. Which way would Hellor have it?

Ene. He cares not, heele obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like Hellor, but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deale disprising
The Knight oppos'd.

Ene. If not Achilles sir, what is your name?
Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Enc. Therefore Achilles: but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themselves in Hellor;
The one almost as infinite as all;

The second of the particles of the second of

The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which lookes like pride, is curtesie:
This Ajax is halfe made of Hellors bloud;

In love whereof, halfe *Hellor* staies at home: Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hellor*, comes to seeke This blended Knight, halfe Trojan, and halfe Greeke.

Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceive you.

Aga. Here is sir, Diomed: goe gentle Knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Eneas

Consent upon the order of their fight, So be it: either to the uttermost, Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin, Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin. Ulis. They are oppos'd already. Aga. What Trojan is that same that lookes so heavy? Ulis. The yongest Sonne of Priam; A true Knight; they call him Troylus; Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firme of word, Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue; Not soone provok't, nor being provok't, soone calm'd; His heart and hand both open, and both free: For what he has, he gives; what thinkes, he shewes; Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty, Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath: Manly as Hellor, but more dangerous; For Hellor in his blaze of wrath subscribes To tender objects; but he, in heate of action, Is more vindecative then jealous love, They call him Troylus; and on him erect, A second hope, as fairely built as Hettor. Thus saies Æneas, one that knowes the youth, Even to his inches: and with private soule, Did in great Illion thus translate him to me. Alarum. Aga. They are in action. Nest. Now Ajax hold thine owne. Troy. Ilettor, thou sleep'st, awake thee. Aga. His blowes are wel dispos'd there Ajax. Trumpets cease. Diom. You must no more. Princes enough, so please you Enc. Aja. I am not warme yet, let us fight againe. Aya. 1 am not

Diom. As Hellor pleases.

Why then will I no more:

Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne; A cousen german to great *Priams* seede:

The obligation of our bloud forbids A gorie emulation 'twixt us twaine: Were thy commixion, Greeke and Trojan so, That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all, And this is Trojan: the sinewes of this Legge, All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister Bounds in my fathers: by Jove multipotent, Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member Wherein my sword had not impressure made Of our ranke feud: but the just gods gainsay, That any drop thou borrwd'st from thy mother, My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall Sword Be drained. Let me embrace thee Ajax: By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes; Hellor would have them fall upon him thus. Cozen, all honor to thee. I thanke thee Hellor: Aja.

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:

I came to kill the Cozen, and beare hence A great addition, earned in thy death. Hea. Not Neoptolymus so mirable,

On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd'st (O yes) Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe, A thought of added honor, torne from Hellor.

Enc. There is expectance here from both the sides, What further you will doe?

Weele answere it:

The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell. Aja. If I might in entreaties finde successe, As seld I have the chance: I would desire My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents. Diom. 'Tis Agamemnons wish, and great Acbilles Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hellor. Hea. Eneas, call my brother Troylus to me:

And signifie this loving enterview
To the expecters of our Trojan part:
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin:
I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the rest.

Aja. Great Agamemnon comes to meete us here.

Hea. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
But for Achilles, mine owne serching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one

Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemie.
But that's no welcome: understand more cleere
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with huskes,
And formelesse ruine of oblivion:
But in this extent moment frith and treth

But in this extant moment, faith and troth, Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing: Bids thee with most divine integritie,

From heart of very heart, great *Hellor* welcome.

Hell. I thanke thee most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.

Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting.

Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting, You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.

Hea. Who must we answer?

Enc. The Noble Menclaus.

Hea. O, you my Lord, by Mars his gauntlet thanks, Mocke not, that I affect th'untraded Oath, Your quondam wife sweares still by Venus Glove Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theame.

Hes. O pardon, I offend.

Nest. I have (thou gallant Troyan) seene thee oft

Labouring for destiny, make cruell way

Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee

As hot as Perseus, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,

VI.

And seene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'th'ayre,
Not letting it decline, on the declined:
That I have said unto my standers by,
Loe Jupiter is yonder, dealing life.
And I have seene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes have hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seene,
But this thy countenance (still lockt in steele)
I never saw till now. I knew thy Grandsire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great Mars, the Captaine of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.

Ene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hea. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle, That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to claspe thee.

No. I would my armes could match thee in contention

As they contend with thee in courtesie.

Hea. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to morrow.

Well, welcom, welcome: I have seen the time.

Ulys. I wonder now, how yonder City stands, When we have heere her Base and pillar by us.

When we have heere her Base and pillar by us.

Hea. I know your favour Lord Ulysses well.

Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead, Since first I saw your selfe, and *Diomed*

In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue. My prophesie is but halfe his journey yet; For yonder wals that pertly front your Towne, Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds, Must kisse their owne feet.

Hea. I must not beleeve you:

There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,

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The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
   Ulys.
                     So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hellor, welcome;
After the Generall, I beseech you next
To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.
  Achil. I shall forestall thee Lord Ulysses, thou:
Now Hellor I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee Hellor,
And quoted joynt by joynt.
  Hea
                            Is this Achilles?
  Acbil. I am Acbilles.
  Hea. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.
  Acbil. Behold thy fill.
                         Nay, I have done already.
  He&.
  Achil. Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
  Hea. O like a Booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore:
But there's more in me then thou understand'st.
Why doest thou so oppresse me with thine eye?
  Achil. Tell me you Heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may give the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hellors great spirit flow. Answer me heavens.
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Hea. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,

I tell thee yea.

To answer such a question: Stand againe; Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly, As to prenominate in nice conjecture Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Hea. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,

Acbil.

I'ld not beleeve thee: henceforth guard thee well, For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there, But by the forge that stythied Mars his helme, He kill thee every where, yea, ore and ore. You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge, His insolence drawes folly from my lips, But Ile endevour deeds to match these words, Or may I never-Do not chafe thee Cosin: Ajax.

And you Achilles, let these threats alone Till accident, or purpose bring you too't. You may every day enough of Hellor If you have stomacke. The generall state I feare,

Can scarse intreat you to be odde with him. Hea. I pray you let us see you in the field, We have had pelting Warres since you refus'd The Grecians cause.

Acbil. Dost thou intreat me Hellor? To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,

To night, all Friends. Hea.

Thy hand upon that match. Aga. First, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent, There in the full convive you: Afterwards, As Hellors leysure, and your bounties shall Concurre together, severally intreat him, Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow, That this great Souldier may his welcome know. Excunt.

Troy. My Lord Ulysses, tell me I beseech you, In what place of the Field doth Calchas keepe? Ulys. At Menelaus Tent, most Princely Troylus, There Diomed doth feast with him to night, Who neither lookes on heaven, nor on earth,

But Gives all gaze and bent of amorous view On the faire Cressid.

Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,

Excunt.

After we part from Agamemnons Tent, To bring me thither?

You shall command me sir: Ulys.

As gentle tell me, of what Honour was

This Cressida in Troy, had she no Lover there That wailes her absence?

Troy. O sir, to such as boasting shew their scarres,

A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?

She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and dooth;

But still sweet Love is food for Fortunes tooth.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow: Patroclus, let us Feast him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Acbil. How now, thou core of Envy?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & Idoll of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Acbil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy. Pat. Who keepes the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

Patr. Well said adversity, and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be Achilles male Varlot.

Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue: What's that?

Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a gravell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and the like, take and take againe, such prepostrous discoveries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of envy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Pair. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indistinguishable

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd silke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou: Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:
Heere is a Letter from Queene Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my faire Love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I have sworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, faile fame, Honor or go, or stay,
My major vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:
Come, come Thersites, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banquetting must all be spent.
Away Patroclus.

Ther. With too much bloud, and too little Brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves Quailes, but he has not so much Braine as eare-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primative Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thrifty shooing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: to an Asse were nothing; hee is both Asse and Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Asse: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against Destiny. Aske me

not what I would be, if I were not Thersites: for I care not to

bee the lowse of a Lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

Enter Hellor, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomed, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

HeB. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulys. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

Achil. Welcome brave Hellor, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hell. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hea. Goodnight sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweet sinke, sweet sure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those that go,

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those that go, or tarry.

Aga. Goodnight.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries, and you too Diomed, Keepe Hellor company an houre, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I have important businesse, The tide whereof is now, goodnight great Hellor.

Hes. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his Torch, he goes to Chalcas Tent,

Utys. Follow his Torch, he goes to Chalcas Tent, Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet sir, you honour me. Hes. And so good night.

Acbil. Come, come, enter my Tent.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted Rogue, a most unjust Knave; I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth & promise,

like Brabler the Hound; but when he performes, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when Diomed keepes his word. I will rather leave to see Hellor, then not to dogge him: they say, he keepes a Troyan Drab, and uses the Traitour Chalcas his Tent. Ile after Nothing but Letcherie? All incontinent Varlets. Excunt.

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you up here ho? speake?

Chal. Who cals?

Dio. Diomed, Chalcas (I thinke) wher's you Daughter? Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Ulisses.

Ulis. Stand where the Torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressid.

Troy. Cressid comes forth to him,

Dio. How now my charge?

Cres. Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.

Troy. Yea, so familiar?

Ulis. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her life: she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember? Ulis. List?

Cres. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cres. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.-

Cres. In faith I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling tricke, to be secretly open. Dio. What did you sweare you would bestow on me? Cres. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath, Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke. Dio. Good night. Troy. Hold, patience. Ulis. How now Trojan? Cres. Diomed. Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more. Troy. Thy better must. Cres. Harke one word in your eare. Troy. O plague and madnesse!
Ulis. You are moved Prince, let us depart I pray you, Lest your displeasure should enlarge it selfe To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous; The time right deadly: I beseech you goe. Troy. Behold, I pray you. Nay, good my Lord goe off: You flow to great distraction: come my Lord? Troy. I pray thee stay? You have not patience, come. Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments, I will not speake a word. And so good night. Dio. Cres. Nay, but you part in anger. Troy. Doth that grieve thee? O withered truth! Ulis. Why, how now Lord? Troy. By Jove I will be patient. Cres. Gardian? why Greeke? Fo, fo, adew, you palter. Cres. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe. Ulis. You shake my Lord at something, will you goe? you will

Troy. She stroakes his cheeke.

breake out,

Exit.

Ulis. Come, come.

Troy. Nay stay, by Jove I will not speake a word.

There is betweene my will, and all offences,

A guard of patience; stay a little while. Ther. How the divell Luxury with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye.

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith I will lo; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. Ile fetch you one.

Ulis. You have sworne patience. Feare me not sweete Lord.

Enter Cressid.

Troy.

I will not be my selfe, nor have cognition Of what I feele: I am all patience.

Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now. Cres. Here Diomed keepe this Sleeve.

Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?

My Lord.

Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cres. You looke upon that Sleeve? behold it well:

He lov'd me: O false wench: give't me againe. Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. It is no matter now I have't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night:

I prythee Diomed visite me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said Whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it. What, this? Cres.

Dio. I that.

Cres. O all you Gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;

Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Glove, And gives memoriall daintie kisses to it;

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As I kisse thee.
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Nay, doe not snatch it from me. Dio.

Cres. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.

Troy. I did sweare patience.

Cres. You shall not have it Diomed; faith you shall not: Ile give you something else.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whose it was?

Cres. 'Twas one that lov'd me better then you will,

But now you have it, take it. Whose was it? Dio.

Cres. By all Dianas waiting women youd:

And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,

And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it. Troy. Wert thou the divell, and wor'st it on thy horne,

It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, veil, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:

I will not keepe my word.

Why then farewell, Dio.

Thou never shalt mocke Diomed againe.

Cres. You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,

But it strait starts you.

I doe not like this fooling. Dio.

Ther. Nor I by Pluto: but that that likes not me, pleases

Dio. What shall I come? the houre.

Cres. I; come: O Jove! doe, come: I shall be plagu'd. Exit.

Dio. Farewell till then. Good night: I prythee come:

Troylus farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee;

But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.

Ah poore our sexe; this fault in us I finde:

The errour of our eye, directs our minde.

If sanctimonie be the gods delight:

What errour leads, must erre: O then conclude, Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. Exit. Ther. A proofe of strength she could not publish more; Unlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore. Ulis. Al's done my Lord. Troy. It is. Why stay we then? Ulis. Troy. To make a recordation to my soule Of every syllable that here was spoke: But if I tell how these two did coact; Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth? Sith yet there is a credence in my heart: An esperance so obstinately strong, That doth invert that test of eyes and eares; As if those organs had deceptious functions, Created onely to calumniate. Was Cressed here? Ulis. I cannot conjure Trojan. Troy. She was not sure. Most sure she was. Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse? Ulis. Nor mine my Lord: Cressid was here but now. Troy. Let it not be beleev'd for womanhood: Thinke we had mothers; doe not give advantage To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame For depravation, to square the generall sex By Cressids rule. Rather thinke this not Cressid. Ulis. What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our mothers? Troy. Nothing at all, unlesse that this were she. Ther. Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes? Troy. This she? no, this is Diomids Cressida: If beautie have a soule, this is not she: If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;

If there be rule in unitie it selfe, This is not she: O madnesse of discourse! That cause sets up, with, and against thy selfe By foule authoritie: where reason can revolt Without perdition, and losse assume all reason, Without revolt. This is, and is not Cressid: Within my soule, there doth conduce a sight Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate Divides more wider then the skie and earth: And yet the spacious bredth of this division, Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle, As Ariachnes broken woofe to enter: Instance, O instance! strong as Plutoes gates: Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven; Instance, O instance, strong as heaven it selfe: The bonds of heaven are slipt, dissolv'd and loos'd, And with another knot five finger tied, The fractions of her faith, orts of her love: The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques, Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed. Ulis. May worthy Troylus be halfe attached With that which here his passion doth expresse? Troy. I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well In Characters, as red as Mars his heart Inflam'd with Venus: never did yong man fancy With so eternall, and so fixt a soule. Harke Greek: as much I doe Cressida love; So much by weight, hate I her Diomed, That sleeve is mine, that heele beare in his Helme: Were it a Caske compos'd by Vulcans skill, My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout, Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call, Constring'd in masse by the almighty Fenne, Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,

Falling on Diomed.

Heele tickle it for his concupie.

Troy. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false; false;

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,

And theyle seeme glorious.

O containe your selfe:

Your passion drawes eares hither.

Enter Æneas.

Ene. I have beene seeking you this houre my Lord:

Hellor by this is arming him in Troy.

Ajax your Guard, staies to conduct you home. Troy. Have with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:

Farewell revolted faire: and Diomed,

Stand fast and weare a Castle on thy head.

Uli. Ile bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept distracted thankes,

Exeunt Troylus, Eneas, and Ulisses.

Ther. Would I could meete that roague Diomed, I would croke like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode: Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond, then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning divell take them.

Enter Hellor and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord so much ungently temper'd,

To stop his eares against admonishment?

Unarme, unarme, and doe not fight to day.

Hea. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.

By the everlasting gods, Ile goe.

And. My dreames will sure prove ominous to the day.

Hea. No more I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cassa.

Where is my brother Hellor?

And. Here sister, arm'd, and bloudy in intent; Consort with me in loud and deere petition: Pursue we him on knees: for I have dreampt Of bloudy turbulence; and this whole night Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter. Cass. O, 'tis true.

Ho? bid my Trumpet sound. Het.

Cass. No notes of sallie, for the heavens, sweet brother. Het. Begon I say: the gods have heard me sweare.

Cass. The gods are deafe to hot and peevish vowes;

They are polluted offrings, more abhord

Then spotted Livers in the sacrifice. And. O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,

To hurt by being just; it is as lawfull:

For we would count give much to as violent thefts,

And rob in the behalfe of charitie.

Cass. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;

But vowes to every purpose must not hold:

Unarme sweete Hellor.

Hold you still I say;

Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate: Life every man holds deere, but the deere man Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus. How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to perswade. Exit Cassandra. Hea. No faith yong Troylus; doffe thy harnesse youth:

I am to day ith'vaine of Chivalrie:

Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;

And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.

Unarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not brave boy,

Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;

Which better fits a Lyon, then a man. Het. What vice is that? good Troylus chide me for it,

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Troy. When many times the captive Grecian fals, Even in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword; You bid them rise, and live. Hell. O'tis faire play. Fooles play, by heaven Hellor. Hell. How now? how now? For th'love of all the gods Let's leave the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers; And when we have our Armors buckled on, The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords, Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth. Hea. Fie savage, fie. Hellor, then 'tis warres. Hea. Troylus, I would not have you fight to day. Troy. Who should with-hold me? Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire;
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way:
But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cass. Lay hold upon him Priam, hold him fast: He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay, Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, Fall all together.

Priam. Come Hellor, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my selfe,
Am like a Prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hea. Eneas is a field,

Exit.

And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes, Even in the faith of valour, to appeare This morning to them.

I, but thou shalt not goe. Hea. I must not breake my faith:

Priam.

You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir, Let me not shame respect; but give me leave

To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam*.

Cass. O Priam, yeelde not to him. And. Doe not deere father.

Hea. Andromache I am offended with you:

Upon the love you beare me, get you in. Exit Andromoche. Troy. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,

Makes all these bodements.

O farewell, deere Hellor: Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:

Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:

Harke how Troy roares; how Hecuba cries out;

How poore Andromache shrils her dolour forth;

Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,

Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,

And all cry Hellor, Hellors dead: O Hellor!

Troy. Away, away.

Cas. Farewell: yes, soft: Hellor I take my leave;

Thou do'st thy selfe, and all our Troy deceive.

Hea. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:

Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:

Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about thee. Alarum.

Troy. They are at it, harke: proud Diomed, beleeve I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeve.

VI.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorson tisicke, a whorson rascally tisicke, so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'th's dayes: and I have a rheume in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones; that unlesse a man were curst, I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from the heart; Th'effect doth operate another way.

Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:

My love with words and errors still she feedes;

But edifies another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

Alarum. Exeunt.

Enter Thersites in excursion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet Diomede, has got that same scurvie, doting, foolish yong knaves Sleeve of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine see them meet; that, that same yong Trojan asse, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-maisterly villaine, with the Sleeve, backe to the dissembling luxurious drabbe, of a sleevelesse errant. O'th'tother side, the pollicie of those craftie swearing rascals; that stole old Mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor: and that same dogfoxe Ulisses is not prov'd worth a Black-berry. They set me up in pollicy, that mungrill curre Ajax, against that dogge of as bad a kinde, Achilles. And now is the curre Ajax prouder then the curre Achilles, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the

Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomede and Troylus.

Soft, here comes Sleeve, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for should'st thou take the River Stix, I would swim after.

Diom. Thou do'st miscall retire:

I doe not flye; but advantagious care

Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:

Have at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Trojan: Now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve.

Enter Hedor.

Hea. What art thou Greek? art thou for Heaors match. Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascall: a scurvie railing knave: a very filthy roague.

Hea. I doe beleeve thee, live.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeve me; but a plague breake thy necke—for frighting me: what's become of the wenching rogues? I thinke they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle—yet in a sort, lecherie eates it selfe: Ile seeke them.

Exit.

Enter Diomede and Servants.

Dio. Goe, goe, my servant, take thou Troylus Horse; Present the faire Steede to my Lady Cressid: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Troyan. And am her Knight by proofe.

Ser.

I goe my Lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce Polidamus
Hath beate downe Menon: bastard Margarelon

Hate Borer pinner.
And made Caleman-vine varing in some,
Type he palest some of the Hange.
Liperoper and Color, Prining a dime:
Applicance, and There deally inser:
Provider one or dime, and Prinamics
Some inst and serious; the decalful Ingittary
Appeals our southern, some we Bland
To re-enforcement, or we point all.

Lar Naur.

Near. Gree beare Paracles body to Miller, And bird the maile-pac'd Agus arme for dismue; There is a decounted Methers in the field:
Now here he fights on Gulothe him Harme, And there lacks write: a mon he's there a finne, And there they fige or dye, like scaled scale, Reform the beliefting Whale; then is he yunder, And there the straying Greeken, sipe for his odge, I'll downe before him, like the movem swath; Here, there, and every where, he leaves and taken; Descevice so obaying appetite.
That what he will, he does, and does so much, That proofe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulisses.

1/hs. Oh, converge, converge Princes: great Achilles
1a serving, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
I'nternelus weentha have rouz'd his drowzie bloud,
'I'nternelus weentha h

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care, As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aja. Troylus, thou coward Troylus.

I, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Where is this Hellor?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face:

Know what it is to meete Achilles angry.

Hellor, wher's Hellor? I will none but Hellor.

Enter Ajax.

Aja. Troylus, thou coward Troylus, shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. Troylus, I say, wher's Troylus? What would'st thou?

Diom. I would correct him.

Aja. Were I the Generall,

Thou should'st have my office,

Ere that correction: Troylus I say, what Troylus?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traitour Diomed!

Turne thy false face thou traytor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Aja. Ile fight with him alone, stand Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke upon.

Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, have at you both.

Exit Troylus.

Enter Hellor.

Hest. Yea Troylus? O well fought my yongest Brother.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Enter Achilles.

102 Achil. Now doe I see thee; have at thee Heller.

Achil. I doe disdaine thy curtesie, proud Trojan; Be happy that my armes are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt heare of me againe: Till when, goe seeke thy fortune.

He8. Fare thee well: I would have beene much more a fresher man, Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Ajax hath tane Eneas; shall it be? No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him: Ile be tane too,

Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

I wreake not, though thou end my life to day.

Enter one in Armour.

Hell. Stand, stand, thou Greeke, Thou art a goodly marke:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

Ile frush it, and unlocke the rivets all,

But Ile be maister of it: wilt thou not beast abide?

Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my Myrmidons:

Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele: Strike not a stroake, but keepe your selves in breath; And when I have the bloudy Hellor found, Empale him with your weapons round about: In fellest manner execute your arme.

Follow me sirs, and my proceedings eye; It is decreed, Hellor the great must dye.

Exit.

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: now bull, now dogge, lowe; Paris lowe; now my double hen'd sparrow; lowe Paris, lowe; the bull has the game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard,

Bast. Turne slave and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard Sonne of Priams.

Ther. I am a Bastard too, I love Bastards, I am a Bastard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take heede, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: farewell Bastard.

Bast. The divell take thee coward.

Exeunt.

Enter Hedor.

Hea. Most putrified core so faire without:
Thy goodly armour thus hast cost thy life.
Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:
Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke Hellor how the Sunne begins to set; How ugly night comes breathing at his heeles, Even with the vaile and darking of the Sunne. To close the day up, Hellors life is done.

Hell. I am unarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Hea. I am unarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke.

So Illion fall thou: now Troy sinke downe;

Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.

Exeunt.

Shout.

On Myrmidons, cry you all a maine, Achilles hath the mighty Hector slaine. Retreat. Harke, a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Gree. The Trojan Trumpets sounds the like my Lord. Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-spreds the earth And stickler-like the Armies seperates My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would have fed, Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed, Come, tye his body to my horses tayle;

Sound Retreat.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomed, and the rest marching.

Aga. Harke, harke, what shout is that? Nest. Peace Drums.

Along the field, I will the Trojan traile.

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hellor's slaine. Achilles. Dio. The bruite is, Hellor's slaine, and by Achilles.

Aja. If it be so, yet braglesse let it be:

Great Hellor was a man as good as he. Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our Tent. If in his death the gods have us befrended, Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended. Excunt.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphabus.

Ene. Stand hoe, yet are we maisters of the field, Never goe home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Hellor is alaine.

Hellor? the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horses taile, In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field. Frowne on you heavens, effect your rage with speede: Sit gods upon your throanes, and smile at Troy.

I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy, And linger not our sure destructions on. Ene. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste. Troy. You understand me not, that tell me so: I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death, But dare all imminence that gods and men, Addresse their dangers in. Hellor is gone: Who shall tell Priam so? or Hecuba? Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd, Goe in to Troy, and say there, Hellor's dead: There is a word will Priam turne to stone; Make wels, and Niobes of the maides and wives; Coole statues of the youth: and in a word, Scarre Troy out of it selfe. But march away, Hellor is dead: there is no more to say. Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents, Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plaines: Let Titan rise as early as he dare, Ile through, and through you; & thou great siz'd coward: No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates, Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still, That mouldeth goblins swift as frensies thoughts. Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe: Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?

Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame

Pursue thy life and live aye with thy name.

Exeunt.

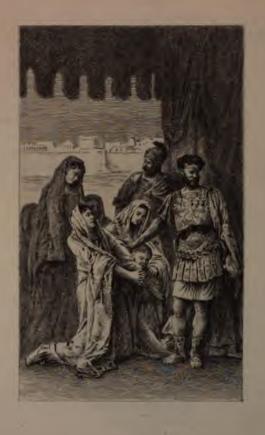
Pan. A goodly medcine for mine aking bones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poore agent dispisde: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworke, and how ill requited? why should our indevour be so desir'd, and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? what instance for it? let me see.

Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing, Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting. And being once subdu'd in armed taile, Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile. Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes; As many as be here of Panders hall, Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at Pandar's fall: Or if you cannot weepe, yet give some grones; Though not for me, yet for your aking bones: Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade, Some two months hence, my will shall here be made: It should be now, but that my feare is this: Some galled Goose of Winchester would hisse: Till then, Ile sweare, and seeke about for eases; And at that time bequeath you my diseases. Excunt.

FINIS.







CORIOLANUS.

Act V. Sc.III



The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Actus Primus. Scana Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

I. Citizen.

Efore we proceed any further, heare me speake.

All. Speake, speake.

1. Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to dy then to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. Cit. First you know, Caius Martius is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1. Cit. Let's kill him, and wee'l have Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away.

2. Cit. One word, good Citizens.

1. Cit. We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority surfets one, would releeve us. If they would yeelde us but the superfluitie while it were wholsome, wee might guesse they releeved us humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannesse that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gaine to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Revenge.

2. Cit. Would you proceede especially against Caius Martius. All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

- 2. Cit. Consider you what Services he ha's done for his
- 1. Cit. Very well, and could bee content to give him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with beeing proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

- I. Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done Famouslie, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue.
- 2. Cit. What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is covetous.
- 1. Cit. If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusations he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition. Showts withm. What showts are these? The other side a'th City is risen: why stay we prating heere? To th'Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa,

- 2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath alwayes lov'd the people.
 - I Cit. He's one honest enough, wold al the rest were so.

Men. What work's my Countrimen in hand? Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter Speake I pray you.

2 Cit. Our busines is not unknowne to th'Senat, they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now wee'l shew em in deeds: they say poore Suters have strong breaths,

they shal know we have strong arms too.

Menen. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you undo your selves?

2 Cit. We cannot Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care Have the Patricians of you for your wants. Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the Heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman State, whose course will on
The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes
Of more strong linke assunder, then can ever
Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke,
You are transported by Calamity
Thether, where more attends you, and you slander
The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,
When you curse them, as Enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us? True indeed, they nere car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd with Graine: Make Edicts for Usurie, to support Usurers; repeale daily any wholsome Act established against the rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine up and restraine the poore. If the Warres eate us not uppe, they will; and there's all the love they beare us.

Menen. Either you must
Confesse your selves wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you have heard it,
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

o scale't a little mo 2 Citizen. Well,

Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale: But and't please you deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it: That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine
I'th midd'st a th'body, idle and unactive,
Still cubbording the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where th'other Instruments

Did see, and heare, devise, instruct, walke, feele,

And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd.

2 Cit. Well sir, what answer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as speake, it taintingly replyed
To'th'discontented Members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receite: even so most fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 Cit. Your Bellies answer: What

The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counsailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helpes
In this our Fabricke, if that they——

Men. What then? Foreme, this Fellow speakes. What then? What then?

2 Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd, Who is the sinke a th'body.

Men. Well, what then?

2 Cit. The former Agents, if they did complaine, What could the Belly answer?

What could the Belly answer?

Men.

I will tell you,

If you'l bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience awhile; you'st heare the Bellies answer.

2. Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this good Friend;

<u>.</u>...

Your most grave Belly was deliberate, Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered. True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he) That I receive the generall Food at first Which you do live upon: and fit it is, Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the Rivers of your blood
Even to the Court, the Heart, to th'seate o'th' Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerves, and small inferiour Veines
From me receive that naturall competencie
Whereby they live. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this sayes the Belly) marke me.
2. Git. I sir, well, well.

2. Cit. I sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit up, that all
From me do backe receive the Flowre of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What say you too't?

2 Cit. It was an answer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counsailes, and their Cares; disgest things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you shall finde
No publique benefit which you receive

You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

2. Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest formost:
Thou Rascall, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiffe bats and clubs,

And no way from your selves. What do you thinke?

Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell, The one side must have baile.

But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble Martius.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues

That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion, Make your selves Scabs.

We have ever your good word. 2. Cit. Mar. He that will give good words to thee, wil flatter Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curres, That like not Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you, The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares: Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no, Then is the coale of fire upon the Ice, Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is, To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him, And curse that Justice did it. Who deserves Greatnes, Deserves your Hate: and your Affections are A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that Which would encrease his evill. He that depends Upon your favours, swimmes with finnes of Leade, And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye? With every Minute you do change a Minde, And call him Noble, that was now your Hate: Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter, That in these severall places of the Citie, You cry against the noble Senate, who (Under the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else Would feede on one another? What's their seeking? Men. For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they say The Citie is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They say?
They'l sit by th'fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to rise,
Who thrives, & who declines: Side factions, & give out
Conjecturall Marriages, making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They say ther's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,

And let me use my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high As I could picke my Lance.

Menen. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded: For though abundantly they lacke discretion Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,

What sayes the other Troope?

They are dissolv'd: Hang em; Mar.

They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Proverbes That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate, That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not Corne for the Richmen onely: With these shreds

They vented their Complainings, which being answer'd And a petition granted them, a strange one,

To breake the heart of generosity, And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,

Shooting their Emulation.

What is graunted them? Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms Of their owne choice. One's Junius Brutus, Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath, The rabble should have first unroo'ft the City Ere so prevayl'd with me; it will in time

Win upon power, and throw forth greater Theames Win upon power,
For Insurrections arguing.
This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.

Enter a Messenger bastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Martius?

Heere: what's the matter?

Mes. The newes is sir, the Volcies are in Armes.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha meanes to vent Our mustie superfluity. See our best Elders.

VL.

Menen.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senatours.

I. Sen. Martius 'tis true, that you have lately told us,

The Volces are in Armes. Mar.

They have a Leader,

Tullus Auffidius that will put you too't:

I sinne in envying his Nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am, I would wish me onely he.

You have fought together? Com.

Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eares, & he upon

my partie, I'de revolt to make Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion

That I am proud to hunt.

1. Sen. Then worthy Martius,

Attend upon Cominius to these Warres.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar.

And I am constant: Titus Lucius, thou Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus face.

What art thou stiffe? Stand'st out?

No Caius Martius,

Ile leane upon one Crutch, and fight with tother,

Ere stay behinde this Businesse. Oh true-bred. Men.

Sen. Your Company to'th Capitoll, where I know

Our greatest Friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Cominius, we must followe you,

right worthy you Priority.

Noble Martius. Com.

Com.

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Nay let them follow,

The Volces have much Corne: take these Rats thither,

To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,

Excunt. Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow.

Citizens steale away. Manet Sicin. & Brutus.

Sicin. Was ever man so proud as is this Martius?

Bru. He has no equall.

Sicin. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Sicin. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Sicin. Bemocke the modest Moone.

Bru. The present Warres devoure him, he is growne

Too proud to be so valiant.

Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, disdaines the

Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, disdaines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded under Cominius?

Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes, In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot Better be held, nor more attain'd then by

A place below the first: for what miscarries Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe

To th'utmost of a man, and giddy censure

Will then cry out of Martius: Oh, if he

Had borne the businesse.

Sicin.

Besides, if things go well,

Opinion that so stickes on *Martius*, shall

Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come: halfe all Cominius Honors are to Martius Though Martius earn'd them not: and all his faults To Martius shall be Honors, though indeed

In ought he merit not.

Sicin. Let's hence, and heare

How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion More then his singularity, he goes

Upon this present Action.

Bru. Let's along.

Excunt.

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

r. Sen. So, your opinion is Auffidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes,
And know how we proceede.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to hadily acf. are Rome.

That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome Had circumvention: 'tis not foure dayes gone Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke I have the Letter heere: yes, heere it is; They have prest a Power, but it is not knowne Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great, The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd, Cominius, Martius your old Enemy (Who is of Rome worse hated then of you) And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman, These three leade on this Preparation Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you: Consider of it.

I. Sen. Our Armie's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needes must shew themselves, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shalbe shortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.

2. Sen. Noble Auffidius,
Take your Commission, hye you to your Bands,
Let us alone to guard Corioles
If they set downe before's: for the remove
Bring up your Army; but (I thinke) you'l finde

Th'have not prepared for us.

Auf.

O doubt not that,

I speake from Certainties. Nay more,

Some parcels of their Power are forth already.

Some parcels of their Power are forth already, And onely hitherward. I leave your Honors.

If we, and Caius Martius chance to meete,

'Tis sworne betweene us, we shall ever strike Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you.

Auf. And keepe your Honors safe.

1. Sen. Farewell.

2. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

Execut omnes.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: They set them downe on two lowe stooles and sowe.

Volum. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe in a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should freelier rejoyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most love. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sel him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renowne made it not stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had proved himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how then?
Volum. Then his good report should have beene my Sonne,
I therein would have found issue. Heare me professe sincerely,
had I a dozen sons each in my love alike, and none lesse deere

then thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleven dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuously surfet out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you. Virg. Beseech you give me leave to retire my selfe.

Volum. Indeed you shall not:

Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme: See him plucke Auffidius downe by th'haire: (As children from a Beare) the Volces shunning him: Me thinkes I see him stampe thus, and call thus, Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow With his mail'd hand, then wining forth he goes

With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes Like to a Harvest man, that task'd to mowe Or all, or loose his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Jupiter, no blood. Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man, Then gilt his Trophe. The brests of Hecuba

When she did suckle *Hedor*, look'd not lovelier Then *Hedors* forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword. Contenning, tell Valeria

We are fit to bid her welcome. Exit Gent.

Vir. Heavens blesse my Lord from fell Auffidius. Val. Hee'l beat Auffidius head below his knee, And treade upon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing heere? A fine spotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Lady-ship: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum, then looke upon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd upon him a Wensday halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and over and over he comes, and up againe: catcht it again, or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must have you play the idle Huswife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)

I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores? Volum. She shall, she shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not over the threshold,

till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most unreasonably: Come,

you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wish her speedy strength, and visite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you.

Virg. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet they say, all the yearne she spun in Ulisses absence, did but fill Athica full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pitie. Come you shall go with us.

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not foorth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.
Val. Verily I do not jest with you: there came newes from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. Thus it is: the Volcies have an Army forth, against whom

Cominius the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their Citie Carioles, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go

Virg. Give me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in every thing heereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now:

She will but disease our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke she would:

Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.

Prythee Virgilia turne thy solemnesse out a doore,

And go along with us. Virgil. No.

At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,

I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

Exeunt Ladies.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Corialus: to them a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:

A Wager they have met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?

Mess. They lye in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good Horse is mine.

Mart.

Ile buy him of you.

Lart. No, Ile not sel, nor give him: Lend you him I will

For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne. Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?

Mess. Within this mile and halfe.

Mar. Then shall we heare their Larum, & they Ours. Now Mars, I prythee make us quicke in worke, That we with smoaking swords may march from hence To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parkey: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of Corialus.

Tullus Aufidious, is he within your Walles?

1. Senat. No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he, That's lesser then a little: Drum a farre off. Hearke, our Drummes

Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles

Rather then they shall pound us up our Gates, Which yet seeme shut, we have but pin'd with Rushes,

They'le open of themselves. Harke you, farre off.

Alarum farre off. There is Auffidious. List what worke he makes

Among'st your cloven Army. Mart. Oh they are at it,

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare us not, but issue forth their Citie. Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight With hearts more proofe then Shields. Advance brave Titus,

They do disdaine us much beyond our Thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows He that retires, Ile take him for a Volce, And he shall feele mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches.

Enter Martius Cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,

You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues Plaister you o're, that you may be abhorr'd Farther then seene, and one infect another Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese, That beare the shapes of men, how have you run From Slaves, that Apes would beate; Pluto and Hell, All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home, Or by the fires of heaven, Ile leave the Foe, And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on, If you'l stand fast, wee'l beate them to their Wives, As they us to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarum, and Martius followes them to gates,
and is shut in.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good Seconds, 'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them, Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the Gate.

1. Sol. Foole-hardinesse, not I.

2. Sol. Nor I.

Sol. See they have shut him in. Alarum continues.
 All. To th'pot I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Tit. What is become of Martius?

All. Slaine (Sir) doubtlesse.

1. Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heeles, With them he enters: who upon the sodaine Clapt to their Gates, he is himselfe alone, To answer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who sensibly out-dares his sencelesse Sword,

And when it bowes, stand'st up: Thou art left Martius, A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art Weare not so rich a Jewell. Thou was't a Souldier Even to Calves wish, not fierce and terrible Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World Were Feavorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

I. Sol.

Looke Sir.

Lar.

O'tis Martius.

Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romanes with spoiles.

- 1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
- 2. Rom. And I this.
- 3. Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Silver. Alarum continues still a-farre off.

Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See heere these movers, that do prize their hours At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spoones, Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would Bury with those that wore them. These base slaves, Ere yet the fight be done, packe up, downe with them. And harke, what noyse the Generall makes: To him There is the man of my soules hate, Auffidious, Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant Titus take Convenient Numbers to make good the City, Whil'st I with those that have the spirit, wil haste To helpe Cominius.

Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st, Lar. Thy exercise hath bin too violent,

Excunt.

For a second course of Fight.

Sir, praise me not:

My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:

The blood I drop, is rather Physicall

Then dangerous to me: To Auffidious thus, I will appear and fight.

Lar. Now the faire Goddesse Fortune, Fall deepe in love with thee, and her great charmes

Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman:

Misguide usy -r.

Prosperity be thy Page.

Thy Friend no lesse, Then those she placeth highest: So farewell.

Lar. Thou worthiest Martius,

Go sound thy Trumpet in the Market place,

Call thither all the Officers a'th'Towne,

Where they shall know our minde. Away.

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with soldiers. Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come off,

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,

Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeve me Sirs,

Whiles we have strooke

We shall be charg'd againe.

By Interims and conveying gusts, we have heard The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,

Leade their successes, as we wish our owne,

That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountring,

May give you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Cittizens of Corioles have yssued, And given to Lartius and to Martius Battaile:

I saw our party to their Trenches driven,

And then I came away.

Though thou speakest truth, Me thinkes thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an houre, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefely we heard their drummes.

How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre,

And bring thy Newes so late?

Spies of the Volces Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele

Three or foure miles about, else had I sir Halfe an houre since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Whose yonder,

That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods, He has the stampe of Martius, and I have Before time seene him thus.

Come I too late? Mar.

Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder from a Taber, More then I know the sound of Martius Tongue From every meaner man.

Martius. Come I too late?

Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others, But mantled in your owne.

Oh let me clip ye

In Armes as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;

As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done, And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees:

Condemning some to death, and some to exile,

Ransoming him, or pittying, threatning th'other; Holding Corioles in the name of Rome,

Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,

To let him alip at will.

Where is that Slave

Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches? Where is he? Call him hither,

Mar. Let him alone, He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,

The common file, (a plague Tribunes for them) The Mouse ne're shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge

From Rascals worse then they.

But how prevail'd you? Com.

Mar. Will the time serve to tell, I do not thinke:

Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?

If not, why cease you till you are so? Com. Martius, we have at disadvantage fought,

And did retyre to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on which side They have plac'd their men of trust?

As I guesse Martius, Com.

Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients Of their best trust: O're them Auffidious,

Their very heart of Hope.

I do beseech you, Mar.

By all the Battailes wherein we have fought,

By th'Blood we have shed together, By th'Vowes we have made

To endure Friends, that you directly set me

Against Affidious, and his Antiats, And that you not delay the present (but

Filling the aire with Swords advanc'd) and Darts,

We prove this very houre. Though I could wish, Com.

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,

And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking, take your choice of those

That best can ayde your action.

Mar. Those are they

That most are willing; if any such be heere, (As it were sinne to doubt) that love this painting Wherein you see me smear'd, if any feare

Lessen his person, then an ill report:
If any thinke, brave death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himselfe,
Let him alone: Or so many so minded,
Wave thus to expresse his disposition,
And follow Martius.

They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their Armes, and cast up their Caps.

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:

If these shewes be not outward, which of you

But is foure Volces? None of you, but is

Able to beare against the great Auffidious

A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number

(Though thankes to all) must I select from all:

The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight

(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March,

And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,

Which men are best inclin'd.

Com.

March on my Fellowes:

Make good this ostentation, and you shall

Divide in all, with us.

Excunt.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Carioles, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties As I have set them downe. If I do send, dispatch Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serve For a short holding, if we loose the Field, We cannot keepe the Towne.

Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.

Lart. Hence; and shut your gates upon's:

Our Guider come, to th' Roman Campe conduct us.

Exit.

Alarum, as in Battaile.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at several doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee Worse then a Promise-breaker.

We hate alike: Auffid.

Not Affricke ownes a Serpent I abhorre More then thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first Budger dye the others Slave,

And the Gods doome him after.

Auf. If I flye Martius, hollow me like a Hare.

Mar. Within these three houres Tullus

Alone I fought in your Corioles walles,

And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood, Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Revenge

Wrench up thy power to th'highest.

Auf. Wer't thou the Ileaor,

That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,

Thou should'st not scape me heere.

Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde of Auffi. Martius fights til they be driven in breathles.

Officious and not valiant, you have sham'd me

In your condemned Seconds.

rish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounde. Enter at one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius, Flourisb. with his Arme in a Scarfe.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke, Thou't not beleeve thy deeds: but Ile report it, Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles, Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug, I'th'end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes, That with the fustie Plebeans, hate thine Honors, Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods Our Rome hath such a Souldier.

Yet cam'st thou to a Morsell of this Feast, Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius.

Oh Generall:

Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:

Hadst thou beheld----

Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When she do's prayse me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you have beene, that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,

Hath overta'ne mine Act.

Com. You shall not be the Grave of your deserving,

Rome must know the value of her owne:

Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft,

No lesse then a Traducement,

To hide your doings, and to silence that,

Which to the spire, and top of prayees vouch'd,

Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,

In signe of what you are, not to reward

What you have done, before our Armie heare me.

Martius. I have some Wounds upon me, and they smart

To heare themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not:

Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,

And tent themselves with death: of all the Horses,

Whereof we have ta'ne good, and good store of all,

The Treasure in this field atchieved, and Citie,

We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,

Before the common distribution,

At your onely choyse.

Martius. I thanke you Generall:

But cannot make my heart consent to take

VI. 1

A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it, And stand upon my common part with those,

That have beheld the doing.

A long Flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius, cast up their Caps and Launces: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophane, Never sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall I'th'field prove flatterers, let Courts and Cities be Made all of false-fac'd soothing:

When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,

Let him be made an Overture for th'Warres:

No more I say, for that I have not wash'd My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,

Which without note, here's many else have done, You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,

As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In prayses, sawc'st with Lyes.

Com. Too modest are you:

More cruell to your good report, then gratefull

To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,

Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to us, to all the World, That Caius Martius
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,

My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I give him, With all his trim belonging; and from this time,

For what he did before *Corioles*, call him, With all th'applause and Clamor of the Hoast,

Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th'addition Nobly ever?

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.

Martius. I will goe wash:
And when my Face is faire, you shall perceive

Excunt.

Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thanke you, I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times To under-crest your good Addition, To th'fairenesse of my power.

So, to our Tent:

Where ere we doe repose us, we will write To Rome of our successe: you Titus Lartius Must to Corioles backe, send us to Rome

The best, with whom we may articulate, For their owne good, and ours.

I shall, my Lord. Lartius.

Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me: I that now refus'd most Princely gifts, Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.

Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Martius. I sometime lay here in Corioles, At a poore mans house: he us'd me kindly, He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:

But then Auffidius was within my view, And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you

To give my poore Host freedome.

Oh well begg'd: Com. Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should

Be free, as is the Winde: deliver him, Titus.

Lartius. Martius, his Name.

By Jupiter forgot:

I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:

Have we no Wine here?

Goe we to our Tent: The bloud upon your Visage dryes, 'tis time

It should be lookt too: come.

Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bloudie, A flourisb.

with two or three Souldiers.

Auffi. The Towne is ta'ne.

Sould, 'Twill be deliver'd backe on good Condition.

Aufful. Condition?

I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'th'part that is at mercy? five times, Martius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:
And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter
As often as we eate. By th'Elements.
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the divell.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd, With onely suff'ring staine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift up
Their rotten Priviledge, and Custome 'gainst
My hate to Martius. Where I finde him, were it
At home, upon my Brothers Guard, even there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus grove. I pray you ('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither How the world goes: that to the pace of it I may spurre on my journey.

Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall have newes to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Martius.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love?

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble Martius.

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare. Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that lives like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is Martius poore in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall.

Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censur'd heere in the City, I mean of us a'th'right hand File, do you?

Both. Why? how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience: Give your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: you blame

Martius for being proud. Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

_ .

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or else your actions would growe wondrous single: your abilities are to Infant-like, for dooing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour survey of your good selves. Oh that you could.

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome. Sicin. Menenius, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like uppon, to triviall motion: One, that converses more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you Licurgusses,) if the drinke you give me, touch my Palat adversly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worshippes have deliver'd the matter well, when I finde the Asse in compound, with the Major part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beesome Conspectivities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well enough too. Bru. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Menen. You know neither mee, your selves, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaves cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forset-seller, and then rejourne the Controversie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chaunce to bee pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mummers, set up the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controversie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaves. You are a payre of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subjects as you are, when you speake best unto the purpose. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuffe a Botchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an Asses-Packesaddle; yet you must bee saying, Martius is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worships, more of your conversation would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of the Beastly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Bru. and Scici. Aside.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were shee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes so fast?

Volum. Honorable Menenius, my Boy Martius approches: for the love of Juno let's goe.

Menen. Ha? Martius comming home?

Volum. I, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe Jupiter, and I thanke thee: hoo, Martius comming home?

2. Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very house reele to night: A Letter

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't,

Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estate of seven yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician: The most soveraigne Prescription in Galen, is but Emperickqutique: and to this Preservative, of no better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: Menenius, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd Auffidius soundly?

Volum. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Auffidius got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee gives my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? Île be sworne they are true: where is hee wounded, God save your good Worships? Martius is comming home: hee ha's more cause to be prowd: where is he wounded? Volum. Ith'Shoulder, and ith'left Arme: there will be large

Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand for his place:

he received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts ith' Body. Mene. One ith'Neck, and two ith'Thigh, there's nine that I

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie five Wounds upon him.

Mene. Now it's twentie seven; every gash was an Enemies Grave. Hearke, the Trumpets. A showt, and flourish.

Volum. These are the Ushers of Martius:

Before him, hee carryes Noyse;

And behinde him, hee leaves Teares:

Death, that darke Spirit, in's nervie Arme doth lye, Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound.

Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Latius: betweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Souldiers, and a Herauld.

Herauld. Know Rome, that all alone Martius did fight

Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne,

With Fame, a Name to Martius Caius:

These in honor followes Martius Caius Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus. Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my

prosperitie.

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, up: My gentle Martius, worthy Caius,

And by deed-atchieving Honor newly nam'd,

What is it (Coriolanus) must I call thee?

But oh, thy Wife.

My gracious silence, hayle: Corio.

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home, That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my deere, Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,

And Mothers that lacke Sonnes. Mene. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And live you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon. Volum. I know not where to turne.

Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall, And y'are welcome all.

Mene. A hundred thousand Welcomes:

I could weepe, and I could laugh,

I am light, and heavie; welcome:

A Curse begin at very root on's heart,

That is not glad to see thee.

Yon are three, that Rome should dote on:

Yet by the faith of men, we have

Some old Crab-trees here at home,

That will not be grafted to your Rallish.

Yet welcome Warriors:

Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;

And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Ever right. Com.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Herauld. Give way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our own house I doe shade may Head,

The good Patricians must be visited,

From whom I have receiv'd not onely greetings,

But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I have lived,

To see inherited my very Wishes,

And the Buildings of my Fancie:

Onely there's one thing wanting,

Which (I doubt not) but our Rome

Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother, I had rather be their servant in my way, Then sway with them in theirs.

Com.

On, to the Capitall. Flourisb. Cornets. Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter Brutus and Scicinius.

Bru. All tongues speake of him, and the bleared sights Are spectacled to see him. Your Pratting Nurse Into a rapture lets her Baby crie, While she chats him: the Kitchin Malkin pinnes Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechie necke, Clambring the Walls to eye him: Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd up, Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd With variable Complexions; all agreeing In earnestnesse to see him: seld-showne Flamins Doe presse among the popular Throngs, and puffe To winne a vulgar station: our veyl'd Dames Commit the Warre of White and Damaske In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth'wanton spoyle Of Phabus burning Kisses: such a poother, As if that whatsoever God, who leades him, Were slyly crept into his humane powers,

And gave him gracefull posture. Scicis. On the suddaine, I warrant him Consull. Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe. Scicin. He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors, From where he should begin, and end, but will Lose those he hath wonno,

Brutus.

In that there's comfort.

Scici.

Doubt not.

The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they Upon their ancient mallice, will forget With the least cause, these his new Honors,

Which that he will give them, make I as little question

As he is prowd to doo't. Brutus.

I heard him sweare,

Were he to stand for Consull, never would he

Appeare i'th'Market place, nor on him put The Naples Vesture of Humilitie,

Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds

Toth' People, begge their stinking Breaths. Scicin.

Brutus. It was his word:

Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,

But by the suite of the Gentry to him,

And the desire of the Nobles. Scicin. I wish no better, then have him hold that purpose, and

to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis most like he will.

Scicin. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure destruction.

Brutus. So it must fall out

To him, or our Authorities, for an end.

We must suggest the People, in what hatred

He still hath held him: that to's power he would

Have made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders,

And dispropertied their Freedomes; holding them,

In humane Action, and Capacitie,

Of no more Soule, nor fitnesse for the World,

Then Cammels in their Warre, who have their Provand Onely for bearing Burthens, and sore blowes

For sinking under them.

This (as you say) suggested, Scicin.

At some time, when his soaring Insolence

Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,

If he be put upon't, and that's as easie,

As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus.

What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitoll: Tis thought, that Martius shall be Consull: I have seene the dumbe men throng to see him,

And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons flong Gloves,

Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers, Upon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended

As to Joves Statue, and the Commons made

A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:

I never saw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,

And carry with us Eares and Eyes for th'time,

But Hearts for the event.

Have with you. Scicin.

Excunt.

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were, in the Capitoll.

- 1. Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Consulships?
- 2. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.
- 1. Off. That's a brave fellow: but hee's vengeance prowd, and loves not the common people.
- 2. Off. 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne're loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neyther to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his Noble carelessenesse lets them plainely see't.
- 1. Off. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, hee waved indifferently, 'twixt doing them neyther good, nor harme:

but hee seekes their hate with greater devotion, then they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the People, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

- 2. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his Countrey, and his assent is not by such easie degrees as those, who having beene supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to have them at all into their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much, were a kinde of ingratefull Injurie: to report otherwise, were a Mallice, that giving it selfe the Lye, would plucke reproofe and rebuke from every Eare that heard it.
- 1. Off. No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Scicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Menen. Having determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for Titus Lartius: it remaines,
As the maine point of this our after-meeting,
To gratifie his Noble service, that hath
Thus stood for his Countrey. Therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire
The present Consull, and last Generall,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By Martius Caius Coriolanus: whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

1. Sen. Speake, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length, and make us thinke Rather our states defective for requitall,

Masters a'th'People, Then we to stretch it out. We doe request your kindest eares: and after

Your loving motion toward the common Body,

To yeeld what passes here.

Scicin. We are convented upon a pleasing Treatie, and have hearts inclinable to honor and advance the Theame of our Assembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee shall be blest to doe, if he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath hereto priz'd them at. Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been

silent: Please you to heare Cominius speake? Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was more pertinent then the rebuke you give it.

Menen. He loves your People, but tye him not to be their Bed-fellow: Worthie Cominius speake.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit Coriolanus: never shame to heare What you have Nobly done.

Your Honors pardon: Coriol. I had rather have my Wounds to heale againe,

Then heare say how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not? Cariol. No Sir: yet oft,

When blowes have made me stay, I fled from words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People, I love them as they weigh-

Pray now sit downe. Menen.

Corio. I had rather have one scratch my Head i'th'Sun,

When the Alarum were strucke, then idly sit Exit Coriolanus. To heare my Nothings monster'd.

Masters of the People, Menen. Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?

That's thousand to one good one, when you now see

He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor, Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed Cominius. Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of Coriolanus Should not be utter'd feebly: it is held, That Valour is the chiefest Vertue, And most dignifies the haver: if it be The man I speake of, cannot in the World Be singly counter-poye'd. At sixteene yeeres, When Tarquin made a Head for Rome, he fought Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator, Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian Shinne he drove The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid An o're-prest Roman, and i'th'Consuls view Slew three Opposers: Tarquins selfe he met, And strucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates, When he might act the Woman in the Scene, He prov'd best man i'th'field, and for his meed Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea, And in the brunt of seventeene Battailes since, He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last, Before, and in Corioles, let me say I cannot speake him home: he stopt the flyers, And by his rare example made the Coward Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before A Vessell under sayle, so men obey'd, And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe, Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot: He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred The mortall Gate of th'Citie, which he painted With shunlesse destinie: aydelesse came off, And with a sudden re-inforcement strucke

Carioles like a Planet: now all's his, When by and by the dinne of Warre can pierce His readie sence: then straight his doubled spirit Requickned what in flesh was fatigate, And to the Battaile came he, where he did Runne reeking o're the lives of men, as if 'twere A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd Both Field and Citie ours, he never stood

To ease his Brest with panting.

Worthy man. Menen.

Senat. He cannot but with measure fit the Honors which we devise him.

Com. Our spoyles he kickt at,

And look'd upon things precious, as they were The common Muck of the World: he covets lesse Then Miserie it selfe would give, rewards his deeds With doing them, and is content

To spend the time, to end it.

Menen. Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call Coriolanus.

0f.

He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd to make thee Consull.

Corio. I doe owe them still my Life, and Services. Menen. It then remaines, that you doe speake to the People.

Corio. I doe beseech you, Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot

Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them

For my Wounds sake, to give their sufferage: Please you that I may passe this doing.

Scicin. Sir, the People must have their Voyces, Neyther will they bate one jot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too't:

VI.

Pray you goe fit you to the Custome, And take to you, as your Predecessors have, Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I shall blush in acting, And might well be taken from the People,

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus Shew them th'unaking Skarres, which I should hide, As if I had receiv'd them for the hyre Of their breath onely.

Menen. Doe not stand upon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Consull
Wish we all Joy, and Honor.

Senat. To Coriolanus come all joy and Honor.

Flourish Cornets. Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Scicin. May they perceive's intent: he wil require them

As if he did contemne what he requested,

Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, wee'l informe them Of our proceedings heere on th'Market place, I know they do attend us.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

- 1. Cit. Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought not to deny him.
 - 2. Cit. We may Sir if we will.
- 3. Cit. We have power in our selves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: For, if hee shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel us his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingratefull,

were to make a Monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring our selves to be monstrous members.

- 1. Cit. And to make us no better thought of a little helpe will serve: for once we stood up about the Corne, he himselfe stucke not to call us the many-headed Multitude.
- 3. Cit. We have beene call'd so of many, not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some bald; but that our wits are so diversly Coulord; and truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull, they would flye East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points a'th Compasse.
- 2. Cit. Thinke you so? Which way do you judge my wit would flye.
- 3. Cit. Nay your wit will not so soone out as another mans will, 'tis strongly wadg'd up in a blocke head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward.
 - 2. Cit. Why that way?
- 3. Cit. To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.
- 2. Cit. You are never without your trickes, you may, you may.
- 3. Cit. Are you all resolv'd to give your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius. Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behaviour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein everie one of us ha's a single Honor, in giving him our own voices with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content,

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: have you not knowne. The worthiest men have done't?

Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?

Plague upon't, I cannot bring

My tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,

I got them in my Countries Service, when Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne

From th'noise of our owne Drummes.

Menen. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that, You must desire them to thinke upon you.

Coriol. Thinke upon me? Hang 'em,

I would they would forget me, like the Vertues

Which our Divines lose by em.

Men.

You'l marre all,

Ile leave you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you In wholsome manner.

Exit.

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces,

And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace, You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere,

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell us what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne desert.

2. Cit. Your owne desert.

Corio. I, but mine owne desire.

3 Cit. How not your owne desire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 Cit. You must thinke if we give you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th'Consulship.

1 Cit. The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corio. Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall bee yours in private: your good voice Sir, what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I have your Almes, Adieu.

- 3 Cit. But this is something odde.
- 2 Cit. And 'twere to give againe: but 'tis no matter. Exeunt.

Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee Consull, I have heere the Customarie Gowne.

1. You have deserved Nobly of your Countrey, and you have not deserved Nobly.

Coriol. Your Ænigma.

1. You have bin a scourge to her enemies, you have bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeede loved the Common people.

Coriol. You should account mee the more Vertuous, that I have not bin common in my Love, I will sir flatter my sworne Brother the people to earne a deerer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since the wisedome of their choice, is rather to have my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfetly, that is sir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifull to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may be Consull.

- 2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily.
- 1. You have receyved many wounds for your Countrey.

Coriol. I will not Seale your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble you no farther.

- Both. The Gods give you joy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Most sweet Voyces:

Better it is to dye, better to sterve,
Then crave the higher, which first we do deserve.
Why in this Woolvish tongue should I stand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare

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Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't. What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't? The Dust on antique Time would lye unswept, And mountainous Error be too highly heapt, For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so, Let the high Office and the Honor go To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through, The one part suffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voyces.

Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have fought, Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailes thrice six I have seene, and heard of; for your Voyces, Have done many things, some lesse, some more: Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consull.

- 1. Cit. Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without any
- honest mans Voyce.

 2. Cit. Therefore let him be Consull: the Gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen. God save thee, Noble Consull. Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.

Mene. You have stood your Limitation: And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce, Remaines, that in th'Officiall Markes invested, You anon doe meet the Senate.

Is this done? Corio.

Scicin. The Custome of Request you have discharg'd: The People doe admit you, and are summon'd To meet anon, upon your approbation. Corio. Where? at the Senate-house?

There, Coriolanus. Scicin.

Corio. May I change these Garments?

Scicin.

You may, Sir.

Cori. That Ile straight do: and knowing my selfe again, Repayre to th'Senate-house.

Mene. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the People.

Exeunt Coriol. and Mene. Scicin. Fare you well. He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,

'Tis warme at's heart. Brut. With a prowd heart he wore his humble Weeds: Will you dismisse the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Scici. How now, my Masters, have you chose this man?

1. Cit. He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loves.

2. Cit. Amen, Sir: to my poore unworthy notice, He mock'd us, when he begg'd our Voyces.

3. Cit. Certainely, he flowted us downe-right.

1. Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us,

2. Cit. Not one amongst us, save your selfe, but sayes

He us'd us scornefully: he should have shew'd us

His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Countrey.

Scicin. Why so he did I am sure.

All. No, no: no man saw 'em.

3. Cit. Hee said hee had Wounds,

Which he could shew in private: And with his Hat, thus waving it in scorne,

I would be Consull, sayes he: aged Custome,

But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.

Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,

Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you.

Your most sweet Voyces: now you have left your Voyces, I have no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Scicin. Why eyther were you ignorant to see't?

Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse, To yeeld your Voyces? Brut. Could you not have told him, As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power, But was a pettie servant to the State, He was your Enemie, ever spake against Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare I'th'Body of the Weale: and now arriving A place of Potencie, and sway o'th'State, If he should still malignantly remaine Fast Foe toth' Plebeii, your Voyces might Be Curses to your selves. You should have said, That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature Would thinke upon you, for your Voyces, And translate his Mallice towards you, into Love, Standing your friendly Lord.

Scicin. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt
Eyther his gracious Promise, which you might
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,
You should have ta'ne th'advantage of his Choller,

And pass'd him unelected.

Brut. Did you perceive,
He did sollicite you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loves: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt shall not be brusing to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Against the Rectorship of Judgement?
Scicin. Have you, ere now, deny'd the asker:

And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock, Bestow your su'd-for Tongues?

- 3. Cit. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
- 2. Cit. And will deny him:

Ile have five hundred Voyces of that sound.

1. Cit. I twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em. Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a Consull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe so.

Scici. Let them assemble: and on a safer Judgement, All revoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride, And his old Hate unto you: besides, forget not With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed, How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loves, Thinking upon his Services, tooke from you Th'apprehension of his present portance, Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion After the inveterate Hate he beares you.

Brut. Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, That we labour'd (no impediment betweene) But that you must cast your Election on him.

Scici. Say you chose him, more after our commandment, Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do, Then what you should, made you against the graine To Voyce him Consull. Lay the fault on us.

Brut. I, spare us not: Say, we read Lectures to you, How youngly he began to serve his Countrey, How long continued, and what stock he springs of, The Noble House o'th' Martians: from whence came That Ancus Martius, Numaes Daughters Sonne. Who after great Hostilius here was King, Of the same House Publius and Quintus were,

Excunt Plebeians.

Excunt.

That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither, And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor, Was his great Ancestor. One thus descended,

Scicin.

That hath beside well in his person wrought, To be set high in place, we did commend

To your remembrances: but you have found, Skaling his present bearing with his past,

That hee's your fixed enemie; and revoke

Your suddaine approbation. Say you ne're had don't, (Harpe on that still) but by our putting on:

And presently, when you have drawne your number, Repaire toth'Capitoll.

All. We will so: almost all repent in their election.

Brut. Let them goe on:

This Mutinie were better put in hazard, Then stay past doubt, for greater: If, as his nature is, he fall in rage

With their refusall, both observe and answer The vantage of his anger.

Toth'Capitoll, come:

We will be there before the streame o'th'People:

And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,

Which we have goaded on-ward.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.

Corio. Tullus Auffidius then had made new head. Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd Our swifter composition.

Company of the Compan

Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first, Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade Upon's againe.

They are worne (Lord Consull) so, Com.

That we shall hardly in our ages see

Their Banners wave againe.

Saw you Auffidius? Corio. Latius. On safegard he came to me, and did curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vildly

Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me? Latius, He did, my Lord.

How? what? Corio.

Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword: That of all things upon the Earth, he hated

Your person most: That he would pawne his fortunes

To hopelesse restitution, so he might

Be call'd your Vanquisher. Corio. At Antium lives he?

Latius. At Antium.

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there,

To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People, The Tongues o'th'Common Mouth. I do despise them:

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie, Against all Noble sufferance.

Passe no further. Scicin.

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on-No further.

Corio. What makes this change? Mene. The matter?

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Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. Cominius, no.

Corio. Have I had Childrens Voyces? Senat. Tribunes give way, he shall toth'Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd against him.

Scicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Are these your Heard?

Must these have Voyces, that can yeeld them now, And straight disclaim their toungs? what are your Offices? You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?

Have you not set them on? Mene. Be calme, be calme.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot, To curbe the will of the Nobilitie: Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule, Nor ever will be ruled.

Call't not a Plot: Brut. The People cry you mockt them: and of late, When Corne was given them gratis, you repin'd, Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Not to them all. Brut.

Corio. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Brut. How? I informe them?
Com. You are like to doe such businesse.

Brut. Not unlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Consull? by youd Clouds

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow Tribune.
You shew too much of that, For which the People stirre: if you will passe To where you are bound, you must enquire your way, Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit, Or never be so Noble as a Consull, Nor yoake with him for Tribune,

Let's be calme. Com. The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring Becomes not Rome: nor ha's Coriolanus

Deserv'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely

I'th'plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,

And I will speak't againe.

Mene. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I live, I will.

My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons:

For the mutable ranke-sented Meynie,

Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say againe,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition,

Which we our selves have plowed for, sow'd, & scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honor'd Number, Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that

Which they have given to Beggers.

Mene. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beseech you.

Corio. How? no more?

As for my Country, I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels

Which we disdaine should Tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speake a'th'people, as if you were a God,

To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmity.

Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Mene. What, what? His Choller?

Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight aleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my minde.

Side I have a minde that shall meeting a poisson.

Sicin. It is a minde that shall remain a poison
Where it is: not poyson any further.

Corio. Shall remaine?

Heare you this Triton of the Minnoues? Marke you His absolute Shall?

Twas from the Cannon. Com.

Cor. Shall? O God! but most unwise Patricians: why You grave, but wreaklesse Senators, have you thus

Given Hidra heere to choose an Officer,

That with his peremptory Shall, being but The horne, and noise o'th' Monsters, wants not spirit

To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,

And make your Channell his? If he have power,

Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake

Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,

Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,

Let them have Cushions by you. You are Plebeians, If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,

When both your voices blended, the great'st taste

Most pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrate,

And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,

His popular Shall, against a graver Bench

Then ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himselfe,

It makes the Consuls base; and my Soule akes

To know, when two Authorities are up,

Neither Supreame: How soone Confusion

May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take

The one by th'other.

Well, on to'th'Market place. Corio. Who ever gave that Counsell, to give forth

The Corne a'th'Store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd

Sometime in Greece. Mene.

Well, well, no more of that. Cor. Thogh there the people had more absolute powre

I say they norisht disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.

Bru. Why shall the people give

One that speakes thus, their voyce?

Corio. Ile give my Reasons,

More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd They ne're did service for't, being prest to'th'Warre, Even when the Navell of the State was touch'd, They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Service Did not deserve Corne gratis. Being i'th'Warre, Their Mutinies and Revolts, wherein they shew'd Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th'Accusation Which they have often made against the Senate, All cause unborne, could never be the Native Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then? How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest The Senates Courtesie? Let deeds expresse What's like to be their words, We did request it, We are the greater pole, and in true feare They gave us our demands. Thus we debase The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time Breake ope the Lockes a'th' Senate, and bring in The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Mene. Come enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Corio. No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Divine and Humane, Seale what I end withall. This double worship, Whereon part do's disdaine with cause, the other Insult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisedom Cannot conclude, but by the yes and no Of generall Ignorance, it must omit Reall Necessities, and give way the while To unstable Slightnesse. Purpose so barr'd, it followes, Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you, You that will be lesse fearefull, then discreet, That love the Fundamentall part of State More then you doubt the change on't; That preferre

A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish,
To jumpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke.
That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The sweet which is their poyson. Your dishonor
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the State
Of that Integrity which should becom't:
Not having the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sicin. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do.

Corio. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee: What should the people do with these bald Tribunes? On whom depending, their obedience failes

To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion: When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,

Then were they chosen: in a better houre, Let what is meet, be saide it must be meet,

And throw their power i'th'dust.

Bru. Manifest Treason.

Sicin. This a Consull? No.

Enter an Ædile.

Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended: Sicin. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe Attach thee as a Traitorous Innovator:

A Foe to'th'publike Weale, Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Corio. Hence old Goat.

All. Wee'l Surety him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.

Sicin. Helpe ye Citizena.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.

Mene. On both sides more respect.

Sicin. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him Ædiles. All. Downe with him, downe with him.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons :

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,

Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes

To'th'people: Coriolanus, patience: Speak good Sicinius.

Scici. Heare me, People peace. All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake, speake.

Scici. You are at point to lose your Liberties:

Martius would have all from you; Martius,

Whom late you have nam'd for Consull. Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sena. To unbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat,

Scici. What is the Citie, but the People?
All. True, the People are the Citie.

Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates.

All. You so remaine.

Mene. And so are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat,

To bring the Roofe to the Foundation, And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

This deserves Death. Scici.

Brut. Or let us stand to our Authoritie, Or let us lose it: we doe here pronounce,

Upon the part o'th'People, in whose power

We were elected theirs, Martius is worthy Of present Death. Therefore lay hold of him:

Scici.

Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

Brut. Ædiles seize him.

All Ple. Yeeld Martius, yeeld. Mene. Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes, heare me

but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace. Mene. Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend,

And temp'rately proceed to what you would

Thus violently redresse.

Sir, those cold wayes, Brut. That seeme like prudent helpes, are very poysonous,

Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,

Corio. drawes bis Sword. And beare him to the Rock.

Corio. No, Ile die here:

There's some among you have beheld me fighting, Come trie upon your selves, what you have seene me.

Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.

Brut. Lay hands upon him.

Mene. Helpe Martius, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him. Excunt.

In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.

Mene. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away,

All will be naught else.

Get you gone. 2. Sena.

Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

Mene. Shall it be put to that?

The Gods forbid:

I prythee noble friend, home to thy House,

Leave us to cure this Cause.

Mene.

For 'tis a Sore upon us,

You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you.

Corio. Come Sir, along with us.

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are, Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,

Though calved i'th'Porch o'th'Capitoll:

Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,

One time will owe another.

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them. Mene. I could my selfe take up a Brace o'th'best of them, yea,

the two Tribunes. Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,

And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands

Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence, Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend

Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare

What they are us'd to beare.

Pray you be gone: Mene.

Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request

With those that have but little: this must be patcht

With Cloth of any Color.

Com.

Nay, come away. Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:

He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident,

Or Jove, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth.

What his Brest forges, that his Tongue must vent,

And being angry, does forget that ever

A Noise within.

He heard the Name of Death.

Here's goodly worke.

Patri.

I would they were a bed.

Mene. I would they were in Tyber.

What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.

Sicin. Where is this Viper,

That would depopulate the city, & be every man himself.

Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law, And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall

Then the severity of the publike Power,

Which he so sets at naught.

I Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are

The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall sure ont,

Mene. Sir, sir. Sicin. Peace.

Me. Do not cry havocke, where you shold but hunt

With modest warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'st that you have holpe

To make this rescue?

Heere me speake? As I do know Mene.

The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.

Sicin. Consull? what Consull? Mene. The Consull Coriolanus.

He Consull.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If by the Tribunes leave,

And yours good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,

The which shall turne you to no further harme,

Then so much losse of time.

Speake breefely then,

For we are peremptory to dispatch

This Viporous Traitor: to eject him hence Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere

Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,

He dyes to night.

Now the good Gods forbid,

That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her deserved Children, is enroll'd

In Joves owne Booke, like an unnaturall Dam

Should now eate up her owne. Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away.

Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease

Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.

What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death? Killing our Enemies, the Blood he hath lost

(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath

By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:

And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey,

Were to us all that doo't, and suffer it A brand to th'end a'th World.

Sicin. This is cleane kamme.

Brut. Meerely awry:

When he did love his Country, it honour'd him.

Menen. The service of the foote Being once gangren'd, is not then respected

For what before it was.

Wee'l heare no more: Bru.

Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence,

Least his infection being of catching nature,

Spred further.

One word more, one word: Menen. This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find

The harme of unskan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)

Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Processe,

Least parties (as he is belov'd) breake out,

And sacke great Rome with Romanes.

If it were so? Brut.

Sicin. What do ye talke?

Have we not had a taste of his Obedience?

Our Ediles smot: our selves resisted: come.

Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th'Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without distinction. Give me leave,
Ile goe to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his utmost perill.

1. Sen. Noble Tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course Will prove to bloody: and the end of it, Unknowne to the Beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius, be you then as the peoples officer:

Masters, lay downe your Weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there: Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede

In our first way.

Menen. Ile bring him to you.

Let me desire your company: he must come, Or what is worst will follow.

Sena. Pray you let's to him.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles, Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke, That the precipitation might downe stretch Below the beame of sight; yet will I still Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Nobler.

Corio. I muse my Mother

Do's not approve me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vassailes, things created
To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Volum. Oh sir, sir, sir,

I would have had you put your power well on Before you had worne it out.

Corio. Let go.

Vol. You might have beene enough the man you are,
With striving lesse to be so: Lesser had bin
The things of your dispositions, if

You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd

Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.

Corio.

Let them hang.

Volum. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have bin too rough, somthing too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy, Unlesse by not so doing, our good Citie

Cleave in the midd'st, and perish.

Volum. Pray be counsail'd;

I have a heart as little apt as yours, But yet a braine, that leades my use of Anger To better vantage.

Mene. Well said, Noble woman:

Before he should thus stoope to'th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craves it as Physicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,

Which I can scarcely bear.

What must 1 do? Corio.

Mene. Returne to th'Tribunes.

Well, what then? what then? Corio.

Mene. Repent, what you have spoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,

Must I then doo't to them?

Volum. You are too absolute, Though therein you can never be too Noble, But when extremities speake. I have heard you say,

Honor and Policy, like unsever'd Friends,

I'th'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me In Peace, what each of them by th'other loose,

That they combine not there?

Tush, tush. Corio.

Mene. A good demand.

Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme The same you are not, which for your best ends You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse That it shall hold Companionship in Peace With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both

It stands in like request.

Why force you this? Corio.

Volum. Because, that Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people:

Not by your owne instruction, nor by'th'matter Which your heart prompts you, but with such words

That are but roated in your Tongue; Though but Bastards, and Syllables

Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth. Now, this no more dishonors you at all, Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,

Which else would put you to your fortune, and

The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my Nature, where

My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd I should do so in Honor. I am in this Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles, And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts, How you can frowne, then spend, a fawne upon 'em, For the inheritance of their loves, and safegard Of what that want might ruine.

Noble Lady. Menen. Come goe with us, speake faire: you may salve so,

Not what is dangerous present, but the losse

Of what is past. Volum. I pry thee now, my Sonne,

Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand, And thus farre having stretcht it (here be with them)

Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant

More learned then the eares, waving thy head, Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,

Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,

That will not hold the handling: or say to them,

Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,

Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse

Were fit for thee to use, as they to clayme, In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame

Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,

As thou hast power and person. This but done, Menen.

Even as she speakes, why their hearts were yours:

For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free,

As words to little purpose.

Prythee now, Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,

Then flatter him in a Bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I have beene i'th'Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong partie, or defend your selfe
By calmenesse, or by absence: all's in anger.

Menen. Onely faire speech.

Com. I thinke 'twill serve, if he can thereto frame his spirit.

Volum. He must, and will:
Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.

Corio. Must I goe shew them my unbarb'd Sconce?

Must I with my base tongue give to my Noble Heart A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't:

Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose

This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grinde it, And throw't against the Winde. Toth'Market place:

You have put me now to such a part, which never I shall discharge toth'Life.

Come, come, wee'le prompt you.

Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said

My praises made thee first a Souldier; so

To have my praise for this, performe a part

Thou hast not done before.

Corio.

Well, I must doo't:

Away my disposition, and possesse me
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take up
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an Almes. I will not doo't,

Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth,
And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inherent Basenesse.

Volum. At thy choice then:

To begge of thee, it is my more dis-honor, Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list, Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck'st it from me: But owe thy Pride thy selfe.

Pray be content: Corio.

Mother, I am going to the Market place: Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loves,

Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belov'd

Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:

Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Consull, Or never trust to what my Tongue can do

I'th way of Flattery further. Volum. Do your will. Exit Volumnia.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your self To answer mildely: for they are prepar'd

With Accusations, as I heare more strong Then are upon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let us go, Let them accuse me by invention: I

Will answer in mine Honor.

I, but mildely. Menen.

Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely.

Excunt.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects Tyrannicall power: If he evade us there, Inforce him with his envy to the people, And that the Spoile got on the Antiats Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile Hee's comming.

How accompanied?

Edile. With old Menenius, and those Senators

That alwayes favour'd him.

Have you a Catalogue Sicin.

Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, set downe by'th Pole?

Edile. I have: 'tis ready. Sicin. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Edile.

Sicin. Assemble presently the people hither:

And when they heare me say, it shall be so,

I'th'right and strength a'th'Commons: be it either

For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,

Insisting on the olde prerogative

And power i'th Truth a'th Cause. Edile.

I shall informe them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd Inforce the present Execution

Of what we chance to Sentence.

Very well.

Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint

When we shall hap to giv't them.

Go about it,

Put him to Choller straite, he hath bene us'd

Ever to conquer, and to have his worth

Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot

Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes

With us to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes.

etter sin

Calmely, I do beseech you. Mene.

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece

Will beare the Knave by'th Volume: Th'honor'd Goddes Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Justice Supplied with worthy men, plant love amongs

Through our large Temples with the shewes of peace

1 Sen. Mene. A Noble wish.

And not our streets with Warre.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Amen, Amen.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people.

Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience:

Peace I say.

Corio. First heare me speake. Well, say: Peace hoe. Both Tri.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?

Must all determine heere? I do demand, Sicin.

If you submit you to the peoples voices,

Allow their Officers, and are content

To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults

As shall be prov'd upon you.

I am Content. Corio.

Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.' The warlike Service he ha's done, consider: Thinke Upon the wounds his body beares, which shew Like Graves i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to move

Laughter onely.

Consider further: That when he speakes not like a Citizen, You finde him like a Soldier: do not take His rougher Actions for malicious sounds: But as I say, such as become a Soldier, Rather then envy you.

Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter, That being past for Consull with full voyce:

I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre

You take it off againe.

Sicin. Answer to us.

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so. Sicin. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take

From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde

Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,

For which you are a Traitor to the people. Corio. How? Traytor?

Nay temperately: your promise.

Corio. The fires i'th'lowest hell. Fould in the people:

Call me their Traitor, thou injurious Tribune.

Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths

In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in

Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say

Thou lyest unto thee, with a voice as free,

As I do pray the Gods. Marke you this people? Sicin.

All. To'th' Rocke, to'th' Rocke with him.

Sicin.

Peace: We neede not put new matter to his charge:

What you have seene him do, and heard him speake:

Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,

Opposing Lawes with stroakes, and heere defying

Those whose great power must try him.

Even this so criminall, and in such capitall kinde

Deserves th'extreamest death.

Bru. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome.

Corio. What do you prate of Service.

Bru. I talke of that, that know it.

Corio. You?

Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com. Know, I pray you. Ile know no further: Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger But with a graine a day, I would not buy Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,

Nor checke my Courage for what they can give, To have't with saying, Good morrow.

For that he ha's Sicin.

(As much as in him lies) from time to time Envi'd against the people; seeking meanes To plucke away their power: as now at last, Given Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence Of dreaded Justice, but on the Ministers

That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people, And in the power of us the Tribunes, wee (Ev'n from this instant) banish him our Citie In perill of precipitation

From off the Rocke Tarpeian, never more To enter our Rome gates, I'th' Peoples name, I say it shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:

Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so. Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.

Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing. Let me speake:

I have bene Consull, and can shew from Rome Her Enemies markes upon me, I do love My Countries good, with a respect more tender, More holy, and profound, then mine owne life, My deere Wives estimate, her wombes encrease, And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would Speake that,

Sicin, We know your drift. Speake what? Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd

As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.

It shall bee so.

It shall be so, it shall be so.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,

As reeke a'th rotten Fennes: whose Loves I prize, As the dead Carkasses of unburied men,

That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you, And heere remain with your uncertaintie.

Let every feeble Rumor shake your hearts:

Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes Fan you into dispaire: Have the power still

To banish your Defenders, till at length

Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,

Making but reservation of your selves,

Still your owne Foes) deliver you As most abated Captives, to some Nation

That wonne you without blowes, despising

For you the City. Thus I turne my backe; There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumalise.

They all shout, and throw up their Caps. Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.

Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him

As he hath follow'd you, with all despight

Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard

Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come, let's see him out at gates, come:

The Gods preserve our Noble Tribunes, come. Excunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the yong Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leave your teares: a brief farwel: the beast With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,

Where is your ancient Courage? You were us'd

To say, Extreamities was the trier of spirits, That common chances. Common men could beare, That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes, When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craves A Noble cunning. You were us'd to load me With Precepts that would make invincible The heart that conn'd them. Virg. O heavens! O heavens! Nay, I prythee woman. Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome, And Occupations perish. What, what, what: Corio. I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother, Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say, If you had beene the Wife of Hercules, Six of his Labours youl'd have done, and sav'd Your Husband so much swet. Cominius, Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother, Ile do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius, Thy teares are salter then a yonger mans, And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall, I have seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld

Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women, Tis fond to waile inevitable strokes, As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well My hazards still have beene your solace, and Beleev't not lightly, though I go alone Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne Will or exceed the Common, or be caught With cautelous baits and practice.

My first sonne, Volum. Whether will thou go? Take good Cominius

With thee awhile: Determine on some course More then a wilde exposture, to each chance

That start's i'th'way before thee.

O the Gods! Corio.

Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, devise with thee Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of us, And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send

O're the vast world, to seeke a single man, And loose advantage, which doth ever coole

Ith'absence of the needer. Fare ye well:

Thou hast yeares upon thee, and thou art too full Of the warres surfets, to go rove with one That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate. Come my sweet wife, my decrest Mother, and

My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth, Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:

While I remaine above the ground, you shall

Heare from me still, and never of me ought Heare from the own,
But what is like me formerly.
That's worthily

As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe, If I could shake off but one seven yeeres From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods

I'ld with thee, every foot. Corio. Give me thy hand, come.

Exeunt.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus, with the Edile.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further, The Nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided In his behalfe.

Now we have shewne our power, Let us seeme humbler after it is done, Then when it was a dooing.

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone, And they, stand in their ancient strength.

Brut, Dismisse them home, Here comes his Mother,

Ester Volumia, Virgilia, and Mescrica.

Sicis. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why? Sicin. They my she's mad.

Brut. They have tane note of us: keepe on your way. Polum. Oh y'are well met:

Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your love.

Menen. Peace, peace be not so loud.

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare,
Nsy, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too. I would I had the power

To say so to my Husband.

Are you mankinde? Sicin.

Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,

Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome Then thou hast spoken words.

Oh blessed Heavens! Sicin.

Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then ever thou wise words.

And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:

Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne

Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,

His good Sword in his hand.

What then? Sicin.

Virg. What then? Hee'ld make an end of thy posterity. Volum. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace. Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country

As he began, and not unknit himselfe The Noble knot he made.

I would he had.

Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incenst the rabble.

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,

As I can of those Mysteries which heaven

Will not have earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone. You have done a brave deede: Ere you go, heare this:

As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede

The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

With one that wants her Wits. Exit Tribunes.

Take my Prayers with you. Volum.

I would the Gods had nothing else to do,

But to confirme my Cursses. Could I meete 'em

But once a day, it would unclogge my heart

Of what lyes heavy too't.

You have told them home, Mene.

And by my troth you have cause: you'l Sup with me.

Volum. Anger's my Meate: I suppe upon my selfe,

And so shall sterve with Feeding: Come, let's go,

Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do, In Anger, Juno-like: Come, come, come.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie.

Excunt. Exit.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your name I thinke is Adrian.

Volce. It is so sir, truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Services are as you are, against Know you me yet.

Volce. Nicanor: no.

Rom. The same sir.

Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but your Favour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the Newes in Rome: I have a Note from the Volcean state to finde you out there. You have well saved mee a dayes journey.

Rom. There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrections: The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com upon them, in the heate of their division.

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receive so to heart, the Banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take all power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for ever. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus Banisht?

Rom. Banish'd sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it saide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when shee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble Tullus Auffidius will appeare well in these Warres, his great Opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his countrey.

Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Businesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Adversaries. Have you an Army ready say you?

Have you an Army ready say you?

Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billetted already in th'entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning.

Rom. I am joyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.

Volce. You take my part from me sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

Excunt.

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Disguisd, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this Antium. Citty,

'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre

Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres

Have I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,

Least that thy Wives with Spits, and Boyes with stones In puny Battell slay me. Save you Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great Auffidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.

Corio. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This heere before you.

Corio. Thanke you sir, farewell.

Exit Citizen.

Oh World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn, Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart, Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Love, Unseparable, shall within this houre, On a Dissention of a Doit, breake out To bitterest Enmity: So fellest Foes, Whose Passions, and whose Plots have broke their sleep To take the one the other, by some chance, Some tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends And inter-joyne their yssues. So with me, My Birth-place have I, and my loves upon This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he slay me

He does faire Justice: if he give me way,

Ile do his Country Service.

Exit.

Muscike playes. Enter a Servingman.

I Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine: What service is heere? I thinke our Fellowes are asleepe.

Enter another Servingman.

2 Ser. Where's Cotus: my M. cals for him: Cotus. Exit.

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House:

The Feast smels well: but I appeare not like a Guest.

Enter the first Servingman.

t Ser. What would you have Friend? whence are you?

Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore?

Corio. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being Coriolanus.

Enter second Servant.

2 Ser. Whence are you sir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such Companions? Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.

2 Ser. Away? Get you away.

Corio. Now th'art troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so brave: Ile have you talkt with anon.

Enter 3 Servingman, the 1 meets bim.

3 What Fellowes this?

t A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th'house: Prythee call my Master to him.

3 What have you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid the house.

Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth.

- 3 What are you?
- Corio. A Gentleman.
- 3 A marv'llous poore one.
- Corio. True, so I am.
- 3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take up some other station: Heere's no place for you, pray you avoid: Come.

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits.

Pushes him away from him.

- 3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister what a strange Guest he ha's heere.
 - 2 And I shall. Exit second Servingman.
 - 3 Where dwel'st thou? Corio. Under the Canopy.

3 Under the Canopy? Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crowes.

- 3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Asse it is, then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?
 - Corio. No, I serve not thy Master.

3 How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

Corio. I, tis an honester service, then to meddle with thy

Mistris: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serve with thy trencher: Hence. Beats bim away.

Enter Auffidius with the Servingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

- 2 Here sir, I'de have beaten him like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within.
- Auf. Whence com'st thou? What wold'st thou? name? Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio. If Tullus not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands me name my selfe.

Corio. A name unmusicall to the Volcians eares,

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Auf. What is thy name?

And harsh in sound to thine. Say, what's thy name? Thou hast a Grim apparance, and thy Face Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne, Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name? Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowst thou me yet? Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name? Corio. My name is Caius Martius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volces Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witnesse may My Surname Coriolanus. The painfull Service, The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requitted: But with that Surname, a good memorie And witnesse of the Malice and Displeasure Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains. The Cruelty and Envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who Have all forsooke me, hath devour'd the rest: And suffer'd me by th'voyce of Slaves to be Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity, Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope (Mistake me not) to save my life: for if I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th'World I would have voided thee. But in meere spight To be full quit of those my Banishers, Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt revenge Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes Of shame seene through thy Country, speed thee straight And make my misery serve thy turne: So use it, That my revengefull Services may prove

As Benefits to thee. For I will fight

Against my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene
Of all the under Fiends. But if so be,
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more Fortunes
Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am
Longer to live most wearie: and present
My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole,
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries brest,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unlesse
It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh Martius, Martius; Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart A roote of Ancient Envy. If Jupiter, Should from yond clowd speake divine things, And say 'tis true; I'de not beleeve them more Then thee all-Noble Martius. Let me twine Mine armes about that body, where against My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke, And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I cleep The Anvile of my Sword, and do contest As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Love, As ever in Ambitious strength, I did Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first, I lov'd the Maid I married: never man Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart, Then when I first my wedded Mistris saw Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee, We have a Power on foote: and I had purpose Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne, Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate mee out Twelve severall times, and I have nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me: We have beene downe together in my sleepe,

Unbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat,
And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy Martius,
Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve, to seventie: and powring Warre
Into the bowels of ungratefull Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands
Who now are heere, taking their leaves of mee,
Who am prepar'd against your Territories,

Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio.

You blesse me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have The leading of thine owne Revenges, take Th'one halfe of my Commission, and set downe As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome, Or rudely visit them in parts remote, To fright them, ere destroy. But come in, Let me commend thee first, to those that shall Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes, And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie, Yet Martius that was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Excunt.

Enter two of the Servingmen.

- 1 Heere's a strange alteration?
- 2 By my hand, I had thoght to have stroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gave me, his cloathes made a false report of him.
- I What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would set up a Top.
- 2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing in him. He had sir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot tell how to tearme it.

- I He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.
- 2 So did I, Ile be sworne: He is simply the rarest man i'th' World.
- I I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he, You wot one.
 - 2 Who my Master?
 - 1 Nay, it's no matter for that,
 - 2 Worth six on him.
- 1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.
- 2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.
 - I I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Servingman.

- 3 Oh Slaves, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals.
- Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.
- 3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as live be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

- 3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, Caius Martius.
 - I Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?
- 3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him.
- 2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himselfe.
- I He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't before Corioles, he scotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbinado.
- 2 And hee had bin Cannibally given, hee might have boyld and eaten him too.
 - 1 But more of thy Newes.
- 3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, set at upper end o'th'Table: No question

askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistris of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes up the white o'th'eye to his Discourse. But the Bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th'middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th' eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leave his passage poul'd.

- 2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.
- 3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst not (looke you) shew themselves (as we terme it) his Friends, whilest he's in Directitude.
 - 1 Directitude? What's that?
- 3 But when they shall see sir, his Crest up againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and revell all with him.
 - 1 But when goes this forward:
- 3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the Drum strooke up this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcell of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.
- 2 Why then we shall have a stirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, encrease Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.
- I Let me have Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more Bastard Children, then warres a destroyer of men.
- 2 'Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be saide to be a Ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.
 - I I, and it makes men hate one another.
 - 3 Reason, because they then lesse neede one another: The

Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

Excunt.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the present peace, And quietnesse of the people, which before Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestring streets, then see Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood too't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: Haile Sir.

Mene. Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your Coriolanus is not much mist, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might have bene much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing:

His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

I Our selves, our wives, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Live, and thrive.

Bru, Farewell kinde Neighbours:

We wisht Coriolanus had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Farewell, farewell. Exeunt Citizens. Both Tri.

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time,

Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets,

Crying Confusion. Bru.

Caius Martius was A worthy Officer i'th'Warre, but Insolent,

O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking Selfe-loving.

Sicin. And affecting one sole Throne, without assistance. Mene. I thinke not so.

Sicin. We should by this, to all our Lamentation,

If he had gone forth Consull, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome

Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æðile. Worthy Tribunes,

There is a Slave whom we have put in prison, Reports the Volces with two severall Powers

Are entred in the Roman Territories,

And with the deepest malice of the Warre,

Destroy, what lies before 'em.

'Tis Auffidius, Mene. Who hearing of our Martius Banishment,

Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world

Which were In-shell'd, when Martius stood for Rome,

And durst not once peepe out.

Come, what talke you of Martius.

Bru. Go see this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be, The Volces dare breake with us.

Mene. Cannot be?

We have Record, that very well it can, And three examples of the like, hath beene Within my Age. But reason with the fellow Before you punish him, where he heard this, Least you shall chance to whip your Information, And beate the Messenger, who bids beware Of what is to be dreaded. Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be. Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming That turnes their Countenances. 'Tis this Slave: Sicin.

Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising, Nothing but his report.

Yes worthy Sir, The Slaves report is seconded, and more

More fearfull is deliver'd.

What more fearefull? Sicin.

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths, How probable I do not know, that Martius Joyn'd with Auffidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome, And vowes Revenge as spacious, as betweene And vowes revended.

The yong'st and oldest thing.

This is most likely.

Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may wish Good Martius home againe.

The very tricke on't. Sicin.

Mene. This is unlikely, He, and Auffidius can no more attone

Then violent'st Contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the Senate:

A fearefull Army, led by Caius Martius,
Associated with Auffidius, Rages
Upon our Territories, and have already
O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you have made good worke.

Mene. What newes? What newes?

Com. You have holp to ravish your owne daughters, & To melt the Citty Leades upon your pates,
To see your Wives dishonour'd to your Noses.

Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes? Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and

Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd Into an Augors boare.

Mene. Pray now, your Newes:

You have made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes, If *Martius* should be joyn'd with Volceans.

Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing Made by some other Deity then Nature,
That shapes man Better: and they follow him
Against us Brats, with no lesse Confidence,
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.

Mene. You have made good worke, You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much Upon the voyce of occupation, and The breath of Garlicke-eaters.

Com. Hee'le shake your Rome about your eares,
Mene. As Hercules did shake downe Mellow Fruite:
You have made faire worke,

Brut. But is this true sir?

Com. I, and you'l looke pale

Before you finde it other. All the Regions

Do smilingly Revolt, and who resists Are mock'd for Valiant Ignorance, And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him? Your Enemies and his, finde something in him. Mene. We are all undone, unlesse

Mene. vvc and The Noble man have mercy.

Who shall aske it? The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame; the people Deserve such pitty of him, as the Wolfe Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even As those should do that had deserv'd his hate, And therein shew'd like Enemies.

Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand That should consume it, I have not the face To say, beseech you cease. You have made faire hands, You and your Crafts, you have crafted faire.

You have brought

A Trembling upon Rome, such as was never S'incapeable of helpe.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Mene. How? Was't we? We lov'd him, Tri.

But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles, Gave way unto your Clusters, who did hoote

Him out o'th'Citty.

Com. But I feare They'l roare him in againe. Tullus Auffidius, The second name of men, obeyes his points As if he were his Officer: Desperation, Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Clusters. And is Auffidius with them? You are they That made the Ayre unwholsome, when you cast Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting At Coriolanus Exile. Now he's comming, And not a haire upon a Souldiers head Which will not prove a whip: As many Coxcombes

As you threw Caps up, will he tumble downe, And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,

If he could burne us all into one coale,

We have deserv'd it. Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.

1 Cit. For mine owne part,

When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty.

2 And so did I.

3 And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very many of us, that we did we did for the best, and though wee willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces. Mene. You have made good worke

You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

Com. Oh I, what else? Exeunt both. Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismaid,

These are a side, that would be glad to have

This true, which they so seeme to feare. Go home,

And shew no signe of Feare.

1 Cit. The Gods bee good to us: Come Masters let's home,

I ever said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd him. 2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home. Exit Cit.

Bru. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth

Would buy this for a lye.

Pray let's go. Exeunt Tribunes.

Enter Auffidius with bis Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flye to'th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but Your Soldiers use him as the Grace 'fore meate, Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir, Even by your owne.

Auf. I cannot helpe it now,
Unlesse by using meanes I lame the foote
Of our designe. He beares himselfe more proudlier,
Even to my person, then I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish Sir,

(I meane for your particular) you had not
Joyn'd in Commission with him: but either have borne
The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soly.

Auf. I understand thee well, and be thou sure When he shall come to his account, he knowes not What I can urge against him, although it seemes And so he thinkes, and is no lesse apparant To th'vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely: And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State, Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeve as soone As draw his Sword: yet he hath left undone That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine, When ere we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe,
And the Nobility of Rome are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people
Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty
To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome
As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it
By Soveraignty of Nature. First, he was

A Noble servant to them, but he could not Carry his Honors eeven: whether 'was Pride Which out of dayly Fortune ever taints The happy man; whether defect of judgement, To faile in the disposing of those chances Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature, Not to be other then one thing, not mooving From th'Caske to th'Cushion: but commanding peace Even with the same austerity and garbe, As he controll'd the warre. But one of these (As he hath spices of them all) not all, For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd, So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit To choake it in the utt'rance: So our Vertue, Lie in th'interpretation of the time, And power unto it selfe most commendable, Hath not a Tombe so evident as a Chaire T'extoll what it hath done. One fire drives out one fire; one Naile, one Naile; Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile. Come let's away: when Caius Rome is thine, Thou art poor'st of all, then shortly art thou mine. Excunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath said Which was sometime his Generall: who loved him In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare Cominius speake, Ile keepe at home.

I'M HE WALL WE WERE IN MINUTE THE

De was income ?

Mann. De was.

I see You was some so did tall me we me manne:

we'l was was serviced and for thomas.

The winder that registers. Cariala

He would up survey us: Furnal all Names, He was kinde of Marking, Tideiene, T'A so sad frog 4 kinneith a name a' th' fine

Mann, Why so: you have made good worke:

A gain of Vehanes, that have wrack'd for Rome.

To make Cooles charge: A Noble memory.

Com, I minded him, here Royall 'twas to pardon

When it was lossy experiend. He replyed

to was a hose german of a Brace

The same where they had punished. Monon. Very well, could be say lesse.

Com, I Abered to awaken his regard Warf's private Priends. His answer to me was

He sends we may so picke them, in a pile
H waysome mounty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly
For one poore graine or two, to leave unburnt

And will us were th'effence. Menen, Fin interprine graine or two?

I som some of those; his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And the lawe Vellow too; we are the Graines,

You now the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt Alana the Manna. We must be burnt for you.

Nicin, Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde In this so never-needed helpe, yet do not Uphraid's with our distresse. But sure if you

Windl he your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the instant Armie we can make Might stop our Countryman.

No: Ile not meddle. Mene.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Mene. What should I do?

Bru. Onely make triall what your Love can do, For Rome, towards Martius.

Mene. Well, and say that Martius returne mee,
As Cominius is return'd, unheard: what then?
But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot
With his unkindnesse. Say't be so?

Sicin. Yet your good will

Must have that thankes from Rome, after the measure As you intended well.

Mene. Ile undertak't:
I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,
And humme at good Cominius, much unhearts mee.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the Morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stufft
These Pipes, and these Conveyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we have suppler Soules
Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then Ile set upon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindnesse, And cannot lose your way.

Mene. Good faith Ile prove him, Speed how it will. I shall ere long, have knowledge Of my successe.

Com. Hee'l never heare him.

Sicin.

Com. I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Injury The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him, 'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismist me Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do Exit.

He sent in writing after me: what he would not, Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions: So that all hope is vaine, unlesse his Noble Mother, And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to solicite him For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence,

Excunt.

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1. Wat. Stay: whence are you.

And with our faire intreaties hast them on.

2. Wat. Stand, and go backe.

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave, I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with Coriolanus.

- I From whence?
- Mene. From Rome.
- I You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall will no more heare from thence.
- 2 You'l see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before You'l speake with Coriolanus.

Mene. Good my Friends,

If you have heard your Generall talke of Rome, And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes, My name hath touch't your eares: it is *Menenius*.

I Be it so, go back: the vertue of your name,

Is not heere passable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Lover: I have beene

The booke of his good Acts, whence men have read His Fame unparalell'd, happely amplified:
For I have ever verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle upon a subtle ground
I have tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Have (almost) stampt the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,

Have (almost) stampt the Leasing. Therefore I must have leave to passe.

I Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe, as you have uttered words in your owne, you should not passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to live chastly. Therefore go backe.

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is Menenius, alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall.

2 Howsoever you have bin his Lier, as you say you have, I am one that telling true under him, must say you cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can'st thou tell? For I would not speake with him, till after dinner.

1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

1 Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you have pusht out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, thinke to front his revenges with the easie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd Dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with such weake breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd, therefore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of repreeve and pardon.

Mene. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,

He would use me with estimation.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

I My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: least I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the utmost of your having, backe.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you: you

shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall perceive, that a Jacke gardant cannot office me from my Son Coriolanus, guesse but my entertainment with him: if thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoond for what's to come upon thee. The glorious Gods sit in hourely Synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse then thy old Father Menenius do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for us: looke thee, heere's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but beeing assured none but my selfe could move thee, I have bene blowne out of your Gates with sighes: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good Gods asswage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, upon this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed my accesse to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child I know not. My affaires Are Servanted to others: Though I owe My Revenge properly, my remission lies In Volcean brests. That we have beene familiar, Ingrate forgetfulnesse shall poison rather Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone. Mine eares against your suites, are stronger then Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee, Take this along, I writ it for thy sake, And would have sent it. Another word Menenius, I will not heare thee speake. This man Australias Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Australia. You keepe a constant temper.

Excunt.

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

t Now sir, is your name Menenius?

2 'Tis a spell you see of much power: You know the way home againe.

- I Do you heare how wee are shent for keeping your greatnesse backe?
 - 2 What cause do you thinke I have to swoond?

Menen. I neither care for th'world, nor your Generall: for such things as you, I can scarse thinke ther's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it not from another: Let your Generall do his worst. For you, bee that you are, long; and your misery encrease with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away.

Exit.

- I A Noble Fellow I warrant him.
- 2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock,
 The Oake not to be winde-shaken. Exit Watch.

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set downe our Hoast. My partner in this Action, You must report to th'Volcian Lords, how plainly I have borne this Businesse.

Auf. Onely their ends you have respected,
Stopt your eares against the generall suite of Rome:
Never admitted a privat whisper, no not with such frends
That thought them sure of you.

Corio. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me, above the measure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old Love I have
(Though I shew'd sowrely to him) once more offer'd
The first Conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I have yeelded too. Fresh Embasses, and Suites,
Nor from the State, nor private friends heereafter
Will I lend eare to. Ha? what shout is this? Shout within.
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius with Attendants.

My wife comes formost, then the honour'd mould Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand The Grandchilde to her blood. But our affection, All bond and priviledge of Nature breake; Let it be Vertuous to be Obstinate. What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doves eyes, Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes, As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should In supplication Nod: and my yong Boy Hath an Aspect of intercession, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile never Be such a Gosling to obey instinct: but stand As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin.

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.
Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome. Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,

Makes you thinke so. Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part,

And I am out, even to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh, Forgive my Tyranny: but do not say, For that forgive our Romanes. O a kisse Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge! Now by the jealous Queene of Heaven, that kisse I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray, And the most noble Mother of the world Leave unsaluted: Sinke my knee i'th'earth, Kneeles.

Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew Then that of common Sonnes.

Volum. O stand up blest! Whil'st with no softer Cushion then the Flint

I kneele before thee, and unproperly Shew duty as mistaken, all this while, Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me?

To your Corrected Sonne?

Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach

Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes

Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun:

Murd'ring Impossibility, to make

What cannot be, alight worke.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Sister of Publicola;

The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the Isicle

That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow,

And hangs on Dians Temple: Deere Valeria.

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours,

Which by th'interpretation of full time,

May shew like all your selfe.

The God of Souldiers:

With the consent of supreame Jove, informe

Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst prove

To shame unvulnerable, and sticke i'th Warres

And saving those that eye thee.

Your knee, Sirrah. Like a great Sea-marke standing every flaw,

Corio. That's my brave Boy.

Volum. Even he, your wife, this Ladie, and my selfe,

Are Sutors to you.

I beseech you peace: Corio.

Or if you'ld aske, remember this before;

The thing I have forsworne to graunt, may never

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

Dismisse my Soldiers, or capitulate

Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not

Wherein I seeme unnaturall: Desire not t'allay My Rages and Revenges, with your colder reasons. Volum. Oh no more, no more: You have said you will not grant us any thing: For we have nothing else to aske, but that Which you deny already: yet we will aske, That if you faile in our request, the blame May hang upon your hardnesse, therefore heare us. Corio. Auffidius, and you Volces marke, for wee'l Heare nought from Rome in private. Your request? Volum. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment And state of Bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe, How more unfortunate then all living women Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should Make our eies flow with joy, harts dance with comforts, Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare & sorow, Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to see, The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we Thine enmities most capitall: Thou barr'st us Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy. For how can we? Alas! how can we, for our Country pray? Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory: Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we must loose The Countrie our deere Nurse, or else thy person Our comfort in the Country. We must finde An evident Calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win. For either thou Must as a Forraine Recreant be led With Manacles through our streets, or else Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine, And beare the Palme, for having bravely shed

Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne

I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee, Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts, Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner March to assault thy Country, then to treade (Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy, To keepe your name living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me: Ile run away Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tendernesse to be, Requires not Childe, nor womans face to see:

Volum.

To imitate the graces of the Gods.

I have sate too long. Nay, go not from us thus: If it were so, that our request did tend To save the Romanes, thereby to destroy The Volces whom you serve, you might condemne us As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces May say, this mercy we have shew'd: the Romanes, This we receiv'd, and each in either side Give the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest For making up this peace. Thou know'st (great The end of Warres uncertaine: but this certaine, Thou know'st (great Sonne That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses: Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble, But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out: Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines To th'insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son: Thou hast affected the five straines of Honor,

To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th' Ayre

And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult That should but rive an Oake. Why do'st not speake? Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you, He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy, Perhaps thy childishnesse will move him more Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou hast never in thy life, Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie, When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood, Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home Loden with Honor. Say my Request's unjust, And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away: Down Ladies: let us shame him with him with our knees To his sur-name Coriolanus longs more pride Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end, This is the last. So, we will home to Rome, And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's, This Boy that cannot tell what he would have, But kneeles, and holds up hands for fellowship, Doe's reason our Petition with more strength Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go: This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother: His Wife is in Corioles, and his Childe Like him by chance: yet give us our dispatch: I am husht untill our City be afire, & then Ile speak a litle. Holds her by the hand silent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this unnatural! Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!

You have wonne a happy Victory to Rome. But for your Sonne, beleeve it: Oh beleeve it, Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd. But let it come: If not most mortall to him. Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres, Ile frame convenient peace. Now good Auffidius, Were you in my steed, would you have heard A Mother lesse? or granted lesse Auffidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withall.

I dare be sworne you were: Corio.

And sir, it is no little thing to make Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir) What peace you'l make, advise me: For my part, Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you Stand to me in this cause. Oh Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, & thy Honor At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke My selfe a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together: And you shall beare A better witnesse backe then words, which we On like conditions, will have Counter-seal'd. Come enter with us: Ladies you deserve To have a Temple built you: All the Swords In Italy, and her Confederate Armes, Could not have made this peace.

Excunt.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner stone? Sicin. Why what of that?

Mese. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, especially his Mother, may prevaile with him. But I say, there is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay uppon execution.

Sicin. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man.

Mene. There is differency between a Grub & a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this Martius, is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lov'd his Mother deerely.

Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare old horse. The tartnesse of his face, sowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moves like an Engine, and the ground shrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corslet with his eye: Talkes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids bee done, is finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heaven to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male Tyger, that shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good unto us.

Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'ld save your life, flye to your House, The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune, And hale him up and downe; all swearing, if The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home, They'l give him death by Inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes?

Mess. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies have prevayl'd,

The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Martius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not th'expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?

Is't most certaine.

Mes. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it: Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide,

As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you: Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Psalteries, and Fifes, Tabors, and Symboles, and the showting Romans Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you.

A shout within.

This is good Newes: Mene.

I will go meete the Ladies. This Volumnia, Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,

A City full: Of Tribunes such as you,

A Sea and Land full: you have pray'd well to day:

This Morning, for ten thousand of your throates,

I'de not have given a doit. Hearke, how they joy.

Sound still with the shouts.

Sicin. First, the God blesse you for your tydings:

Mess. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Next, accept my thankefulnesse.

Sicin. They are neere the City.

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the joy. Excunt.

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over the Stage, with other Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronnesse, the life of Rome: Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods, And make triumphant fires, strew Flowers before them: Unshoot the noise that Banish'd Martius;

Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:

Cry wiesau Ladies, wicome.

Æ.

Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Florish wat Drumes & Transpor.

Later Tollas Auffalens, with Attendance.

And. Con well the Lords a'th'Crey, I am herre:
Deliver them this Paper: having read it,
Nid them repayre to th'Market place, where I
Roon in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will wouch the truth of it. Him I accuse:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping

To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Australian Fattion.

Most Welcome.

1. Com. How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Even so, as with a man by his owne Almes impoyson'd, and with his Charity slaine.

2. Con. Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent Wherein you wisht us parties: Wee'l deliver you Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,

We must proceed as we do finde the People.
3. Con. The People will remaine uncertaine, whil'st
Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Survivor heyre of all.

Auf. I know it:

And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing so my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, never knowne before,
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. Consp. Sir, his stoutnesse.

When he did stand for Consull, which he lost By lacke of stooping. That I would have spoke of: Auf. Being banish'd for't, he came unto my Harth, Presented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,

Made him joynt-servant with me: Gave him way

In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose Out of my Files, his projects, to accomplish My best and freshest men, serv'd his designements In mine owne person: holpe to reape the Fame

Which he did end all his; and tooke some pride To do my selfe this wrong: Till at the last I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if

I had bin Mercenary. So he did my Lord: 1. Con.

The Army marveyl'd at it, and in the last, When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd For no lesse Spoile, then Glory.

There was it: Auf. For which my sinews shall be stretcht upon him, At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are

As cheape as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye, And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke.

Drummes and Trumpets sounds, with great showts of the people.

1. Con. Your Native Towne you enter'd like a Poste, And had no welcomes home, but he returnes Splitting the Ayre with noyse. And patient Fooles, 2. Con.

Whose children he hath slaine, their base throats teare With giving him glory.

Therefore at your vantage,

Ere he expresse himselfe, or move the people

With what he would say, let him feele your Sword: Which we will second, when he lies along After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury His Reasons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auff. I have not deserv'd it. But worthy Lords, have you with heede perused

What I have written to you?

III. We have.

1. Lord. And greeve to heare't:

What faults he made before the last, I thinke
Might have found easie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, answering us
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall heare him.

ing. The approaches, you want heare min

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:

No more infected with my Countries love
Then when I parted hence: but still subsisting
Under your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Warres, even to
The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we have brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We have made peace
With no lesse Honor to the Antiates
Then shame to th'Romaines. And we heere deliver
Subscrib'd by'th'Consuls, and Patricians,

Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what We have compounded on. Auf. Read it not Noble Lords, But tell the Traitor in the highest degree He hath abus'd your Powers. Corio. Traitor? How now? Auf. I Traitor, Martius. Martius ? Corio. Auf. I Martius, Caius Martius: Do'st thou thinke Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name Coriolanus in Corioles? You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidiously He ha's betray'd your businesse, and given up For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome: I say your City to his Wife and Mother, Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like A twist of rotten Silke, never admitting Counsaile a'th'warre: But at his Nurses teares He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory, That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Corio. Hear'st thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Aufid. No more.

Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Measurelesse Lyar, thou hast made my heart Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slave, Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that ever I was forc'd to scoul'd. Your judgments my grave Lords Must give this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion, Who weares my stripes imprest upon him, that Must beare my beating to his Grave, shall joyne To thrust the Lye unto him.

1. Lord. Peace both, and heare me speake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,

Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound: If you have writ your Annales true, 'tis there, That like an Eagle in a Dove-coat, I Flatter'd your Volcians in Corioles. Alone I did it, Boy.

Why Noble Lords, Auf. Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,

Which was your shame, by this unholy Braggart?

'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Consp. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it presently: He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cosine Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2. Lord. Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:

The man is Noble, and his fame folds in This Orbe o'th'earth: His last offences to us Shall have Judicious hearing. Stand Auffidius,

And trouble not the peace. Corio. O that I had him, with six Auffidiusses, or more:

Lords.

His Tribe, to use my lawfull Sword. Insolent Villaine.

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conspirators, and kils Martius, who falles, Auffidius stands on him.

Hold, hold, hold,

Auf. My Noble Masters, heare me speake.

O Tullus. 1. Lord.

2. Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat

Valour will weepe.

3. Lord. Tread not upon him Masters, all be quiet, Put up your Swords.

My Lords, Auf.

When you shall know (as in this Rage Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this mans life did owe you, you'l rejoyce That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours To call me to your Senate, Ile deliver My selfe your loyall Servant, or endure Your heaviest Censure.

Beare from hence his body, I. Lord. And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded As the most Noble Coarse, that ever Herald Did follow to his Urne.

2. Lord. His owne impatience, Takes from Auffidius a great part of blame: Let's make the Best of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone, And I am strucke with sorrow. Take him up: Helpe three a'th'cheefest Souldiers, Ile be one, Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully: Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee Hath widdowed and unchilded many a one, Which to this houre bewaile the Injury, Yet he shall have a Noble Memory. Assist.

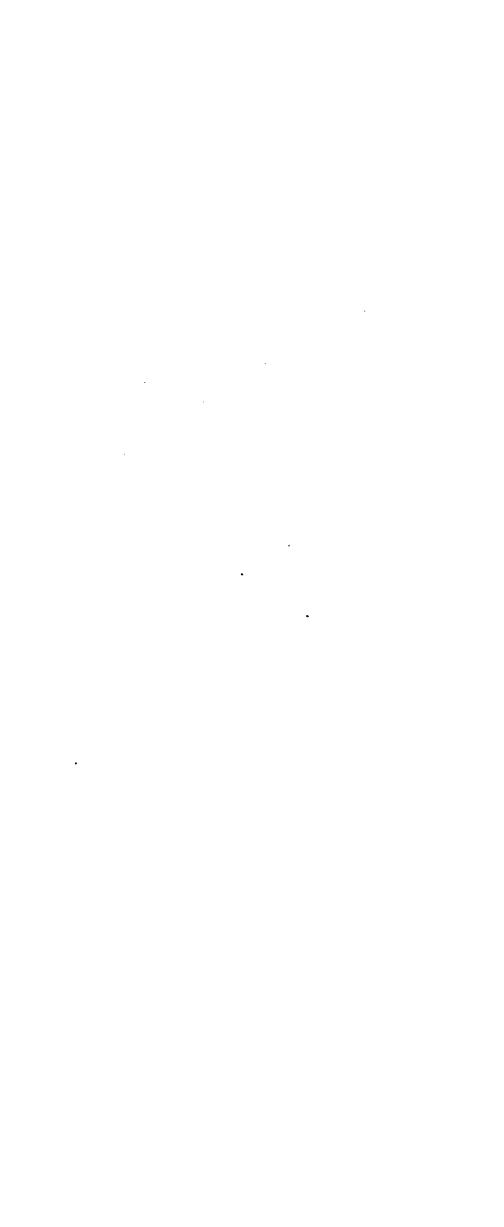
Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead

March Sounded.

FINIS.



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TITUS ANDRONICUS.
Act V Sc. 1.



The Lamentable Tragedy of

Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scana Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.



Oble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my Cause with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my loving Followers,

Pleade my Successive Title with your Swords. I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome: Then let my Fathers Honours live in me, Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Favourers of my Right,
If ever Bassianus, Cesars Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th'Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
To Justice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Desert in pure Election shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that strive by Factions, and by Friends, Ambitiously for Rule and Empery: Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand A speciall Party, have by Common voyce In Election for the Romane Emperie, Chosen Andronicus, Sur-named Pious, For many good and great deserts to Rome. A Nobler man, a braver Warriour, Lives not this day within the City Walles. He by the Senate is accited home From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes, That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes) Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd up in Armes. Ten yeares are spent, since first he undertooke This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes In Coffins from the Field. And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles, Returnes the good Andronicus to Rome. Renowned Titus, flourishing in Armes. Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name, Whom (worthily) you would have now succeede, And in the Capitoll and Senates right, Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore, That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength, Dismisse your Followers, and as Suters should, Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse. Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune speakes, To calme my thoughts. Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie

Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie In thy uprightnesse and integrity: And so I Love and Honor thee, and thine, Thy Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes, And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all) Gracious Lavinia, Romes rich Ornament, That I will heere dismisse my loving Friends: And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour, Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd. Exit Souldiours. Saturnine. Friends, that have beene Thus forward in my Right, I thanke you all, and heere Dismisse you all, And to the Love and Favour of my Countrey, Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause: Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, As I am confident and kinde to thee. Open the Gates, and let me in. Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. They go up into the Senat house.

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
Successefull in the Battailes that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome: Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes: Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught, Returnes with precious lading to the Bay, From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage: Commeth Andronicus bound with Lawrell bowes, To resalute his Country with his teares, Teares of true joy for his returne to Rome, Thou great defender of this Capitoll, Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend. Romaines, of five and twenty Valiant Sonnes, Halfe of the number that King Priam had. Behold the poore remaines alive and dead! These that Survive, let Rome reward with Love: These that I bring unto their latest home, With buriall amongst their Auncestors. Heere Gothes have given me leave to sheath my Sword: Titus unkinde, and carelesse of thine owne, Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes unburied yet, To hover on the dreadfull shore of Stix? Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont, And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres: O sacred receptacle of my joyes, Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie, How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store, That thou wilt never render to me more? Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Gothes, That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh: Before this earthly prison of their bones, That so the shadowes be not unappeas'd Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth. Tit. I give him you, the Noblest that Survives, The eldest Son of this distressed Queene. Tam. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror, Victorious Titus, rue the teares I shed,

A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy Somes were ever deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautific thy Triumphs, and returne
Captive to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, staine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble Titus, spare my first borne sonne.

Tit. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me. These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld Alive and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine, Religiously they aske a sacrifice:

To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,

T'appease their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight, And with our Swords upon a pile of wood, Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tama. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chi. Was ever Scythia halfe so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive,

To tremble under Titus threatning lookes,

Then Madam stand resolv'd, but hope withall,

The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy

With opportunitie of sharpe revenge

Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,

May favour Tamora the Queene of Gothes,

(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene) To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd Our Romaine rightes, Alarbus limbs are lopt, And intrals feede the sacrifising fire, Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie. Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren, And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus

Make this his latest farewell to their soules. Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.

In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes, Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest, Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps: Heere lurks no Treason, heere no envie swels, Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes, No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe, In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

test you need my connea

Enter Lavinia.

Lavi. In peace and Honour, live Lord Titus long, My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of joy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd.
Ti. Kind Rome,

That hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia live, out-live thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother, Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune, Noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome Nephews from succesfull wars, You that survive and you that sleepe in Fame:

Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all, That in your Countries service drew your Swords.

But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,

That hath aspir'd to Solons Happines,

And Triumphs over chaunce in honours bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome, Whose friend in justice thou hast ever bene,

Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,

This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,

And name thee in Election for the Empire,

With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:

Be Candidatus then and put it on,

And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,

Then his that shakes for age and feeblenesse:

What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you,

Be chosen with proclamations to day,

To morrow yeeld up rule, resigne my life,

And set abroad new businesse for you all.

Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty yeares, And led my Countries strength successefully,

And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,

Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,

In right and Service of their Noble Countrie:

Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age,

But not a Scepter to controule the world,

Upright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?

Time Parence Prince Lawre

Linears in in 1912. ie Farecass tear year bounts, and meets teen as: Til Lawrence se Romen Emperour

Account would from wer stope to seel, Later tien on me if the person mon.

Lee, I med become manager at the great

Tisk Notice musted Time measure to tree. To Comen tier Prince, I will resume it then

The peoples barn, and weare them from themselves. Ban. Andrews, I is not have the

be Boson tee, ad vil me il I de: My Fréise é aon sangées mis de Fréné:

l vil mot incheful ie, me inches is mei Of Noble mindes, is Honourine Messie.

Tie. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes home,

I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,

Wil you bestow them friendly on Androises?

Tributa. To graine the good Andrews,

And Gratulate his side returne to Rome,

The yearle will accept whom he admire.

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,

That you Create your Emperours eldest sounc,

1 And Katurniae, whose Vertues will I hope,

Reflets un Rome au Tytans Rayes on earth

And ripen Justice in this Common-weale:

Then if you will elect by my advise,

Crowne him, and my: Long live our Emperour.

Mar. An. With Voyces and applause of every sort,

Patricians and Plebeans we Create

1 And Katurninus Romes Great Emperour.

And my, Long live our Emperour Saturn

A long Flourish till they come downe.

Matu. Titus Andronicus, for thy Favours done,

To us in our Election this day,

8C. I.

I give thee thankes in part of thy Deserts, And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse: And for an Onset Titus to advance Thy Name, and Honorable Familie, Lavinia will I make my Empresse, Rome's Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart And in the Sacred Pathan her espouse: Tell me Andronicus doth this motion please thee? Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match, I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace, And heere in sight of Rome, to Saturnine, King and Commander of our Common-weale, The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate, My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisonerss, Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord: Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe, Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete. Satu. Thankes Noble Titus, Father of my life, How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts Rome shall record, and when I do forget The least of these unspeakable Deserts, Romans forget your Fealtie to me. Tit. Now Madam are your prisoner to an Emperour, To him that for you Honour and your State, Will use you Nobly and your followers. Satu. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue That I would choose, were I to choose a new: Cleere up Faire Queene that cloudy countenance, Though chance of warre Hath wrought this change of cheere, Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome: Princely shall be thy usage every way. Rest on my word, and let not discontent Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,

Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?

Lavinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie, Warrants these words in Princely curtesie. Sat. Thankes sweete Lavinia, Romans let us goe: Ransomlesse heere we set our Prisoners free, Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum. Bass. Lord Titus by your leave, this Maid is mine. Tit. How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord? Bass. I Noble Titus, and resolv'd withall, To doe my selfe this reason, and this right. Marc. Suum cuiquam, is our Romane Justice, This Prince in Justice ceazeth but his owne. Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live. Tit. Traytors avant, where is the Emperours Guarde? Treason my Lord, Lavinia is surpris'd. Sat. Surpris'd, by whom? By him that justly may Bass. Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away. Muti. Brothers helpe to convey her hence away, And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe, Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.

Mut. My Lord you passe not heere.

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe Lucius helpe.

Luc. My Lord you are unjust, and more then so,

In wrongfull quarrell, you have slaine your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,

My sonnes would never so dishonour me.

Traytor restore Lavinia to the Emperour.

Traytor restore Lavinia to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist Love.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.

Empe. No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke: Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once. Thee never: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes, Confederates all, thus to dishonour me. Was none in Rome to make a stale But Saturnine? Full well Andronicus Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine, That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands. Tu. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these? Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe give that changing peece, To him that flourisht for her with his Sword: A Valiant sonne in-law thou shalt enjoy: One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes, To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome. Tu. These words are Razors to my wounded hart. Sat. And therefore lovely Tamora Queene of Gothes, That like the stately Thebe mong'st her Nimphs Dost over-shine the Gallant'st Dames of Rome, If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse, Behold I choose thee Tamora for my Bride, And will Create thee Empresse of Rome. Speake Queene of Goths dost thou applau'd my choyse? And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods, Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere, And Tapers burne so bright, and every thing In readines for Hymeneus stand, I will not resalute the streets of Rome, Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place, I leade espous'd my Bride along with me. Tamo. And heere in sight of heaven to Rome I sweare, If Saturnine advance the Queen of Gothes, Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires, A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth. Satur. Ascend Faire Queene, Panthean Lords, accompany

;

Excunt omnes

Your Noble Emperour and his lovely Bride, Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine, Whose wisedome hath her Fortune Conquered, There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites. Tit. I am not bid to waite upon this Bride:

Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone, Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O Titus see! O see what thou hast done! In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne. Tu. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine, Nor thou, nor these Confedrates in the deed, That hath dishonoured all our Family, Unworthy brother, and unworthy Sonnes. Luci. But let us give him buriall as becomes:

Give Mutius buriall with our Bretheren.

Tu. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe: This Monument five hundreth yeares hath stood, Which I have Sumptuously re-edified: Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Servitors, Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,

Bury him where you can, he comes not heere. Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,

My Nephew Mutius deeds do plead for him, He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonnes speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany. Ti. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere. Tit. What would you bury him in my despight? Mar. No Noble Titus, but intreat of thee, To pardon Mutius, and to bury him. Til. Marcus, Even thou hast stroke upon my Crest,

And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded, My foes I doe repute you every one.

SC. I.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

- 1. Sonne. He is not himselfe, let us withdraw.
- 2. Sonne. Not I tell Mutius bones be buried.

The Brother and the sonnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede. Mar. Renowned Titus more then halfe my soules.

Luc. Deare Father, soule and substance of us all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interre

His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest, That died in Honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:

The Greekes upon advise did bury Ajax

That slew himselfe: And Laertes sonne,

Did graciously plead for his Funerals:

Let not young Mutius then that was thy joy,

Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Rise Marcus, rise, Tit.

The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet Mutius with thy friends Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe.

They all kneele and say.

Exit.

No man shed teares for Noble Mutius,

He lives in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause.

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,

How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,

Is of a sodaine thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not Marcus: but I know it is, (Whether by devise or no) the heavens can tell,

Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and Lavinia with others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you have plaid your prize, God give you joy sir of your Gallant Bride.

Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,

Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traytor, if Rome have law, or we have power,

Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne, My true betrothed Love, and now my wife?

But let the lawes of Rome determine all, Meane while I am possest of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good sir: you are very short with us,

Sat. "Its good sir: you are very short with us,"
But if we live, weele be as sharpe with you.

Bas. My Lord, what I have done as best I may,

Answere I must, and shall do with my life, Onely thus much I give your Grace to know,

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This Noble Gentleman Lord Titus heere,

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,

That in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,

In zeale to you, and highly mov'd to wrath. To be controul'd in that he frankly gave:

Recieve him then to favour Saturnine,

That hath expre'st himselfe in all his deeds,

A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus leave to plead my Deeds, 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonoured me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and Honour'd Saturnine. Tam. My worthy Lord if ever Tamora, Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine, Then heare me speake indifferently for all: And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past. Satu. What Madam, be dishonoured openly, And basely put it up without revenge? Tam. Not so my Lord, The Gods of Rome for-fend, I should be Authour to dishonour you. But on mine honour dare, I undertake For good Lord Titus innocence in all: Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes: Then at my sute looke graciously on him, Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose, Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart. My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last, Dissemble all your griefes and discontents, You are but newly planted in your Throne, Least then the people, and Patricians too, Upon a just survey take Titus part, And so supplant us for ingratitude, Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne. Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone: Ile finde a day to massacre them all, And race their faction, and their familie, The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes, To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life. And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene, Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine. Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come Andronicus) Take up this good old man, and cheere the heart, That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne. King. Rise Titus, rise, My Empresse hath prevail'd.

ACT I.

Titus. I thanke your Majestie, And her my Lord.

These words, these lookes,

Infuse new life in me.

Tamo. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily. And must advise the Emperour for his good,

This day all quarrels die Andronicus.

And let it be mine honour good my Lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. For you Prince Bassianus, I have past

My word and promise to the Emperour,

That you will be more milde and tractable. And feare not Lords:

And you Lavinia,

By my advise all humbled on your knees,

You shall aske pardon of his Majestie. Son. We doe,

And vow to heaven, and to his Highnes,

That what we did, was mildly, as we might,

Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.

Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest.

King. Away and talke not, trouble us no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay,

Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends, The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,

I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

King. Marcus,

For thy sake and thy brothers heere, And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,

I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.

Stand up: Lavinia, though you left me like a churle,

I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,

I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest,

Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,

You are my guest Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a Love-day Tamora.
Tu. To morrow and it please your Majestie,

To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me, With horne and Hound,

Weele give your Grace Bon jour.

Satur. Be it so Titus, and Gramercy to.

Excunt.

Actus Secunda.

Flourish. Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus toppe, Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft, Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash, Advanc'd about pale envies threatning reach: As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne, And having gilt the Ocean with his beames, Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach, And over-lookes the highest piering hills: So Tamora: Upon her wit doth earthly honour waite, And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne. Then Aaron arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts, To mount aloft with thy Imperial Mistris, And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines, And faster bound to Aarons charming eyes, Then is Prometheus ti'de to Caucasus. Away with slavish weedes, and idle thoughts, I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold, To waite upon this new made Empresse. To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene, This Goddesse, this Semerimis, this Queene,

This Syren, that will charme Romes Saturnine,

. .. .

And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales. Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd, And may for ought thou know'st affected be. Chi. Demetrius, thou doo'st over-weene in all, And so in this, to beare me downe with braves, 'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate: I am as able, and as fit, as thou, To serve, and to deserve my Mistris grace, And that my sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love. Aron. Clubs, clubs, these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (unadvised) Gave you a daunsing Rapier by your side, Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends? Goe too: have your Lath glued within your sheath,

Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meane while sir, with the little skill I have,

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare. Deme. I Boy, grow ye so brave?

They drawe. Why how now Lords?

So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw, And maintaine such a quarrell openly? Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge. I would not for a million of Gold,

The cause were knowne to them it most concerns. Nor would your noble mother for much more Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:

For shame put up.

Deme. Not I, till I have sheathed My rapier in his bosome, and withall

Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat, That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere. Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd, Foule spoken Coward, That thundrest with thy tongue, And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe. Aron. A way I say. Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore, This pretty brabble will undoo us all: Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous It is to set upon a Princes right? What is Lavinia then become so loose, Or Bassianus so degenerate, That for her love such quarrels may be broacht, Without controulement, Justice, or revenge? Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know, This discord ground, the musicke would not please. Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world, I love Lavinia more then all the world. Demet. Youngling, Learne thou to make some meaner choise,

Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in love?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,

I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths, By this devise.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,

To atchieve her whom I do love.

Aron. To atcheive her how?

Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?

Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd, Shee is a woman, therfore may be wonne, Shee is *Lavinia* therefore must be lov'd. What man, more water glideth by the Mill

Then were the Miller of, and easie it is Of a cat leade to meale a since we know:

Though Bernisser he the Emperous brother,

Better then he have wome Falcan budge.

Arm. I, zad za godć za Jetovine 🕿 Done. Then why should be dispute that knowes to court it

With words, faire lookes, and liberality:

What has not thou full other stracke a Doe, And borne her clearly by the Keepers none?

Area. Why then it seemes some certains much or so

Would serve your turnes. Cbi. I so the turne were served,

Done. Agree thou hast his it.

Would you had hit it too, Arsa. Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:

Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,

To square for this? Would it offend you then? Chi. Faith not me.

Nor me, so I were one. Deme.

Aron. For shame be friends, & joyne for that you jar:

Tie pollicie, and stratageme must doe

That you affect, and so must you resolve, That what you cannot as you would atcheive,

You must perforce accomplish as you may:

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chast

Then this Lavinia, Bassianus love,

A speedier course this lingring languishment Must we pursue, and I have found the path:

My Lorda, a solemne hunting is in hand,

There will the lovely Roman Ladies troope:

The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,

And many unfrequented plots there are,

l'itted by kinde for rape and villanie:

Hingle you thither then this dainty Doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way or not at all, stand you in hope. Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit To villainie and vengance consecrate, Will we acquaint with all that we intend, And she shall file our engines with advise, That will not suffer you to square your selves, But to your wishes height advance you both. The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame, The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares: The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull: There speake, and strike brave Boyes, & take your turnes. There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heavens eye, And revell in Lavinia's Treasurie. Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise. Deme. Sy fas aut nefas, till I finde the streames, To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits, Excunt. Per Stigia per manes Vebor.

Enter Titus Andronicus and bis three sonnes, making a noyse with bounds and hornes, and Marcus.

Tu. The hunt is up, the morne is bright and gray, The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene, Uncouple heere, and let us make a bay, And wake the Emperour, and his lovely Bride, And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale, That all the Court may eccho with the noyse. Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours, To attend the Emperours person carefully: I have bene troubled in my sleepe this night, But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winde Hornes.

Heere a cry of boundes, and winde bornes in a peale, then Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants,

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Majestie,

Excust.

Madam to you as many and as good. I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale. Satur. And you have rung it lustily my Lords, Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies. Bass. Lavinia, how say you? Lavi. I say no: I have bene awake two houres and more. Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let us have, And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see, Our Romaine hunting. I have dogges my Lord, Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase, And clime the highest Promontary top. Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game Makes way, and runnes like Swallowes ore the plaine. Deme. Chiron we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound

Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this Gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet Gold for their unrest,
That have their Almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamo. My lovely Aaron,
Wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a Gleefull boast?
The Birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,

But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground.

The greene leaves quiver, with the cooling winde, And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground: Under their sweete shade, Aaron let us sit, And whil'st the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds, Replying shrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes, As if a double hunt were heard at once, Let us sit downe, and marke their yelping noyse: And after conflict, such as was suppos'd The wandring Prince and Dido once enjoy'd, When with a happy storme they were surpris'd, And Curtain'd with a Counsaile-keeping Cave, We may each wreathed in the others armes, (Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber, Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds Be unto us, as is a Nurses Song Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe. Aron. Madame, Though Venus governe your desires, Saturne is Dominator over mine: What signifies my deadly standing eye, My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie, My fleece of Woolly haire, that now uncurles, Even as an Adder when she doth unrowle To do some fatall execution? No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes, Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand, Blood, and revenge, are Hammering in my head. Harke Tamora, the Empresse of my Soule, Which never hopes more heaven, then rests in thee, This is the day of Doome for Bassianus; His Philomel must loose her tongue to day, Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity, And wash their hands in Bassianus blood, Seest thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee, And give the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,

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Now question me no more, we are espied, Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty, Which dreads not yet their lives destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tamo. Ah my sweet Moore:

Sweeter to me then life.

Aron. No more great Empresse, Bassianus comes, Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes

To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be.

Bassi. Whom have we heere?

Romes Royall Empresse,

Unfurnisht of her well beseeming troope? Or is it Dian habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,

To see the Generall Hunting in this Forrest?

Tamo. Sawcie controuler of our private steps:

Had I the power, that some say Dian had,

Thy Temples should be planted presently,

With Hornes, as was Alleons, and the Hounds

Should drive upon his new transformed limbes,

Unmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lavi. Under your patience gentle Empresse,

'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,

And to be doubted, that your Moore and you

Are singled forth to try experiments:

Jove shield your husband from the Hounds to day,

'Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag.

Bassi. Beleeve me Queene, your swarth Cymerion,

Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,

Spotted, detested, and abhominable.

Why are you sequestred from all your traine?

Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,

And wandred hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied with a Barbarous Moore,

If foule desire had not conducted you?

Lavi. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Saucinesse, I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her Raven coloured love,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bassi. The King my Brother shall have notice of this.

Lavi. I, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tamora. Why I have patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Soveraigne And our gracious Mother, Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan? Tamo. Have I not reason thinke you to looke pale. These two have tic'd me hither to this place, A barren, detested vale you see it is. The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane, Ore-come with Mosse, and balefull Misselto. Heere never shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds, Unlesse the nightly Owle, or fatall Raven: And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit, They told me heere at dead time of the night, A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes, Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Urchins, Would make such fearefull and confused cries, As any mortall body hearing it, Should straite fall mad, or else die suddenly. No sooner had they told this hellish tale, But strait they told me they would binde me heere, Unto the body of a dismall yew, And leave me to this miserable death. And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse, Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes

Stab bim.

That ever eare did heare to such effect. And had you not by wondrous fortune come,

Chi. And this for me,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your Mothers life,

Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witnesse that I am thy Sonne.

Strook home to shew my strength.

Lavi. I come Semeramis, nay Barbarous Tamora. For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tam. Give me thy poyniard, you shal know my boyes

Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,

First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:

This Minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.

And with that painted hope, braves your Mightinesse,

And shall she carry this unto her grave? Chi. And if she doe,

I would I were an Eunuch,

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to her lust.

Tamo. But when ye have the hony we desire,

Let not this Waspe out-live us both to sting.

Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:

Come Mistris, now perforce we will enjoy, That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lavi. Oh Tamora, thou bear'st a woman face.

Tamo. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lavi. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory

To see her teares, but be your hart to them,

As unrelenting flint to drops of raine. Lavi. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?

O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,

The milke thou suck'st from her did turne to Marble,

Even at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny, Yet every Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,

Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty. Chiro. What,

Would'st thou have me prove my selfe a bastard? Lavi. 'Tis true,

The Raven doth not hatch a Larke,

Yet have I heard, Oh could I finde it now,

The Lion mov'd with pitty, did indure To have his Princely pawes par'd all away.

Some say, that Ravens foster forlorne children,

The whil'st their owne birds famish in their nests:

Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,

Nothing so kind but something pittifull. Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her.

Lavin. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,

That gave thee life when well he might have slaine thee:

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf eares.

Tamo. Had'st thou in person nere offended me.

Even for his sake am I pittilesse:

Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,

To save your Brother from the sacrifice,

But fierce Andronicus would not relent,

Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me. Lavi. Oh Tamora,

Be call'd a gentle Queene,

And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,

For 'tis not life that I have beg'd so long,

Poore I was slaine, when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go? Lavi. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit, Where never mans eye may behold my body,

Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,

No let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Deme. Away,

For thou hast staid us heere too long.

Lavinia. No Garace, No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,

The blot and enemy to our generall name,

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth Bring thou her husband,

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,

Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed, Till all the *Andronici* be made away:

Now will I hence to seeke my lovely Moore,

And let my spleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure.

Exit.

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before, Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,

Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.

Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleepe a while.

Quin. What art thou fallen? What subtile Hole is this,

Whose mouth is covered with Rude growing Briers,

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed-blood,

As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers, A very fatall place it seemes to me:

Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Martius. Oh Brother,

With the dismal'st object

That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,

That he thereby may have a likely gesse,

How these were they that made away his Brother. Exit Aaron. Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out.

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?

Quintus. I am surprised with an uncouth feare,

A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling joynts, My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.

Marti. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,

Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,

And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quintus. Aaron is gone,

And my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:

Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now

Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Marti. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed heere,

All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe,

In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth weare

A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:

Which like a Taper in some Monument,

Doth shine upon the dead mans earthly cheekes,

And shewes the ragged intrailes of the pit:

So pale did shine the Moone on Piramus,

When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:

O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand. If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,

As hatefull as Ocitus mistie mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,

Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore Bassianus grave:
I have no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.
Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee.

Both fall in.

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately did'st descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marti. The unhappie sonne of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unluckie houre,
To finde thy brother Bassianus dead.
Satur. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
"Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Marti. We know not where you left him all alive,

But out alas, heere have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Heere Tamora, though griev'd with killing griefe.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,

Poore Bassianus heere lies murthered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,

The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,

And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,

In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

She giveth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we misse to meete bim bansomely, Sweet buntsman, Bassianus 'tis we meane, Doe thou so much as dig the grave for him, Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward Among the Nettles at the Elder tree: Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit : Where we decreed to bury Bassianus. Doe this and purchase us thy lasting friends.

King. O Tamora, was ever heard the like? This is the pit, and this the Elder tree, Looke sirs, if you can finde the huntsman out, That should have murthered Bassianus heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold. King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind Have heere bereft my brother of his life: Sirs drag them from the pit unto the prison, There let them bide untill we have devis'd

Some never heard-of tortering paine for them.

Tamo. What are they in this pit, Oh wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered? Tit. High Emperour, upon my feeble knee, I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes, Accursed, if the faults be prov'd in them.

King. If it be prov'd? you see it is apparant,

Who found this Letter, Tamora was it you? Tamora. Andronicus himselfe did take it up.

Tit. I did my Lord, Yet let me be their baile,

For by my Fathers reverent Tombe I vow

They shall be ready at your Highnes will, To answere their suspition with their lives. King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me. Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers, Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine, For by my soule, were there worse end then death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tamo. Andronicus I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come Lucius come,

Stay not to talke with them.

Excunt.

Enter the Empresse Sonnes, with Lavinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and ravisht.

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravisht thee.

Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so, And if thy stumpes will let thee play the Scribe.

Dem. See how with signes and tokens she can scowle. Chi. Goe home,

Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.

And so let's leave her to her silent walkes.

Chi. And 'twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

Dem. If thou had'st hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Excunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Marcus from bunting to Lavinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast? Cosen a word, where is your husband? If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me; If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe, That I may slumber in eternall sleepe. Speake gentle Neece, what sterne ungentle hands Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments

Whose circkling shadowes, Kings have sought to sleep in

And might not gaine so great a happines As halfe thy Love: Why doost not speake to me? Alas, a Crimson river of warme blood, Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde, Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips, Comming and going with thy hony breath. But sure some Tereus hath defloured thee, And least thou should'st detect them, cut thy tongue. Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame: And notwithstanding all this losse of blood, As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts, Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as Titans face, Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud, Shall I speake for thee? Shall I say 'tis so? Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast That I might raile at him to ease my mind. Sorrow concealed, like an Oven stopt, Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is. Faire Philomela she but lost her tongue, And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde. But lovely Neece, that meane is cut from thee, A craftier Tereus hast thou met withall, And he hath cut those pretty fingers off, That could have better sowed then Philomel. Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands, Tremble like Aspen leaves upon a Lute, And make the silken strings delight to kisse them, He would not then have toucht them for his life. Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony, Which that sweet tongue hath made: He would have dropt his knife and fell asleepe, As Cerberus at the Thracian Poets feete. Come, let us goe, and make thy father blinde, For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.

One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades, What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes? Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee: Oh could our mourning ease thy misery.

Excunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Judges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Ti. Heare me grave fathers, noble Tribunes stay,

For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:

For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,

For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,

And for these bitter teares, which now you see,

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,

Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,

Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:

For two and twenty sonnes I never wept,

Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Judges passe by bim.

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Judges passe by him.

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write

My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:

Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.

My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:

O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine

That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,

Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres

In summers drought: Ile drop upon thee still,

In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,

And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,

So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reverent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men, Unbinde my sonnes, reverse the doome of death, And let me say (that never wept before) My teares are now prevaling Oratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine, The Tribunes heare not, no man is by, And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Ti. Ah Lucius for thy brothers let me plead, Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake. Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare

They would not marke me: oh if they did heare They would not pitty me.

Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receive my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in grave weedes,

Rome could afford no Tribune like to these. A stone is as soft waxe,

Tribunes more hard then stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,

And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death, For which attempt the Judges have pronounc'st My everlasting doome of banishment.

Ti. O happy man, they have befriended thee: Why foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers? Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey But me and mine: how happy art thou then,

From these devourers to be banished? But who comes with our brother Marcus heere?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe, Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake: I bring consuming sorrow to thine age. Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then. Mar. This was thy daughter. Why Marcus so she is. Luc. Aye me this object kils me. Ti. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke upon her, Speake Lavinia, what accursed hand Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?

What foole hath added water to the Sea? Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy? My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st, And now like Nylus it disdaineth bounds:

Give me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too, For they have fought for Rome, and all in vaine: And they have nur'st this woe,

In feeding life:

In bootelesse prayer have they bene held up, And they have serv'd me to effectlesse use. Now all the service I require of them, Is that the one will helpe to cut the other: Tis well Lavinia, that thou hast no hands, For hands to do Rome service, is but vaine.

Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee? Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts, That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence, Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage, Where like a sweet mellodius bird it sung, Sweet varied notes inchanting every eare. Luci.

Oh say thou for her,

ACT III. 7

Who hath done this deed? Marc. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke, Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare That hath receivde some unrecuring wound. It was my Deare, And he that wounded her, Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead: For now I stand as one upon a Rocke, Inviron'd with a wildernesse of Sea. Who markes the waxing tide, Grow wave by wave, Expecting ever when some envious surge, Will in his brinish bowels swallow him. This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone: Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man, And heere my brother weeping at my woes. But that which gives my soule the greatest spurne, Is deere Lavinia, deerer then my soule. Had I but seene thy picture in this plight, It would have madded me. What shall I doe? Now I behold thy lively body so? Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares, Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee: Thy husband he is dead, and for his death Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this. Looke Marcus, ah sonne Lucius looke on her: When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew, Upon a gathred Lillie almost withered. Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her husband, Perchance because she knowes him innocent.

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull,

Because the law hath tane revenge on them. No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede, Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle Lavinia let me kisse thy lips, Or make some signes how I may do thee ease: Shall thy good Uncle, and thy brother Lucius, And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine, Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry With miery slime left on them by a flood: And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long, Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes, And made a brine pit with our bitter teares? Or shall we cut away our hands like thine? Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes? What shall we doe? Let us that have our tongues Plot some devise of further miseries To make us wondred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your griefe See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps. Mar. Patience deere Neece, good Titus drie thine eyes.

Ti. Ah Marcus, Marcus, Brother well I wot, Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine, For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.

Lu. Ah my Lavinia I will wipe thy cheekes.

Ti. Marke Marcus marke, I understand her signes, Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say That to her brother which I said to thee, His Napkin with her true teares all bewet, Can do no service on her sorrowfull cheekes. Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!

As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperour, Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sonnes, Let Marcus, Lucius, or thy selfe old Titus,

Exeunt.

Or any one of you, chop off your hand, And send it to the King: he for the same, Will send thee hither both thy sonnes alive,

And that shall be the ransome for their fault. Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle Aaron,

Did ever Raven sing so like a Larke, That gives sweet tydings of the Sunnes uprise? With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand, Good Aron wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine, That hath throwne downe so many enemies, Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turne. My youth can better spare my blood then you,

And therefore mine shall save my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe, Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?

Oh none of both but are of high desert: My hand hath bin but idle, let it serve

To ransome my two nephewes from their death,

Then have I kept it to a worthy end. Moore. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along

For feare they die before their pardon come. Mar. My hand shall goe.

Lu. By heaven it shall not goe. Ti. Sirs strive no more, such withered hearbs as these

Are meete for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,

Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care, Now let me shew a brothers love to thee.

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Mar. But I will use the Axe.

Ti. Come hither Aaron, Ile deceive them both,

VI.

Exit.

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whil'st I live deceive men so:
But Ile deceive you in another sort,
And that you'l say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus band.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now stay you strife, what shall be, is dispatcht:

Good Aron give his Majestie me hand, Tell him, it was a hand that warded him From thousand dangers: bid him bury it: More hath it merited: That let it have. As for my sonnes, say I account of them, As jewels purchast at an easie price, And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne. Aron. I goe Andronicus, and for thy hand, Looke by and by to have thy sonnes with thee: Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it. Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace, Aron will have his soule blacke like his face. Ti. O heere I lift this one hand up to heaven, And bow this feeble ruine to the earth, If any power pitties wretched teares, To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me? Doe then deare heart, for heaven shall heare our prayers, Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme, And staine the Sun with fogge as somtime cloudes, When they do hug him in their melting bosomes. Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities, And do not breake into these deepe extreames. Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe, having no bottome? Then be my passions bottomlesse with them. Mar. But yet let reason governe thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heaven doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow;
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my Sea be moved with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them:
Then give me leave, for loosers will have leave,
To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues.

Enter a messenger with two beads and a band.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke upon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death.

Merc. Now let het Etna coole in Civilie.

Exit.

Marc. Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicilie, And be my heart an ever-burning hell: These miseries are more then may be borne. To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale, But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound, And yet detested life not shrinke thereat: That ever death should let life beare his name, Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse, As frozen water to a starved snake. Titus. When will this fearefull slumber have an end?

Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die Andronicus, Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads, Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here: Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I, Even like a stony Image, cold and numme. Ah now no more will I controule my greefes, Rent off thy silver haire, thy other hand Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight The closing up of our most wretched eyes: Now is a time to storme, why art thou still? Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre. Ti. Why I have not another tears to shed: Besides, this sorrow is an enemy, And would usurpe upon my watry eyes, And make them blinde with tributarie teares. Then which way shall I finde Revenges Cave? For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me, And threat me, I shall never come to blisse, Till all these mischiefes be returned againe, Even in their throats that have committed them. Come let me see what taske I have to doe, You heavie people, circle me about, That I may turne me to each one of you, And sweare unto my soule to right your wrongs. The vow is made, come Brother take a head, And in this hand the other will I beare. And Lavinia thou shalt be employed in these things: Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth: As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight, Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay, Hie to the Gothes, and raise an army there, And if you love me, as I thinke you doe,

Let's kisse and part, for we have much to doe.

Encunt.

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell Andronicus my noble Father:
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, til Lucius come againe,
He loves his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell Lavinia my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now, nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefes:
If Lucius live, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his Empresse
Beg at the gates likes Tarquin and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

Exit Lucius.

A Banket.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.

As. So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more Then will preserve just so much strength in us As will revenge these bitter woes of ours, Marcus unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot: Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe,
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine, Is left to tirranize uppon my breast. Who when my hart all mad with misery, Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, Then thus I thumpe it downe. Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes, When thy poore hart beates with outragious beating, Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still? Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones: Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth, And just against thy hart make thou a hole,

That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that sinke, and soaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.

Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands uppon her tender life.

An. How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?
Why Marcus, no man should be mad but I:

What violent hands can she lay on her life:
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?

O handle not the theame, to talke of hands, Least we remember still that we have none, Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke

As if we should forget we had no hands:

If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.

Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,

Heere is no drinke? Harke Marcus what she saies, I can interpret all her martir'd signes,

She saies, she drinkes no other drinke but teares Breu'd with her sorrow: mesh'd uppon her cheekes, Speechlesse complayne, I will learne thy thought:

In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect

As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.

Thou shalt not sighe nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe, But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,

And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire leave these bitter deepe laments,

Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mov'd,

Doth weepe to see his grandsires heavinesse.

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares, And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.

ويتما للمصمية مميلة ووقيتمين والماء والرياي

What doest thou strike at Marcus with knife.

Mar. At that that I have kil'd my Lord, a Flye.

An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my hart,

Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:

A deed of death done on the Innocent

Becoms not Titus brother: get thee gone,

I see thou art not for my company:

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I have but kild a flie.

An. But? How : if that Flie had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings

And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,

Poore harmelesse Fly,

That with his pretty buzing melody,

Came heere to make us merry,

And thou hast kil'd him.

Mar. Pardon me sir,

It was a blacke illfavour'd Fly,

Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.

An. O, 0, 0,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a Charitable deed:

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,

Flattering my selfes, as if it were the Moore,

Come hither purposely to poyson me.

There's for thy selfe, and thats for Tamora : Ah sirra,

Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,

But that betweene us, we can kill a Fly,

That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, griefe ha's so wrought on him, He takes false shadowes, for true substances.

And, Come, take away: Lavinia, goe with me,

Ile to thy closset, and goe read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.

Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell.

Excunt.



Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his bookes under his arme. Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandsier helpe, my Aunt Lavinia,
Followes me every where I know not why.
Good Uncle Marcus see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.
Mar. Stand by me Lucius, doe not feare thy Aunt.
Titus. She loves thee boy too well to doe thee harme.
Boy. I when my father was in Rome she did.
Mar. What meanes my Neece Lavinia by these signes?
Ti. Feare not Lucius, some what doth she meane:
See Lucius see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whether would she have thee goe with her.
Ah boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse, Unlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:

For I have heard my Grandsier say full oft, Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy, Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare, Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt, Loves me as deare as ere my mother did, And would not but in fury fright my youth, Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt, And Madam, if my Uncle Marcus goe, I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. Lucius I will.

يقتمنني المحالم مراموح مستم بالمداور وبالماش لأسأت بوري

Ti. How now Lavinia, Marcus what meanes this? Some booke there is that she desires to see, Which is it girle of these? Open them boy, But thou art deeper read and better skild, Come and take choyse of all my Library, And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens Reveale the damn'd contriver of this deed. What booke?

Why lifts she up her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I thinke she meanes that ther was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:

Or else to heaven she heaves them to revenge.

Ti. Lucius what booke is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsier 'tis Ovids Metamorphosis,

My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.

72. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaves,
Helpe her, what would she finde? Lavinia shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of Philomel?

And treates of Tereus treason and his rape,

And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaves.

Ti. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle, Ravisht and wrong'd as Philomela was? Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods? See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt, (O had we never, never hunted there)

Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes, By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den, Unlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?

Ti. Give signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friend. What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed? Or slunke not Saturnine, as Tarquin ersts,

That left the Campe to sinne in Lucrece bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,

Appollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me that I may this treason finde.

My Lord looke heere, looke heere Lavinia.

He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides

it with feete and mouths.

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
This after me, I have writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc'st us to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will have discovered for revenge,
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps and writes.

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writs?

Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of Tamora, Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Ti. Magni Dominator poli,

Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know There is enough written upon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me: Lavinia kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hellors hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sweare for Lucrece rape,
That we will prosecute (by good advise)
Mortall revenge upon these traytorous Gothes,

And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Ti. Tis sure enough, and you knew how. But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,

Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league. And lulls him whilst she palyeth on her backe,

And when he sleepes will she do what she list.

You are a young huntsman Marcus, let it alone: And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse,

And with a Gad of steele will write these words, And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde

Will blow these sands like Sibels leaves abroad, And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,

Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe, For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft, For his ungratefull country done the like.

Boy. And Uncle so will I, and if I live.

Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,

Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy

Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,

Presents that I intend to send them both,

Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not? Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:

Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,

Lavinia come, Marcus looke to my house, Lucius and Ile goe brave it at the Court,

I marry will we sir, and weele be waited on.

Mar. O heavens! Can you heare a good man grone And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus attend him in his extasie,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Then foe-mens markes upon his batter'd shield, But yet so just, that he will not revenge,

Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus.

Exit.

Excunt.

Exit.

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and werses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius heeres the sonne of Lucius,

He hath some message to deliver us.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,

I greete your honours from Andronicus,

And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Deme. Gramercie lovely Lucius, what's the newes? For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you, My Grandsire well advis'd hath sent by me,

The goodliest weapons of his Armorie, To gratifie your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say :

And so I do and with his gifts present

Your Lordships, when ever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well,

And so I leave you both: like bloody villaines.

Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about?

Let's see.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non egit maury jaculis nec arcus.

Chi. O'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well. I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore. I just, a verse in Horace: right, you have it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?
Heer's no sound jest, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud Andronicus conceit:
But let her rest, in her unrest a while.
And now young Lords, wa'st not a happy starre

Led us to Rome strangers, and more then so;

Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To brave the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Moore. Had he no reason, Lord Demetrius? Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames

At such a bay, by turne to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Deme. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods

For our beloved mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the devils, the gods have given us over.

Flourish.

Dem Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike for joy the Emperour hath a sonne.
Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe

Nur. Good morrow Lords:

O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,

Heere Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. Oh gentle Aaron, we are all undone,

Now helpe, or woe betide thee evermore.

Aron. Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe? What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heavens eye,

Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace, She is delivered Lords, she is delivered.

Aron. To whom?

Nurse. I mean she is brought a bed?

Aron. Wel God give her good rest,

What hath he sent her?

Nurse. A devill,

Aron. Why then she is the Devils Dam: a joyfull issue.

Nurse. A joylesse, dismall, blacke, & sorrowfull issue, Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,

Among'st the fairest breeders of our clime,

The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy scale,

And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

Aron. Out you whore, is black so base a hue? Sweet blowse, you are a beautious blossome sure.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not undoe.

Cbi. Thou hast undone our mother. Deme. And therein hellish dog, thou hast undone,

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,

Accurs't the off-spring of so foule a fiend. Chi. It shall not live.

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aaron it must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. What, must it Nurse? Then let no man but I

Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:

Nurse give it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it. Aron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?

Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,

That shone so brightly when this Boy was got, He dies upon my Semitars sharpe point,

That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.

I tell you young-lings, not Enceladus

With all his threatning band of Tiphons broode,

Nor great Alcides, nor the God of warre,

Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:

What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,

Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,

Cole-blacke is better then another hue,

In that it scornes to beare another hue: For all the water in the Ocean, Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to white, Although she lave them hourely in the flood: Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can. Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus? Aron. My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe, The vigour, and the picture of my youth: This, before all the world do I preferre, This mauger all the world will I keepe safe, Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome. Deme. By this our mother is for ever sham'd. Chi. Rome will despise her for this foule escape. Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death. Chi. I blush to thinke upon this ignominie. Aron. Why ther's the priviledge your beauty beares: Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing The close enacts and counsels of the hart: Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere, Looke how the blacke slave smiles upon the father, As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne, He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed Of that selfe blood that first gave life to you, And from that wombe where you imprisoned were He is infranchised and come to light: Nay he is your brother by the surer side, Although my seale be stamped in his face. Nurse. Aaron what shall I say unto the Empresse? Dem. Advise thee Aaron, what is to be done, And we will all subscribe to thy advise: Save thou the child, so we may all be safe. Aron. Then sit we downe and let us all consult. My sonne and I will have the winde of you:

Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety. Deme. How many women saw this childe of his? Aron. Why so brave Lords, when we joyne in league I am a Lambe: but if you brave the Moore, The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse, The Ocean swells not so at Aaron stormes: But say againe, how many saw the childe? Nurse. Cornelia, the midwife, and my selfe, And none else but the delivered Empresse. Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe, Two may keepe counsell, when the third's away: He kils ber. Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said, Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th'spit. Deme. What mean'st thou Aaron? Wherefore did'st thou this? Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie? Shall she live to betray this guilt of our's: A long tongu'd babling Gossip? No, Lords no: And now be it knowne to you my full intent. Not farre, one Muliteus my Country-man His wife but yesternight was brought to bed, His childe is like to her, faire as you are: Goe packe with him, and give the mother gold, And tell them both the circumstance of all, And how by this their Childe shall be advaunc'd, And be received for the Emperours heyre, And substituted in the place of mine, To calme this tempest whirling in the Court, And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.

Harke ye Lords, ye see I have given her physicke,

The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes: This done, see that you take no longer daies But send the Midwife presently to me. The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,

And you must needs bestow her funerall,

Then let the Ladies tattle what they please. Chi. Aaron I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets. Deme. For this care of Tamora, Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. Excunt. Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies, There to dispose this treasure in mine armes, And secretly to greete the Empresse friends: Come on you thick-lipt-slave, Ile beare you hence, For it is you that puts us to our shifts: Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes, And feed on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate, And cabbin in a Cave, and bring you up Exit.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius and other gentlemen with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with Letters on the end of them.

To be a warriour, and command a Campe.

Tit. Come Marcus, come, kinsmen this is the way. Sir Boy let me see your Archerie, Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight: Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred Marcus. She's gone, she's fled, sirs take you to your tooles, You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean: And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea, Yet ther's as little justice as at Land. No Publius and Sempronius, you must doe it, 'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade, And pierce the inmost Center of the earth: Then when you come to Plutoes Region, I pray you deliver him this petition, Tell him it is for justice, and for aide, And that it comes from old *Andronicus*, Shaken with sorrowes in ungratefull Rome. Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable, What time I threw the peoples suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me. Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all, And leave you not a man of warre unsearcht, This wicked Emperour may have shipt her hence, And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius is not this a heavie case To see thy Noble Unckle thus distract?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly us concernes, By day and night t'attend him carefully: And feede his humour kindely as we may, Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie. Joyne with the Gothes, and with revengefull warre, Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude, And vengeance on the Traytor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius how now? how now my Maisters? What have you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but Pluto sends you word, If you will have revenge from hell you shall, Marrie for justice she is so imploy'd, He thinkes with Jove in heaven, or some where else: So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes, Ile dive into the burning Lake below, And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.

Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we, No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size, But mettall Marcus, steele to the very backe, Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare: And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell, We will sollicite heaven, and move the Gods To send downe justice for to wreake our wrongs: Come to this geare, you are a good Archer Marcus.

He gives them the Arrowes.

Ad Jovem, that's for you : here ad Appollonem,

Ad Marten, that's for my selfe,
Heere Boy to Pallas, heere to Mercury,
To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine,
You were as good to shoote against the winde.
Too it Boy, Marcus loose when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
Ther's not a God left unsollicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court, We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now Maisters draw, Oh well said Lucius:

Good Boy in Virgoes lap, give it Pallas.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone, Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, Publius, Publius, what hast thou done? See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus hornes.

Mar. This was the sport my Lord, when Publius shot,

The Bull being gal'd, gave Aries such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose
But give them to his Maister for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordship joy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heaven,

Marcus the poast is come.

Sirrah, what tydings? have you any letters?

Shall I have Justice, what sayes Jupiter?

Clowne. Ho the Jibbetmaker, he sayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what sayes Jupiter I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir I know not Jupiter:

I never dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Exit.

Clowne. I of my Pigions sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, did'st thou not come from heaven?

Clowne. From heaven? Alas sir, I never came there, God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heaven in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take up a matter of brawle, betwixt my Uncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigions to the Emperour from you. Tit. Tell mee, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperour

with a Grace? Clowne. Nay truely sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,

But give your Pigeons to the Emperour,

By me thou shalt have Justice at his hands. Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and inke.

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliver up your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand sir, see you do it bravely.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrha hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.

Heere Marcus, fold it in the Oration,

For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant:

And when thou hast given it the Emperour,

Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will.

Tit. Come Marcus let us goe, Publius follow me. Excunt.

Enter Emperour and Empresse, and ber two sonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand that Titus shot at him.

Satur. Why Lords,

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What wrongs are these? was ever seene
An Emperour in Rome thus over borne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall justice, us'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How ever these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old Andronicus. And what and if
His sorrowes have so overwhelm'd his wits,

Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternesse?
And now he writes to heaven for his redresse.
See, heeres to Jove, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the God of warre:

Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome: What's this but Libelling against the Senate, And blazoning our Injustice every where?

A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no Justice were.
But if I live, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Justice lives

In Saturninus health; whom if he sleepe, Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that lives.

Tame. My gracious Lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of Titus age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pier'st him deepe, and scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best

For these contempts. Why thus it shall become High witted *Tamora* to glose with all:

Aside.

a faire end,

But Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quicke, Thy life blood out: If Aaron now be wise, Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

hor's in the Port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with us?

Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Mistership the Emperiall.

Tam. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Clo. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen give you good den;

I have brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigions heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.

Clowne. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I have brought up a neck to

Satu. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same devise proceedes:
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,
Have by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priviledge:
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:
Sly franticke wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should governe Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Satur. What newes with thee Emillius?

Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome never had more cause,
The Gothes have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high resolved men, bent to the spoyle
They hither march amaine, under conduct
Of Lucius, Sonne to old Andronicus:
Who threats in course of this revenge to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

King. Is warlike Lucius Generall of the Gothes? These tydings nip me, and I hang the head As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes: I, now begins our sorrowes to approach, 'Tis he the common people love so much, My selfe hath often heard them say, (When I have walked like a private man) That Lucius banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wisht that Lucius were their Emperour. Tam. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong? King. I, but the Cittizens favour Lucius,

And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name. Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it? The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing, And is not carefull what they meane thereby,

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings, He can at pleasure stint their melodie.

Even so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,

Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour, I will enchaunt the old Andronicus,

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous

Then baites to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe, When as the one is wounded with the baite,

The other rotted with delicious foode. King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will, For I can smooth and fill his aged eare, With golden promises, that were his heart Almost Impregnable, his old ears deafe, Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue. Goe thou before to our Embassadour,

Say, that the Emperour requests a parly Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.



ACT V. King. Emillius do this message Honourably, And if he stand in Hostage for his safety. Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best. Emill. Your bidding shall I do effectually. Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus, Exit. And temper him with all the Art I have, To plucke proud Lucius from the warlike Gothes. And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe, And bury all thy feare in my devises. Satu. Then goe successantly and plead for him. Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Flourish. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends, I have received Letters from great Rome, Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour, And how desirous of our sight they are. Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witnesse, Imperious and impatient of your wrongs, And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe, Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the Great Andronicus, Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort, Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds, Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt: Behold in us, weele follow where thou lead'st, Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day, Led by their Maister to the flowred fields, And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora: And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all. But who comes heere, led by a lusty Goth?

للتروريا والمحسب والريامة والتناسية لمتراسي للأوار والأميار الترايم

ACT V.

Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child in his armes.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troups I straid, To gaze upon a ruinous Monasterie, And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye Upon the wasted building, suddainely I heard a childe cry underneath a wall: I made unto the noyse, when soone I heard, The crying babe control'd with this discourse: Peace Tawny slave, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam, Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art? Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke, Villaine thou might'st have bene an Emperour. But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white, They never do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe: Peace, villaine peace, even thus he rates the babe, For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth, Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe, Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake. With this, my weapon drawne I rusht upon him, Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither To use, as you thinke needefull of the man. Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devill, That rob'd Andronicus of his good hand: This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empresse eye, And heere's the Base Fruit of his burning lust. Say wall-ey'd slave, whether would'st thou convay This growing Image of thy fiend-like face? Why dost not speake? what deafe? Not a word? A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree, And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie. Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood. Luci. Too like the Syre for ever being good.

First hang the Child that he may see it sprall, A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.

Aron. Get me a Ladder Lucius, save the Childe, And beare it from me to the Empresse: If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things, That highly may advantage thee to heare; If thou wilt not, befall what may befall, Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st, Thy child shall live, and I will see it Nourisht,

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee Lucius, 'Twill vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake: For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres, Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds, Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously perform'd, And this shall all be buried by my death, Unless thou sweare to me my Childe shall live.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,

I say thy Childe shall live.

Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin. Luci. Who should I sweare by,

Thou beleevest no God,

That graunted, how can'st thou believe an oath? Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not, Yet for I know thou art Religious, And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience, With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies, Which I have seene thee carefull to observe: Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God, And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares, To that Ile urge him: therefore thou shalt vow By that same God, what God so ere it be That thou adorest, and hast in reverence, To save my Boy, to nourish and bring him up, Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luci. Even by my God I sweare to thee I will, Aron. First know thou,

I be got him on the Empresse.

Luci. Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman! Aron. Tut Lucius, this was but a deed of Charitie,

To that which thou shalt heare of me anon, 'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered Bassianus,

They cut thy Sisters tongue, and ravisht her, And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Lucius. Oh detestable villaine!

Call'st thou that Trimming ?

Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd, And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it,

Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!
Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them,

That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,

As sure a Card as ever wonne the Set: That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,

As true a Dog as ever fought at head. Well, let my Deeds be witnesse of my worth:

I trayn'd thy Brethren to that guilefull Hole,

Where the dead Corps of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found, And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.

Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes, And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of Mischiefe in it.

I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand, And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter. I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,

When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads, Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,

That both mine eyes were rainie like to his: And when I told the Empresse of this sport,



She sounded almost at my pleasing tale, And for my tydings, gave me twenty kisses. Goth. What canst thou say all this, and never blush? Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is. Luci. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes? Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more: Even now I curse the day, and yet I thinke Few come within few compasse of my curse, Wherein I did not some Notorious ill, As kill a man, or else devise his death, Ravish a Maid, or plot the way to do it, Accuse some Innocent, and forsweare my selfe, Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends, Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes, Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night, And bid the Owners quench them with the teares: Oft have I dig'd up dead men from their graves, And set them upright at their deere Friends doore, Even when their sorrowes almost was forgot, And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees, Have with my knife carved in Romaine Letters, Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead. Tut, I have done a thousand dreadfull things As willingly, as one would kill a Fly, And nothing greeves me hartily indeede, But that I cannot doe ten thousand more. Luci. Bring downe the divell, for he must not die So sweet a death as hanging presently. Aron. If there be divels, would I were a devill, To live and burne in everlasting fire, So I might have your company in hell, But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome

Luci. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come neere.

Welcome Emilius, what the newes from Rome?

Emi. Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Gothes,

The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me, And for he understands you are in Armes,

He craves a parly at your Fathers house

Willing you to demand your Hostages, And they shall be immediately delivered.

Goth. What saies our Generall? Luc. Emilius, let the Emperour give his pledges

Unto my Father, and my Uncle Marcus, And we will come: march away.

Flourisb. Excunt.

Enter Tamora, and ber two Sonnes disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliament, I will encounter with Andronicus, And say, I am Revenge sent from below, To joyne with him and right his hainous wrongs: Knocke at his study where they say he keepes, To ruminate strange plots of dire Revenge,

Tell him Revenge is come to joyne with him,

And worke confusion on his Enemies. They knocke and Titus opens his study dore.

Tit. Who doth mollest my Contemplation? Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore, That so my sad decrees may flie away, And all my studie be to no effect? You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do, See heere in bloody lines I have set downe;

And what is written shall be executed. Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee,

Tu. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,

Wanting a hand to give it action, Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.



Tam. If thou did'st know me,

Thou would'st talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,

Witnesse this wretched stump,

Witnesse these crimson lines,

Witnesse these Trenches made by griefe and care,

Witnesse the tyring day, and heavie night, Witnesse all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud Empresse, Mighty Tamora:

Is not thy comming for my other hand? Tamo. Know thou sad man, I am not Tamora,

She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend, I am Revenge sent from th'infernall Kingdome,

To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,

By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:

Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,

Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,

Ther's not a hollow Cave or lurking place,

No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale,

Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,

Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,

And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name, Revenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,

To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tu. Doe me some service ere I come to thee:

Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,

Now give some surance that thou art Revenge, Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,

And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,

And whirle along with thee about the Globes.

Provide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Jet. To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,

And finde out Murder in their guilty cares,

And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Servile footeman all day long,
Even from Eptons rising in the East,
Untill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heavy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?
Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they a

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are.

And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,

Have miserable mad mistaking eyes:

Oh sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee, And if one armes imbracement will content thee,

I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,

What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Do you uphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Revenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for Lucius his Sonne,

And whil'st I at a Banquet hold him sure, Ile find some cunning practise out of hand

To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes, Or at the least make them his Enemies: See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.

Tit. Long have I bene forlorne, and all for thee, Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house. Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too, How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are. Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore, Could not all hell afford you such a devill? For well I wote the Empresse never wags;

But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright
It were convenient you had such a devill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tam. What would'st thou have us doe Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong, And Ile be revenged on them all.

Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome, And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe, Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer.

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a Ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For up and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They have bene violent to me and mine,

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we do. But would it please thee good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is heere, even at thy Solemne Feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart:
What saies Andronicus to this devise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. Marcus my Brother, 'tis sad Titus calls,

Go gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucius, Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes, Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes, Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,

Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too, Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,

As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I do, and soone returne againe. Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse,

And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me, Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,

This do thou for my love, and so let him,

And cleave to no revenge but Lucius. Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,

Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,

How I have govern'd our determined jest? Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire,

And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad, And will ore-reach them in their owne devises,

A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leave us heere.

Tam. Farewell Andronicus, revenge now goes

To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.

Tit. I know thou doo'st, and sweet revenge farewell. Cbi. Tell us old man, how shall we be imploy'd?

Tu. Tut, I have worke enough for you to doe,

Publius come hither, Caius, and Valentine.

Pub. What is your will? Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empresse Sonnes

I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.

Titus. Fie Publius, fie, thou art too much deceav'd,

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The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle Publius,
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them sure.
Chi. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empresse Sonnes.
Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a Bason.

Tit. Come, come Lavinia, looke, thy Foes are bound, Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me, But let them heare what fearefull words I utter. Oh Villaines, Chiron, and Demetrius, Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud, This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt, You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault, Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death, My hand cut off, and made a merry jest, Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity, Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for'st What would you say, if I should let you speake? Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace. Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you, This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats, Whil'st that *Lavinia* tweene her stumps doth hold: The Bason that receives your guilty blood. You know your Mother meanes to feast with me, And calls herselfe Revenge, and thinkes me mad. Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust, And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paste, And of the Paste a coffen I will reare, And make two Pasties of your shamefull Heads,

And bid that strumpet your unhallowed Dam, Like to the earth swallow her increase. This is the Feast, that I have bid her to, And this the Banquet she shall surfet on, For worse then Philomel you us'd my Daughter, And worse then Progue, I will be reveng'd, And now prepare your throats: Lavinia come, Receive the blood, and when that they are dead, Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small, And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,

And in that Paste let their vil'd Heads be bakte, Come, come, be every one officious,

To make this Banket, which I wish might prove, More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast.

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke, And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes.

Excunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Unckle Marcus, since 'tis my Fathers minde That I repair to Rome, I am content. Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Unckle take you in this barbarous Moore, This Ravenous Tiger, this accursed devill, Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him, Till he be brought unto the Emperous face, For testimony of her foule proceedings.

And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,

If ere the Emperour meanes no good to us. Aron. Some devill whisper curses in my eare,

And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth, The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Unhallowed Slave, Sirs, helpe our Unckle, to convey him in, The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

Flourisb.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one? Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne? Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle, These quarrels must be quietly debated, The Feast is ready which the carefull Titus, Hath ordained to an Honourable end, For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to Rome: Please you therefore draw nie and take your places. Hoboyes. Satur. Marcus we will.

A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a vale over her face,

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord, Welcome Dread Queene, Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome Lucius, And welcome all: although the cheere be poore, 'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it. Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd Andronicus? Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well, To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse. Tam. We are beholding to you good Andronicus? Tit. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were: My Lord the Emperour resolve me this, Was it well done of rash Virginius, To slay his daughter with his owne right hand, Because she was enfor'st, stain'd, and deflowr'd? Satur. It was Andronicus. Your reason, Mighty Lord? Tit. Sat. Because the Girle, should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrowes, Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall, A patterne, president, and lively warrant,

For me (most wretched) to performe the like: Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee, And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die. He kils ber. Sat. What hast done, unnaturall and unkinde? Tu. Kil'd her for whom my teares have made me blind. I am as wofull as Virginius was, And have a thousand times more cause then he,

Sat. What was she ravisht? tell who did the deed, Tit. Wilt please you eat,

Wilt please your Hignesse feed? Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter? Titus. Not I, 'twas Chiron and Demetrius,

They ravisht her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Satu. Go fetch them hither to us presently. Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,

Whereof their Mother dantily hath fed, Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred. 'Tis true, 'tis true, witnesse my knives sharpe point.

He stabs the Empresse.

Satu. Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed. Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed? There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome, By uprores sever'd like a flight of Fowle, Scattred by windes and high tempestuous gusts: Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe This scattred Corne, into one mutuall sheafe, These broken limbs againe into one body. Gath. Let Rome herselfe be bane unto herselfe,

And shee whom mightie kingdomes cursie too, Like a forlorne and desperate castaway, Doe shamefull execution on her selfe. But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,

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Cannot induce you to attend my words, Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erst our Auncestor, When with his solemne tongue he did discourse To love-sicke Didoes sad attending eare, The story of that balefull burning night, When subtil Greekes surpriz'd King Priams Troy: Tell us what Sinon hath bewicht our eares, Or who hath brought the fatall engine in, That gives our Troy, our Rome the civill wound. My heart is not compact of flint nor steele, Nor can I utter all our bitter griefe, But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie, And breake my very uttrance, even in the time When it should move you to attend me most, Lending your kind hand Commiseration. Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale, Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake. Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you, That cursed Chiron and Demetrius Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother, And they it were that ravished our Sister, For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded, Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely cousen'd, Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out, And sent her enemies unto the grave. Lastly, my selfe unkindly banished, The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out, To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies, Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares, And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend: And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you, That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood, And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point, Sheathing the steele in my adventrous body. Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,

My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are,

That my report is just and full of truth:

But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much,

Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,

For when no Friends are by, men praise themselves. Marc. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,

Of this was Tamora delivered,

The issue of an Irreligious Moore,

Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,

The Villaine is alive in Titus house,

And as he is, to witnesse this is true.

Now judge what course had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakeable past patience,

Or more then any living man could beare.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romaines?

Have we done ought amisse? shew us wherein,

And from the place where you behold us now,

The poore remainder of Andronici,

Will hand in hand all headlong cast us downe,

And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,

And make a mutuali closure of our house:

Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall, Loe hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emilli. Come come, thou reverent man of Rome,

And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,

Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,

The common voyce do cry it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,

Goe, goe into old Titus sorrowfull house,

And hither hale that misbelieving Moore,

To be adjudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Governour.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I governe so,

To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.

But gentle people, give me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a havy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Unckle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares upon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowfull drops upon thy blood-slaine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and loving kisse for kisse, Thy Brother Marcus tenders on thy Lips:

O were the summe of these that I should pay Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of us To melt in showres: thy Grandsire lov'd thee well: Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee: Sung thee asleepe, his Loving Brest, thy Pillow: Many a matter hath he told to thee, Meete, and agreeing with thine infancie. In that respect then, like a loving Childe, Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring, Because kinde Nature doth require it so: Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo. Bid him farwell, commit him to the Grave, Do him that kindnesse, and take leave of him.

Boy. O Grandsire, Grandsire: even with all my heart Would I were Dead, so you did Live againe, O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping, My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

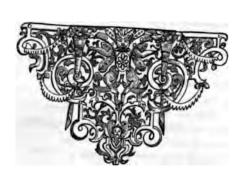
Romans. You sad Andronici, have done with woes, Give sentence on this execrable Wretch,

That hath beene breeder of these dire events.

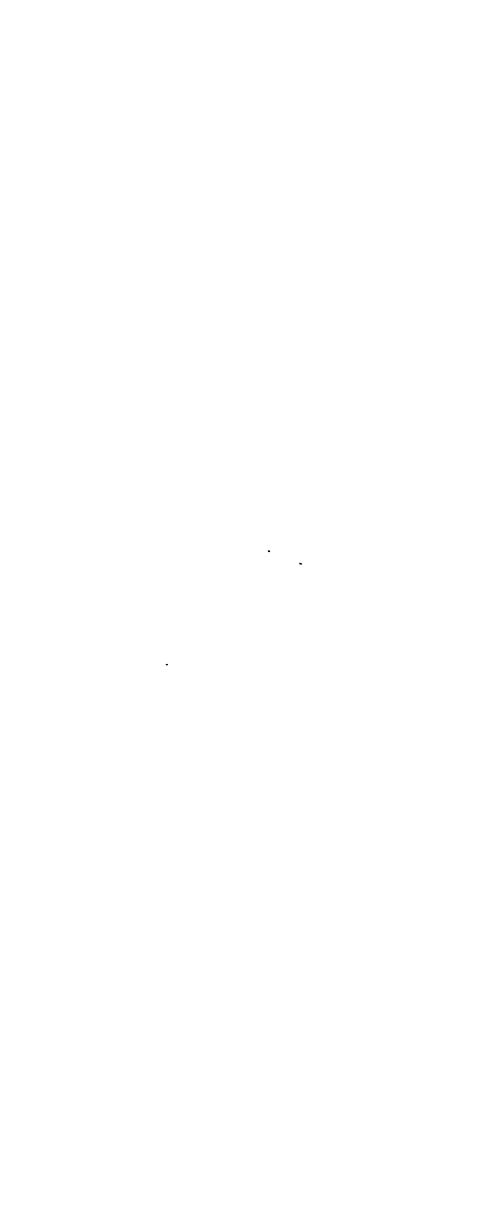
Luc. Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him: There let him stand, and rave, and cry for foode: If any one releeves, or pitties him, For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome: Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.

Aron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe? I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers I should repent the Evils I have done. Ten thousand worse, then ever yet I did, Would I performe if I might have my will: If one good Deed in all my life I did, I do repent it from my very Soule. Lucius. Some loving Friends convey the Emp. hence, And give him buriall in his Fathers grave. My Father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith Be closed in our Housholds Monument: As for that heynous Tyger Tamora, No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds: No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall: But throw her foorth to Beasts and Birds of prey: Her life was Beast-like, and devoid of pitty, And being so, shall have like want of pitty. See Justice done on Aaron that damn'd Moore, From whom, our heavy happes had their beginning: Then afterwards, to Order well the State, That like Events, may ne're it Ruinate. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



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ROMEO AND JULIET



THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and JULIET.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the House of Capulet.

Sampson.



Regory: A my word wee'l not carry coales.

Greg. No, for then we should be Colliars.

Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.

Greg. I, While you live, draw your necke out o'th Collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of Mountague, moves me.

Greg. To move, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand: Therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runst away.

Samp. A dogge of that house shall move me to stand, take the wall of any Man or Maid of Mountagues.

Greg. That shewes thee a weake slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker Vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to the wall.

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and us their

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when I

have fought with the men, I will be civill with the Maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Sam. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,

Take it in what sence thou wilt.

of the Mountagues.

Greg. They must take it sence, that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:

And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou had'st beene poore John. Draw thy Toole, here comes of the House

Enter two other Servingmen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee

Gre. How? Turne thy backe, and run.

Sam. Feare me not.

Gre. No marry: I feare thee.

Sam. Let us take the Law of our sides: let them begin. Gr. I wil frown as I passe by, & let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,

which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at us sir? Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, sir.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at us sir?

Sam. Is the Law of our side, if I say I?

Gre. No.

Sam. No sir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you sir: but I bite my Thumbe sir.

Greg. Do you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir? no sir.

Sam. If you do sir, I am for you, I serve as good a man as you.

Abra. No better?

Samp. Well sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen. Samp. Yes, better.

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Alra. You Lye.
Samp. Draw if you be men. Gregory, remember thy washing blow.
They Fight.

Ben. Part Fooles, put up your Swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyl. What are thou drawne, among these hearlesse Hinder? Turn thee Boroson, looke upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put up thy Sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyl. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Manuagues, and thee: Have at thee Coward.

Figit.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Chils.

Offi. Clubs, Bils, and Partisons, strike, beat them down Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in bis Gowne, and bis wrife.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long Sword ho.

Wife A courted a courted why call you for a Sword?

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I say: Old Mountague is come,

And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague, & bis Wife.

Moun. Thou villaine Capulet. Hold me not, let me go. 2. Wife. Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernitious Rage,
With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,

Excunt.

And heare the Sentence of your mooved Prince. Three civill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word, By thee old Capulet and Mountague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient Citizens Cast by their Grave beseeming Ornaments, To wield old Partizans, in hands as old, Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate, If ever you disturbe our streets againe, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time all the rest depart away. You Capulet shall goe along with me, And Mountague come you this afternoone, To know our Fathers pleasure in this case: To old Free-towne, our common judgement place: Once more on paine of death, all men depart. Moun. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach? Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began: Ben. Heere were the servants of your adversarie, And yours close fighting ere I did approach, I drew to part them, in the instant came The fiery Tibalt, with his sword prepar'd, Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares, He swong about his head, and cut the windes, Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne. While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the Prince came, who parted either part. Wife. O where is Romeo, saw you him to day? Right glad am I, he was not at this fray. Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,

A troubled mind drave me to walke abroad, Where underneath the grove of Sycamour, That West-ward rooteth from this City side:

So earely walking did I see your Sonne: Towards him I made, but he was ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood, I measuring his affections by my owne, Which then most sought, wher most might not be found: Being one too many by my weary selfe, Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me. Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene seene, With teares augmenting the fresh morning deaw, Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes. But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne, Should in the farthest East begin to draw The shadie Curtaines from Auroras bed, Away from light steales home my heavy Sonne, And private in his Chamber pennes himselfe, Shuts up his windowes, lockes faire day-light out, And makes himselfe an artificiall night: Blacke and portendous must this humour prove, Unlesse good counsell may the cause remove. Ben. My Noble Uncle doe you know the cause? Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him. Ben. Have you importun'd him by any meanes? Moun. Both by my selfe and many other Friends, But he his owne affections counseller, Is to himselfe (I will not say how true) But to himselfe so secret and so close, So farre from sounding and discovery, As is the bud bit with an envious worme, Ere he can spread his sweete leaves to the ayre, Or dedicate his beauty to the same. Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,

We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Excunt.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,

Ile know his greevance, or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay, To hear true shrift. Come Madam let's away.

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.

Is the day so young? Rom.

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Rom. Aye me, sad houres seeme long!

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadnes lengthens Romeo's houres?

Ro. Not having that, which having, makes them short.

Ben. In love.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of love.

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas that love so gentle in his view, Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe.

Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should without eyes, see path-wayes to his will.
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:

Heere's much to do with hate, but more with love: Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate;

O any thing, of nothing first created:

O heavie lightnesse, serious vanity,

Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes,

Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,

Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:

This love feele I, that feele no love in this.

Doest thou not laugh?

Ben.

No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

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Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loves transgression. Griefes of mine owne lie heavie in my breast, Which thou wilt propagate to have it preast With more of thine, this love that thou hast showne, Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne. Love, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes, Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Lovers eyes, Being vext, a Sea nourisht with loving teares, What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet, A choking gall, and a preserving sweet: Farewell my Coze.

Soft I will goe along, Ben. And if you leave me so, you do me wrong. Rom. Tut I have lost my selfe, I am not here, This is not Romeo, hee's some other where. Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you love? What shall I grone and tell thee? Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who. Rom. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will: A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill: In sadnesse Cozin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aym'd so neare, when I suppos'd you lov'd. Rom. A right good marke man, and shee's faire I love. Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit. Rom. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit With Cupids arrow, she hath Dians wit: And in strong proofe of chastity well arm'd:

From loves weake childish Bow, she lives uncharm'd. Shee will not stay the siege of loving tearmes, Nor bid th'incounter of assailing eyes. Nor open her lap to Sainct-seducing Gold: O she is rich in beautie, onely poore, That when she dies, with beautie dies her store. Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still live chast?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?

VL,

For beauty sterv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

She is too faire, too wise: wisely too faire,

To merit blisse by making me dispaire:

She hath forsworne to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes,

Examine other beauties.

Ro. 'Tis the way to cal hers (exquisit) in question more,

These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,

Being blacke, puts us in mind they hide the faire:

He that is stronger blind cannot forget.

These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts us in mind they hide the faire;
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost;
Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire.
Farewell thou can'st not teach me to forget.

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Excunt.

Capu. Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as wee, to keepe the peace.

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you liv'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

Capu. But saying ore what I have said before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Pari. Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mar'd are those so early made:

Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she, Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth: But wooe her gentle Paris, get her heart, My will to her consent, is but a part. And shee agree, within her scope of choise, Lyes my consent, and faire according voice: This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast, Whereto I have invited many a Guest, Such as I love, and you among the store, One more, most welcome makes my number more: At my poore house, looke to beheld this night, Earth-treading starres, that make darke heaven light, Such comfort as do lusty young men feele, When well appartel'd Aprill on the heele Of limping Winter treads, even such delight Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night Inherit at my house: heare all, all see: And like her most, whose merit most shall be: Which one more view, of many, mine being one, May stand in number, though in reckning none. Come, goe with me: goe sirrah trudge about, Through faire Verona, find those persons out, Whose names are written there, and to them say, My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Heere it is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his Pensill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are writ, & can never find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning, One paine is lesned by anothers anguish: Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:

One desparate greefe, cures with anothers languish: Take thou some new infection to the eye, And the rank poyson of the old wil die. Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that. Ben. For what I pray thee? Rom. For your broken shin. Ben. Why Romeo art thou mad? Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is: Shut up in prison, kept without my foode, Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow. Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read? Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie. Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without booke: But I pray can you read any thing you see. Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.

He reades the Letter.

SEigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County Anselme and his beautious sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtruvio, Seigneur Placentio, and bis lovely Neeces: Mercutio and bis brother Valentine: mine uncle Capulet bis wife and daughters: my faire Neece Rosaline, Livia, Seigneur Valentio, & bis Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the lively Helena.

A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry. Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

Ser. Up.

Rom. Whither? to supper? Ser. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of he house of Mountagues I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. Exit.

Ben. At this same auncient Feast of Capulets

Sups the faire Rosaline, whom thou so loves:

With all the admired Beauties of Verona,

Go thither and with unattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.

Raw. When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:

And these who often drown'd could never die,

Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.

One fairer then my love: the all-seeing Sun Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,
Herselfe poys'd with herselfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies love against some other Maid
That I will show you, shining at this Feast,
And she shew scant shell, well, that now shewes best.

Rom. Ile goe along, no such sight to be showne,
But to rejoyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me. Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelve yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid, Where's this Girle? what Juliet?

Enter Juliet,

Juliet. How now, who calls?

Nur. Your Mother.

Juliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter: Nurse give leave awhile, we must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I have remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,

And yet to my teene be it spoken,

I have but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Even or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteene. Susan & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lamas Eve at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marrie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleven yeares, and she was wean'd I never shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, upon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne under the Dovehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Dove-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a eleven yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' roode she could have runne, & wadled all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband, God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke up the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Jule? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte crying, & said I: to see now how a jest shall come I warrant, & I shall live a thousand yeares, I never should forget it: wilt thou not Julet quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leave crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had upon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perilous

knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not Jule? It stinted: and said I.

Jule. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I. Nur. Peace I have done: God marke thee too his grace thou

wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be Married?

Juli. It is an houre that I dreame not of. Nur. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say

thou had'st suckt wisedome from thy teat. Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you

Heere in Verona, Ladies of esteeme,

Are made already Mothers. By my count I was your Mother, much upon these yeares

That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:

The valiant Paris seekes you for his love.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you love the Gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young Paris face,

And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:

Examine every severall liniament,

And see how one another lends content:

And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies,

Find written in the Margent of his eyes.

This precious Booke of Love, this unbound Lover,

To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Cover.

The Fish lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride For faire without, the faire within to hide:

That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By having him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.
Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris love?

Juli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,

Then your consent gives strength to make flye.

Enter a Serving man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'st in the Pantery, and every thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

Exit.

Mo. We follow thee, Juliet, the Countie staies.

Nurse. Goe Gyrle, seeke happie nights to happy daies.

Excunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or sixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,

Weele have no Cupid, hood winkt with a skarfe,

Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,

Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.

But let them measure us by what they will,

Weele measure them a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.

Being but heavy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I beleeve me, you have dancing shooes

With nimble soles, I have a soale of Lead

So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lover, borrow Cupids wings, And soare with them above a common bound. Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,

To soare with his light feathers, and to bound:

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe,

Under loves heavy burthen doe I sinke. Hova. And to sinke in it should you burthen love,

Too great oppression for a tender thing. Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love, Pricke love for pricking, and you beat love downe,

Give me a Case to put my visage in, A Visor for a Visor, what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities:

Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs. Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart

Tickle the sencelesse ruffles with their heeles:

For I am proverb'd with a Grandsier Phrase,

Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on, The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, duns the Mouse, the Constables owne word,

If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.

Or save your reverence love, wherein thou stickest

Up to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not so. I meane sir 1 delay, Mer.

We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day; Take our good meaning, for our Judgement sits

Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,

But 'tis no wit to go.

Why may one aske? Mer.

Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.

And so did I.

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer.

That dreamers often lye.

Ro. I bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true. Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you: She is

the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger then Agatstone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, over mens noses as they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs: the Cover of the wings of Grashoppers, her Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone, the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt from the Laziefinger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie Haselnut, made by the Joyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: & in this state she gallops night by night, through Lovers braines: and then they dreame of Love. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Cursies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt on Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling out asute: & sometime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime she driveth ore a Souldiers necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths five Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two & sleepes againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Elk-locks in foule sluttish haires, which once untangled, much misfortunes bodes,

This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs, That presses them, and learnes them first to beare, Making them women of good carriage:

This is she. Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio peace,

Thou talk'st of nothing.

8C. L

True, I talke of dreames:

Which are the children of an idle braine, Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie, Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,

And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes

Even now the frozen bosome of the North: And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,

Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes us from our selves, Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misgives,

Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,

Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date

With this nights revels, and expire the tearme

Of a despised life clos'd in my brest:

By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

But he that hath the stirrage of my course,

Direct my sute: on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Serving men come forth with their napkins,

Enter Servant.

Ser. Where's Potpan, that he helpes not to take away? shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens hands, and they unwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the Joynstooles, remove the Court-cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, save mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou lovest me, let the Porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell, Anthonie and Potpan.

2. I Boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & sought for, in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes, Be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. Excunt.

Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. Capu. Welcome Gentlemen,

Ladies that have their toes Unplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:

Ah my Mistresses, which of you all Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,

She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?

Welcome Gentlemen, I have seene the day That I have worne a Visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:

Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,

You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play:

Musicke plaies: and the dance.

A Hall, Hall, give roome, and foote it Girles, More light you knaves, and turne the Tables up:

And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.

Ah sirrah, this unlookt for sport comes well:

Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin Capulet,

For you and I are past our dauncing daies:

How long ist now since last your selfe and I

Were in a Maske?

- Berlady thirty yeares, 2. Capu.
- I. Capu. What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,

Tis since the Nuptiall of Lucentio,

Come Pentycost as quickely as it will,

Some five and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.

2. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir:

- His Sonne is thirty.
- Will you tell me that? 3. Сар.

His Some was but a Ward two yeares agre.

Rom, What Ladie is that which does indica the hand Of yonder Knight?

SC. L

I know see sie. Ser.

Rom, O she doch reach the Torches to burne bright:

It seemes she hangs upon the cheeke of night,

As a rich Jewel in an Æchiops care :

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too deare:

So showes a Snowy Dove trooping with Crowes,

As youder Lady ore her fellowes showes; The measure done, He watch her place of stand,

And touching hers, make blessed my rade hand.

Did my heart love till now, forsweare it night,

For I never saw true Beauty till this night. Til. This by his voice, should be a Mon

dozu. Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slave

Come hither cover'd with an antique face,

To fleere and scorne at our Solemnitie?

Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now kineman,

Wherefore storme you so? Tib. Uncle this is a Mountague, our foe:

A Villaine that is hither come in spight,

To scorne at our Solemnitie this night.

Cap. Young Romes is it?

Tis he, that Villaine Romeo. Tīb.

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,

A beares him like a portly Gentleman:

And to say truth, Verona brags of him,

To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth:

I would not for the wealth of all the towne,

Here in my house do him disparagement:

Therefore be patient, take no note of him,

It is my will, the which if thou respect,

Exit.

Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes, An ill beseeming semblance for a Feast.

Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a guest, Ile not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endu'rd.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man.

Tib. Why Uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?'
This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.

Well said my hearts, you are a Princox, goe, Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame, the make you quiet. What chearely my heart

Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting;

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I prophane with my unworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,

To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.

Jul. Good Pilgrime,

You do wrong your hand too much, Which mannerly devotion shewes in this, For Saints have hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch, And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom. Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Jul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do, They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

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Jul. Saints do not move,
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Though grant for prayers sake. Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take:

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have tooke.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly urg'd:

Give me my sin againe.

You kisse by'th'booke. Jul.

Nur. Madam your Mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her Mother?

Marrie Batcheler, Nurs.

Her Mother is the Lady of the house,

And a good Lady, and a Wise, and Vertuous,

I Nur'st her Daughter that you talkt withall:

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her, Shall have the chincks,

Is she a Capulet? Rom.

O deare account! My life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. I so I feare, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,

We have a trifling foolish Banquet towards:

Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all. I thank you honest Gentlemen, good night:

More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.

Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,

Ile to my rest. Juli. Come hither Nurse,

What is youd Gentleman:
Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old Tyberio.

Juli. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.
Jul. Go aske his name: if he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedded bed.

Nur. His name is Romeo, and a Mountague,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.

Jul. My onely Love sprung from my onely hate,

Too early seene, unknowne, and knowne too late,

Prodigious birth of Love it is to me, That I must love a loathed Enemie.

Nur. What's this? whats this?

Jul. A rime, I learne even now

Of one I dan'st withall, One cals within, Juliet.

Nur. Anon, anon:

Come let's away, the strangers all are gone. Exeunt.

Chorus,

Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Love gron'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet matcht, is now not faire.
Now Romeo is beloved, and Loves againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his for guproo'd be must complaine.

But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine, And she steale Loves sweet bait from fearefull hookes: Being held a foe, he may not have accesse

To breath such vowes as Lovers use to sweare, And she as much in Love, her meanes much lesse,

To meete her new Beloved any where: But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,

Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.

He is wise,

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.

Merc.

And on my life hath stolne him home to bed. Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio:

Nay, Ile conjure too.

Mer. Romeo, Humours, Madman, Passion, Lover, Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh, Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied: Cry me but ay me, Provant, but Love and day,

Speake to my goship Venus one faire word, One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,

Young Abraham Cupid he that shot so true,

When King Cophetus lov'd the begger Maid,

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not, The Ape is dead, I must conjure him, I conjure thee by Rosalines bright eyes,

By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip, By her fine Foote, Straight leg, and Quivering thigh,

And the Demeanes, that there Adjacent lie,

That in thy likenesse thou appeare to us. Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him

To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle, Of some strange nature, letting it stand

Till she had laid it, and conjured it downe, That were some spight.

My invocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name, I conjure onely but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees

To be consorted with the Humerous night: Blind is his Love, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the marke,

Now will he sit under a Medler tree, And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,

As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,

O Rome that she were. O the t she were

. 24

An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,

Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed, This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe, Come shall we go? Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here That meanes not to be found. Excunt. Rom. He jeasts at Scarres that never felt a wound, But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the East, and Juliet is the Sunne, Arise faire Sun and kill the envious Moone, Who is already sicke and pale with griefe, That thou her Maid art far more faire then she: Be not her Maid since she is envious, Her Vestal livery is but sicke and greene, And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off: It is my Lady, O it is my Love, O that she knew she were, She speakes, yet she sayes nothing, what of that? Her eye discourses, I will answere it: I am too bold 'tis not to me she speakes: Two of the fairest starres in all the Heaven, Having some businesse do entreat her eyes, To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne. What if her eyes were there, they in her head, The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres, As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heaven, Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright, That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night: See how she leanes her cheeke upon her hand. O that I were a Glove upon that hand,

Rom. She speakes. Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art As glorious to this night being ore my head, As is a winged messenger of heaven

Ay me.

That I might touch that cheeke.

Jul. Rom. Unto the white upturned wondring eyes Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him, When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes, And sailes upon the bosome of the ayre. Jul. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Love,

And Ile no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this? Ju. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:

Thou art thy selfe, though not a Mountague, What's Mountague? it is nor hand nor foote, Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name Belonging to a man.

What? in a names that which we call a Rose,

By any other word would smell as sweete,

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo cal'd,

Retaine that deare perfection which he owes, Without that title Romeo, doffe thy name,

And for thy name which is no part of thee, Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but Love, and Ile be new baptiz'd,

Hence foorth I never will be Romeo.

Juli. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night

So stumblest on my counsell?

By a name, Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,

Because it is an Enemy to thee,

Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Juli. My eares have yet not drunke a hundred words

Of thy tongues uttering, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither. Tell me, and wherefore?

The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With Loves light wings Did I ore-perch these Walls,

For stony limits cannot hold Love out,

And what Love can do, that dares Love attempt: Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,

Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,

And I am proofe against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have nights cloake to hide me from their eyes

And but thou love me, let them finde me here,

My life were better ended by their hate,

Then death proroged wanting of thy Love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By Love that first did promp me to enquire,

He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,

I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far

As that vast-shore-washer with the farthest Sea,

I should adventure for such Marchandise.

Jul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,

Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,

For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,

Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie

What I have spoke, but farewell Complement,

Doest thou Love? I know thou wilt say I,

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,

Thou maiest prove false: at Lovers perjuries They say Jove laught, oh gentle Romeo,

If thou dost Love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne, Ile frowne and be perverse, and say thee nay, So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world. In truth faire Mountague 1 am too fond: And therefore thou maiest thinke my behaviour light, But trust me Gentleman, Ile prove more true, Then those that have coying to be strange, I should have beene more strange, I must confesse, But that thou over heard'st ere I was ware My true Loves passion, therefore pardon me, And not impute this yeelding to light Love, Which the darke night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow, That tips with silver all these Fruite tree tops.

Jul. O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone, That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,

Least that thy Love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by?

SC. I.

Jul. Do not sweare at all: Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gratious selfe,

Which is the God of my Idolatry, And Ile beleeve thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare love.

Jul. Well do not sweare, although I joy in thee: I have no joy of this contract to night, It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,

Too like the lightning which doth cease to be Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night: This bud of Love by Summers ripening breath,

May prove a beautious Flower when next we meete: Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,

Come to thy heart, as that within my brest. Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juli. What satisfaction can'st thou have to night? Ro. Th'exchange of thy Loves faithfull vow for mine.

Cals within.

Exit.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it:

And yet I would it were to give againe.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it, For what purpose Love?

Jul. But to be franke and give it thee againe,

And yet I wish but for the thing I have,

My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,

My Love as deepe, the more I give to thee The more I have, for both are Infinite:

I heare some noyse within deare Love adue:

Anon good Nurse, sweet Mountague be true:

Stay but a little, I will come againe. Rom. O blessed blessed night, I am afear'd

Being in night, all this is but a dreame,

Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.

Jul. Three words deare Romeo,

And goodnight indeed,

If that thy bent of Love be Honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By one that Ile procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,

And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,

And follow thee my Lord throughout the world. Within: Madam.

I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,

Within: Madam. I do beseech thee.

(By and by 1 come)
To cease thy strife, and leave me to my griefe,

To morrow will I send.

So thrive my soule.

Ju. A thousand times goodnight.

Rome. A thousand times the worse to want thy light, Love goes toward Love as school-boyes from their books

But Love from Love, towards schoole with heavie lookes.

Enter Juliet againe.

and the second second

Jul. Hist Romeo hist: O for a Falkners voice,

To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe, Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud, Else would I teare the Cave where Eccho lies,

And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then

With repetition of my Romeo. Rom. It is my soule that calls upon my name. How silver sweet, sound Lovers tongues by night,

Like softest Musicke to attending eares. Jul. Romeo.

My Neece. Rom.

SC. L

What a clock to morrow Jul.

Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the houre of nine.

Jul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,

I have forgot why I did call thee backe. Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Remembring how I Love thy company.

Rom. And Ile still stay, to have thee still forget, Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone, And yet no further then a wantons Bird,

That let's it hop a little from his hand,

Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyves,

And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe, So loving Jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird. Sweet so would I, Jul.

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing: Good night, good night.

Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,

That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

Jul. Sleepe dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy brest. Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest, The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night.



Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light, And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles, From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles, Hence will I to my ghostly Fries close Cell, His helpe to crave, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Friar alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night, Chekring the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light, And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles, From forth daies path, and Titans burning wheeles: Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye, The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry, I must upfill this Osier Cage of ours, With balefull weedes, and precious Juiced flowers, The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe, That is her burying grave that is her wombe: And from her wombe children of divers kind We sucking on her naturall bosome find: Many for many vertues excellent: None but for some, and yet all different. O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities: For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live, But to the earth some speciall good doth give. Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire use, Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied, And vice sometime by action dignified. Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all sences with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,

In man as well as Hearbes grace and rude will: And where the worser is predominant, Full soone the Canker death eates up that Plant. Rom. Good morrow Father. Benedecite. Fri. What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head, So soone to bid good morrow to thy bed; Care keepes his watch in every old mans eye, And where Care lodges, sleepe will never lye: But where unbrused youth with unstuft braine Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne; Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure, Thou art uprous'd with some distemprature; Or if not so, then here I hit it right. Our Romeo hath not beene in bed to night. Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine. Fri. God pardon sin: wast thou with Rosaline? Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No, I have forgot that name, and that names woe. Fri. That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then? Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen: I have beene feasting with mine enemie, Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, That's by me wounded: both our remedies Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies: I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe My intercession likewise steads my foe. Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift, Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift. Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Love is set, On the faire daughter of rich Capulet; As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; And all combin'd, save what thou must combine By holy marriage: when and where, and how,

We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow: Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray, That thou consent to marrie us to day,

Fri. Holy S. Francis, what a change is heere? Is Rosaline that thou didst Love so deare So soone forsaken? young mens Love then lies Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes. Jesu Maria, what a deale of brine Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for Rosaline? How much salt water throwne away in wast, To season Love that of it doth not tast. The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heaven cleares, Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares: Lo here upon thy cheeke the staine doth sit, Of an old teare that is not washt off yet. If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine, Thou and these woes, were all for Rosaline, And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then, Women may fall, when there's no strength in men. Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving pupill mine. Rom. And bad'st me bury Love. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Love now Doth grace for grace, and Love for Love allow: The other did not so.

O she knew well, Thy Love did read by rote, that could not spell: But come young waverer, come goe with me, In one respect, Ile thy assistant be: For this alliance may so happy prove, To turne your houshould rancor to pure Love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden hast. Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devile should this Romeo be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-harted wench, that Rosaline torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house,

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answere it,

Mer. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answere the Letters Maister how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore Romeo, he is already dead stab'd with a white wenches black eye, runne through the eare with a Love song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes butshaft, and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why what is Tibalt?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats, Oh hee's the Couragious Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing pricksong, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a silk button, a Dualist, a Dualist: a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause : ah the immortall Passado the Punto reverso,

the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies,

of accent: Jesu a very good blade, a very tall these new tuners of accent: Jesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these pardon mee's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh, flesi how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that Petrari flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie sl had a better Love to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra Gipsie, Hellen and Hero, hildings and Harlots: Thisbie a Gra eie or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, Bon jou there's a French salutation to your French slop: you gave 1 the counterfait fairely last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giv

you.

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon Mercutio, my businesse was great, and in suc a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrain a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to cursie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it. Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right,

Rom. Why then is my Pump well fowr'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this jeast, now till thou hast won out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the jea may remaine after the wearing, sole-singular.

Rom. O single sol'd jeast,

Soly singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene us good Benvolio, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and spurs,

Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am don-For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, the I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for t Goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with mee for any thing, when the wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that jest.

Rom. Nay, Good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting,

It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that stretches from

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretcht it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proves thee farre and wide, abroad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Love, now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo: now art thou what thou art by Art as well as by Nature, for this driveling Love is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling up and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meane indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and ber man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. Peter? Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan Peter?

Mer. Good Peter to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis not lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now upon the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out upon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,

That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to mar, quatha Gentleman: can any of you tel me where I may find the young

Romeo. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur. You say well. Mer. Yea is the worst well,

Very well tooke: Ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir,

I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare sir, unlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady. Exit. Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loves to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, & a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Jacks: and if I SC. I.

cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scurvie knave, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw as soone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers, skurvy knave: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behaviour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake

dealing.

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest unto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a joyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some meanes to come to shrift this afternoone,

And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell Beshriv'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nur. This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.

Ro. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall, Within this houre my man shall be with thee, And bring thee Cords made like a tackled staire.

Which to the high top gallant of my joy,

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:

Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.

Nur. Now God in heaven blesse thee: harke you sir, Rom. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two m keepe counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as steele.

Nur. Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lor when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man Towne, one Paris, that would faine lay knife aboard: but si good soule had as leeve a see Toade, a very Toade as see him I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the proper man, but Ile warrant you, when I say so, shee lookes as pale any clout in the versall world. Doth not Rosemarie and Ross begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.

Nur. A mocker that's the dogs name. R. is for the no, know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettie sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you got to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times. Peter i

Pet. Anon.
Nur. Before and apace.

Exit Nurse and Pete

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse, In halfe an houre she promised to returne,

Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:
Oh she is lame, Loves Herauld should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driving backe shadowes over lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings:

Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill

Of this daies journey, and from nine till twelve, I three long houres, yet she is not come. Had she affections and warme youthfull blood, She would be as swift in motion as a ball, My words would bandy her to my sweete Love. And his to me, but old folkes, Many faine as they were dead, Unwieldie, slow, heavy, and pale as lead. Enter Nurse. O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes? Hast thou met with him? send thy man away. Nur, Peter stay at the gate. Jul. Now good sweete Nurse: O Lord, why lookest thou sad? Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily. If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweet newes, By playing it to me, with so sower a face. *Nur*. I am a weary, give me leave awhile, Fie how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had? Jul. I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes: Nay come I pray thee speake: good good Nurse speake. Nur. Jesu what hast? can you not stay a while? Do you not see that I am out of breath? Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth To say to me, that thou art out of breath? The excuse that thou dost make in this delay, Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse, Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that, Say either, and Ile stay the circustance: Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Well, you have made a simple choice, you know not how to chuse a man: Romeo, no not be though his face be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are Committee of the contract of t

past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy waies wench, serve God. What have you din'd at home? Jul. No no: but all this did I know before.

What saies he of our marriage? what of that? Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head have I?

It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces. My backe a tother side: o my backe, my backe: Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with jaunting up and downe. Jul. Ifaith: I am sorrie that thou art so well.

Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Love? Nur. Your Love saies like an honest Gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Jul. Where is my Mother? Why she is within, where should she be?

How odly thou repli'st:

Your Love saies like an honest Gentleman: Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,

Are you so hot? marrie come up I trow,

Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

Jul. Heere's such a coile, come what saies Romeo? Nur. Have you got leave to go to shrift to day?

Jul. I have.

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier Lawrence Cell, There staies a Husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton bloud up in your cheekes,

Thei'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes: Hie you to Church, I must an other way,

To fetch a Ladder by the which your Love Must climbe a birds nest Soone when it is darke:

I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:

SC. I.

But you shall beare the burthen soone at night, Go Ile to dinner hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell.

Excunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide us not.
Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervaile the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then Love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is inough, I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent endes,
And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore Love moderately, long Love doth so,

Too swift arrives as tardie as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the everlasting flint,
A Lover may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee Daughter for us both.
Jul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Fri. Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happinesse that both

Receive in either, by this deere encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words, Brags of his substance, not of Ornament:

They are but beggers that can count their worth, But my true Love is growne to such excesse,

I cannot sum up some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short worke, For by your leaves, you shall not stay alone, Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good Mercutio lets retire, The day is hot, the Capulets abroad: And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Taverne, claps me his Sword upon the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jacke in thy mood, as any in *Italie*: and assoone moved to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be mov'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hasell eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Did'st thou



not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shooes with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

SC. I.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you will give me occasion.

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without giving? Tib. Mercutio thou consort'st with Romeo.

Mer. Consort? what dost thou make us Minstrels? & thou make Minstrels of us, looke to heare nothing but discords: heere's

my fiddlesticke, heere's that shall make you daunce. Come consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place,

Or reason coldly of your greevances:

Or else depart, here all eies gaze on us,

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze. I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man. Mer. But Ile be hang'd sir if he weare your Livery. Marry go before to field, heele be your follower, Your worship in that sense, may call him man.

Tib. Romeo, the love I beare thee, can affoord

Exit Tybalt.

No better terms then this: Thou art a Villaine.

Rom. That, the reason that I have to love thee, Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting: Villaine am I none; Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tal. Boy, this shall not excess the injuries

That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw. Ross. I do protest I sever injur'd thee,

Bug lov'd thee better then thou can'st devise:

Till thou shalt know the reason of my love, And so good Capalet, which same I tender

As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

Alla stucatho carries it away.

Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tib. What woulds thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall use me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make hast, least

mine be about your eares ere it be out, Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy Rapier up. Mer. Come sir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw Benvolio, beat downe their weapons:

Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage, Tibalt, Mercutio, the Prince expresly hath Forbidden bandying in Verona streetes. Hold Tybalt, good Mercutio.

I am hurt. Mer.

A plague a both the houses, I am sped:

Is he gone and hath nothing?

What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,

Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.



Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serve: aske for me to morrow, and you shall find me a grave man, I am pepper'd I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke, why the dev'le came you betweene us? I was hurt under your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the best. Mer. Helpe me into some house Benvolio, Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses. They have made wormes meat of me. I have it, and soundly to your Houses.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,

Exit.

My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd With Tibalts slaunder, Tybalt that an houre Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet Juliet, Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate, And in my temper softned Valours steele.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's is dead, That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes, Which too untimely here did scorne the earth. Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend, This but begins, the wo others must end.

Enter Tybalt,

Ben. Here comes the Furious Tybalt backe againe. Rom. He gon in triumph, and Mercutio alaine? Away to heaven respective Lenitie, And fire and Fury, be my conduct now. Now Tybalt take the Villaine backe againe. That late thou gav'st me, for Mercutios soule

Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keepe him companie :

Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didst consort him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that. They fight. Tybalt falls.

Ben. Romeo, away be gone:

The Citizens are up, and Tybali slaine, Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am Fortunes foole, Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?

Tibalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Citi.

Up sir go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discover all

The unluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:

There lies the man slaine by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman brave Mercutio.

Cap. Wi. Tybalt, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild
Of my deare kinsman. Prince as thou art true,

For bloud of ours, shed bloud of *Mountague*.

O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. Benvolio, who began this Fray?

Ben. Tybalt here slaine, whom Romeo's hand did slay,

Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke



How nice the Quarrell was, and urg'd withall Your high displeasure: all this uttered, With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd Could not take truce with the unruly spleene Of Tybalts deafe to peace, but that he Tilts With Peircing steele at bold Mercutio's breast, Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point, And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates Cold death aside, and with the other sends It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud, Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue, His aged arme, beats downe their fatall points, And twixt them rushes, underneath whose arme, An envious thrust from Tybalt, hit the life Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled. But by and by comes backe to Romeo, Who had but newly entertained Revenge, And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slaine: And as he fell, did Romeo turne and flie:

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinsman to the Mountague,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Justice, which thou Prince must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio,

Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutios Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence, Immediately we doe exile him hence:



I have an interest in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore use none, let Romeo hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Encunt.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steedes, Towards Phabus lodging, such a Wagoner As Pheton would whip you to the west, And bring in Cloudie night immediately. Spred thy close Curtaine Love-performing night, That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and Romeo Leape to these armest, untalkt of and unseene, Lovers can see to doe their Amorous rights, And by their owne Beauties: or if Love be blind, It best agrees with night: come civill night, Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke, And learne me how to loose a winning match, Plaid for a paire of stainlesse Maidenhoods, Hood my unman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes, With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Love grow bold, Thinke true Love acted simple modestie: Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night, For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night Whiter then new Snow upon a Ravens backe: Come gentle night, come loving blackebrow'd night. Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die, Take him and cut him out in little starres, And he will make the Face of heaven so fine,



That all the world will be in Love with night,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I have bought the Mansion of a Love,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Festivall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse.

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes and every tongue that speaks But Romeos, name, speakes heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
The Cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, I, the Cords.
Juli. Ay me, what newes?

SC. I.

Why dost thou wring thy hands.

Nur. A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,

We are undered I adm we are undered.

We are undone Lady, we are undone.

Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nur. Romee can, Though heaven cannot, O Romeo, Romeo,

Though heaven cannot, O Romeo, Romeo, Who ever would have thought it Romeo.

Juli. What divell art thou,

That dost torment me thus:
This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell,

Hath Romeo slaine himselfe? say thou but I, And that bare vowell I shall poyson more Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice, I am not I, if there be such an I. Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:

If he be slaine say I, or if not, no. Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God save the marke, here on his manly brest,

A pitteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse: Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood, All in gore blood, I sounded at the sight.

Jul. O breake my heart, Poore Banckrout breake at once, To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie. Vile earth to earth resigne, and motion

Vile earth to earth resigne, and motion here, And thou and Romeo presse on heavie beere.

Nur. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best Friend I had:

O curteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman, That ever 1 should live to see thee dead,

Jul. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie? Is Romeo slaughtred? and is Tybalt dead? My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord: Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome, For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nur. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished, Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!

Did Romeos hand shed Tybalts blood It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face, Jul. Did ever Dragon keepe so faire a Cave? Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall: Ravenous Dove-feather'd Raven, Wolvish-ravening Lambe, Dispised substance of Divinest show: Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st, A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine: O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell, When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.



Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men, All perjur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers, Ah where's my man? give me some Aqua-vitæ? These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old: Shame come to Romeo.

Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish, he was not borne to shame: Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd

Sole Monarch of the universall earth: O what a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him, That kil'd your Cozen?

Jul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband? Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name, When I thy three houres wife have mangled it. But wherefore Villaine did't thou kill my Cozin?

That Villaine Cozin would have kil'd my husband:

Backe foolish teares, backe to your native spring, Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer up to joy: My husband lives that Tibalt would have slaine,

And Tibalt dead that would have slaine my husband:

All this is comfort, wherefore weepe 1 then? Some words there was worser then Tybalts death

That murdered me, I would forget it feine,

But oh, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds, Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:

That banished, that one word banished, Hath slaine ten thousand Tibalts: Tibalts death

Was woe inough if it had ended there: Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rankt with other griefes, Why followed not when she said Tibalts dead,

Exit.

Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both, Which moderne lamentation might have mov'd. But which a rere-ward following Tybalts death Romeo is banished to speake that word, Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, All slaine, all dead. Romeo is banished, There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, In that words death, no words can that woe sound, Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse? Nur. Weeping and wailing over Tybalts Coarse, I will bring you thither. Will you go to them? Ju. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent When theirs are drie for Romeo's banishment. Take up those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd, Both you and I for Romeo is exild: He made you for a high-way to my bed, But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed. Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,

But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not Romeo, take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find Romeo

To comfort you. I wot well where he is:

To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

Harke ye your Romeo will be heere at night,

Ile to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell.

Ile to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell.

Jul. O find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth,

Come forth thou fearfull man,

Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:

And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Rom. Father what newes?

What is the Princes Doome?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,

That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my deare Sonne with such sowre Company:

I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.

Rom. What lesse then Doomesday,

Is the Princes Doome?

Fri. A gentler judgement vanisht from his lips,

Not bodies death, but bodies banishment. Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:

For exile hath more terror in his looke,

Much more then death: do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished: Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walles,

But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:

Hence banished, is banisht from the world,

And worlds exile is death. Then banished,

Is death, mistearm'd, calling death banished,

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,

And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude unthankefulnesse! Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince

Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law, And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.

This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heaven is here

Where Juliet lives, and every Cat and Dog,

And little Mouse, every unworthy thing

Live here in Heaven and may looke on her,

But Romeo may not. More Validitie,

More Honourable state, more Courtship lives In carrion Flies, then Romeo: they may seaze

On the white wonder of deare Juliets hand,

And steale immortall blessing from her lips,

Who even in pure and vestall modestie

Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.

This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie, And saist thou yet, that exile is not death? But Romeo may not, hee is banished. Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife, No sudden meane of death though nere so meane, But banished to kill me? Banished? O Frier, the damned use that word in hell: Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart Being a Divine, a Ghostly Confessor, A Sin-Absolver, and my Friend profest: To mangle me with that word, banished?

Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake. Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment. Fri. Ile give thee Armour to keepe off that word, Adversities sweete milke, Philosophie, To comfort thee, though thou art banished. Rom. Yet banished? hang up Philosophie: Unlesse Philosophie can make a Juliet, Displant a Towne, reverse a Princes Doome, It helpes not, it prevailes not, talke no more. Fri. O then I see, that Mad men have no eares. Rom. How should they, When wisemen have no eyes? Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate. Rom. Thou can'st not speake of that you dost not feele, Wert thou as young as Juliet my Love: An houre but married, Tybalt murdered, Doting like me, and like me banished, Then mightest thou speake, Then mightest thou teare thy hayre, And fall upon the ground as I doe now,

Enter Nurse, and knockes.

Frier. Arise one knockes,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Knocke.

Knocke.

Knocke.

SC. I.

Not I,

Unlesse the breath of Hartsicke groanes

Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Fri. Harke how they knocke: (Who's there) Romeo arise,

Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand up:

Run to my study: by and by, Gods will What simplenesse is this. I come, I come.

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse,

Nur. Let me come in, And you shall know my errand:

I come from Lady Juliet. Welcome then. Fri.

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier, Where's my Ladies Lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground,

With his owne teares made drunke. Nur. O he is even in my Mistresse case,

Just in her case. O wofull simpathy:

Pittious predicament, even so lies she, Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,

Stand up, stand up, stand and you be a man, For Juliet's sake, for her sake rise and stand:

Why should you fall into so deepe an O. Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all. Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her? Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,

Now I have stain'd the Childhood of our joy,

With blood removed, but little from her owne? Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes

YI.

My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?

Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps, And now fals on her bed, and then starts up, And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,

And then downe falls againe.

Ro. As if that name shot from the dead levell of a Gun, Did murder her, as that names cursed hand Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me, In what vile part of this Anatomie Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke

The hatefull Mansion. Hold thy desperate hand: Fri. Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art: Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote The unreasonable Furie of a beast. Unseemely woman, in a seeming man, And ill beseeming beast in seeming both, Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order, I thought thy disposition better temper'd. Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe? And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies, By doing damned hate upon thy selfe? Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heaven and earth? Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meete In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose. Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit, Which like a Usurer abound'st in all: And usest none in that true use indeed, Which should bedecke thy shape, thy love, thy wit: Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe, Digressing from the Valour of a man, Thy deare Love sworne but hollow perjurie, Killing that Love which thou hast vow'd to cherish. Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Love, Mishapen in the conduct of them both:



Like powder in a skillesse Souldiers flaske, Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance, And thou dismembred with thine owne defence. What, rowse thee man, thy Juliet is alive, For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead. There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee, But thou slew'st Tybalt, there art thou happie. The law that threatned death became thy Friend, And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy. A packe or blessing light upon thy backe, Happinesse Courts thee in her best array, But like a mishaped and sullen wench, Thou puttest up thy Fortune and thy Love: Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. Goe get thee to thy Love as was decreed, Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her: But looke thou stay not till the watch be set, For then thou canst not passe to Mantua, Where thou shalt live till we can finde a time To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends, Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could have staid here all night,
To heare good counsell: oh what learning is;
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Heere sir, a Ring she bid me give you sir:
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy Then thou went'st forth in lamentation. Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady, And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this. Fri. Go hence,

Goodnight, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
Sojourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Every good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom. But that a joy past joy, calls out on me, It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee: Farewell.

Excust.

Enter old Capulet, bis Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things have falne out sir so unluckily, That we have had no time to move our Daughter: Looke you, she Lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearely, And so did I. Well, we were borne to die. 'Tis very late, she'l not come downe to night: I promise you, but for your company, I would have bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. These times of wo, affoord no times to wooe. Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow, To night, she is mewed up to her heavinesse.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender Of my Childes love: I thinke she will be rul'd In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not. Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed, Acquaint her here, of my Sonne Paris Love, And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next, But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wendsday is too soone, A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her, She shall be married to this Noble Earle: Will you be ready? do you like this hast?

Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,

For harke you, Tybalt being slaine so late,

It may be thought we held him carelesly,

Being our kinsman, if we revell much:

Therefore weele have some halfe a dozen Friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.

Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,

Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,

Goodnight.

Execut.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:

It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pier'st the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeve me Love, it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne:

Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne No Nightingale: looke Love what envious streakes Do lace the severing Cloudes in yonder East: Nights Candles are burnt out, and Jocond day Stands tipto on the mistic mountaines tops, I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Youd light is not daylight, I know it I: It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales, To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer, And light thee on thy way to Mantua.

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

Ile say you gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow,

Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beare The vaulty heaven so high above our heads, I have more care to stay, then will to go: Come death and welcome, Juliet wills it so. How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day. Juli. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away: It is the Larke that sings so out of tune, Straining harsh Discords, and unpleasing Sharpes. Some say the Larke makes sweete Division; This doth not so: for she divideth us. Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes, O now I would they had chang'd voyces too: Since arme from arme that voyce doth us affray, Hunting thee hence, with Hunts-up to the day, O now be gone, more light and it light growes. Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber, The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,

I must heare from thee every day in the houre,

For in a minute there are many dayes,

O by this count I shall be much in yeares,

Ere I againe behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell:

I will omit no oportunitie,

That may convey my greetings Love, to thee.

Jul. O thinkest thou we shall ever meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Exit.

Juliet. O God! I have an ill Divining soule, Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe, As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe, Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale. Rom. And trust me love, in my eye so do you: Drie sorrow drinkes our blood. Adue, adue.

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle, If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune: For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,

But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you up? Jul. Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother. Is she not downe so late, or up so early? What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lad. Why how now Juliet? Madam I am not well. Jul.

Lad. Evermore weeping for your Cozins death? What wilt thou wash him from his grave with teares? And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live: Therefore have done, some griefe shewes much of Love, But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit. Jul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

Lad. So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend Which you weepe for.

Feeling so the losse,

I cannot chuse but ever weepe the Friend. La. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the Villaine lives which slaughter'd him. Jul. What Villaine, Madam?

That same Villaine Romeo. Lad.

Jul. Villaine and he, be many miles Assunder: God pardon, I doe with all my heart:

And yet no man like he, doth grieve my heart.

Lad. That is because the Traitor lives. Jul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:

Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not. Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in Mantua, Where that same banisht Run-agate doth live, Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soone keepe Tybalt company: And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfied With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext: Madam if you could find out but a man

To beare a poyson, I would temper it; That Romeo should upon receit thereof,

Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him, To wreake the Love I bore my Cozin,

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man. But now lie tell thee joyfull tidings Gyrle.

Jul. And joy comes well, in such a needy time,

What are they, beseech your Ladyship? Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?

One who to put thee from thy heavinesse, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is this? Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,

The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman, The Countie Paris at Saint Peters Church, Shall happily make thee a joyfull Bride.

Jul. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too, He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride. I wonder at this hast, that I must wed



Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate
Rather then Paris. These are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne, It raines downright. How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still in teares? Ever more showring in one little body? Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind: For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea, Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is Sayling in this salt floud, the winde thy sighes, Who raging with the teares and they with them, Without a sudden calme will over set Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife? Have you delivered to her our decree? I air; Lady. But she will none, she gives you thankes,

I would the foole were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome.

Jul. Not proud you have,
But thankfull that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I have,
But thankfull even for hate, that is meant Love.
Cap. How now?

How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this? Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not. Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds, But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next, To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church: Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither. Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,

You tallow face.

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Jul. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch, I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday, Or never after looke me in the face.

Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.

My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought us blest,
That God had lent us but this onely Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:

Out on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heaven blesse her, You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tongue, Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.

Nur. I speake no treason, Father, O Godigoden,

Father, O Godigoden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole, Utter your gravitie ore a Gossips bowle:

Utter your gravitie ore a Gossips bowle: For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
To have her matcht, and having now provided



A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,

Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied, Stuft as they say with Honourable parts, Proportion'd as ones thoughts would wish a man. And then to have a wretched puling foole, A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender, To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Love: I am too young, I pray you pardon me. But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you. Graze where you will, you shall not house with me: Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not use to jest. Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, advise, And you be mine, Ile give you to my Friend: And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets, For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee, Nor what is mine shall never do thee good: Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne. Juli. Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes, That sees into the bottome of my griefe? O sweet my Mother cast me not away, Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke, Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed In that dun Monument where Tybalt lies. Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word, Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. Jul. O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented? My Husband is on earth, my faith in heaven, How shall that faith returne againe to earth,

Unlesse that Husband send it me from heaven, By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsaile me: Alacke, alacke, that heaven should practise stratagems

What saist thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

Upon so soft a subject as my selfe.

Some comfort Nurse.

Exit.

Exit.

Nar. Faith here it is, Romes is banished, and all the world to noth That he dares nere come backe to challenge you: Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth, Then since the case so stands as now it doth, I thinke it best you married with the Countie, O hee's a Lovely Gentleman: Romeos a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye As Paris hath, beshrow my very heart, I thinke you are happy in this second match, For it excels your first: or if it did not, Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were, As living here and you no use of him. Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart? Nur. And from my soule too, Or else beshrew them both, Jul. Amen, What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marve'lous much, Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone, Having displeas'd my Father, to Lawrence Cell, To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Jul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!

It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare, So many thousand times? Go Counsellor, Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine: Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,

If all else faile, my selfe have power to die.

Excunt.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.
Fri. On Thursday sir? the time is very short.



Par. My Father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his hast.
Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
Pa. Immoderately she weepes for Tybalts death,
And therfore have I little talke of Love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares,
Now sir, her Father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrows so much sway:
And in his wisedome, hasts our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reason of this hast?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife. Jul. That may be sir, when I may be a wife. Par. That may be, must be Love, on Thursday next. Jul. What must be shall be. That's a certaine text. Par. Come you to make confession to this Father? Jul. To answere that, I should confesse to you. Par. Do not denie to him, that you Love me. Jul. I will confesse to you that I Love him. Par. So will ye, I am sure that you Love me. Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price, Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face. Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares. Jul. The teares have got small victorie by that: For it was bad inough before their spight. Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with t Jul. That is no slaunder sir, which is a truth, Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.

And what I spake, I spake it to thy face. Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it. Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne. Are you at leisure, Holy Father now, Or shall I come to you at evening Masse? Fri. My leisure serves me pensive daughter now. My Lord you must intreat the time alone. Par. God sheild: I should disturbe Devotion. Juliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee, Exit Paris. Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. Jul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so, Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe. Fri. O Juliet, I alreadie know thy griefe, It streames me past the compasse of my wits: I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it. On Thursday next be married to this Countie. Jul. Tell me not Friar that thou hearest of this, Unlesse thou tell me how I may prevent it: If in thy wisedome, thou canst give no helpe, Do thou but call my resolution wise, And with this knife, Ile helpe it presently. God joyn'd my heart, and Romeos, thou our hands, And ere this hand by thee to Romeo seal'd: Shall be the Labell to another Deede. Or my true heart with treacherous revolt, Turne to another, this shall slay them both: Therefore out of thy long experien'st time, Give me some present counsell, or behold Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife Shall play the umpeere, arbitrating that, Which the commission of thy yeares and art, Could to no issue of true honour bring: Be not so long to speake, I long to die,

If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedy.

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution, As that is desperate which we would prevent. If rather then to marrie Countie Paris Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe, Then is it likely thou wilt undertake A thing like death to chide away this shame, That coap'st with death himselfe, to scape fro it: And if thou dar'st, Ile give thee remedie. Jul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie Paris, From of the Battlements of any Tower, Or walke in theevish waies, or bid me lurke Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house, Orecovered quite with dead mens ratling bones, With reckie shankes and yellow chappels sculls: Or bid me go into a new made grave, And hide me with a dead man in his grave, Things that to heare them told, have made me tremble. And I will doe it without Teare or doubt, To live an unstained wife to my sweet Love. Fri. Hold then: goe home be merrie, give consent, To marrie Paris: wensday is to morrow. To morrow night looke that thou lie alone, Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber: Take thou this Violl being then in bed, And this distilling liquor drinke thou off, When presently through all thy veines shall run, A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse Shall keepe his native progresse, but surcease: No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou livest, The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall

Like death when he shut up the day of life: Each part depriv'd of supple government,

Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,

And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death Thou shalt continue two and forty houres, And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe. Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes, To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead: Then as the manner of our country is, In thy best Robes uncover'd on the Beere, Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave: Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault, Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie, In the meane time against thou shalt awake, Shall Romeo by my Letters know our drift, And hither shall he come, and that very night Shall Romeo beare thee hence to Mantua. And this shall free thee from this present shame, If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare, Abate thy valour in the acting it. Jul. Give me, give me, O tell not me of care. Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous: In this resolve, Ile send a Frier with speed

To Mantua with my Letters to thy Lord. ./w. Love give me strength,

And strength shall helpe afford:

Parewell deare father.

Exit.

Knter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Serving men, two or three.

the Hu many guests invite as here are writ,

Minch, you have me twenty cunning Cookes. their lingers.

the How canst thou trie them so?

Marrie air, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne lingers : therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me



Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much unfurnisht for this time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier Lawrence?

Nur. I forsooth. Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,

A peevish selfe-wild harlotry it is,

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift

With merrie looke,

Cap. How now my headstrong, Where have you bin gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition: To you and your behests, and am enjoyn'd

By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,

Ile have this knot knit up to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,

And gave him what becomed Love I might,

Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand up,

This is as't should be, let me see the County: I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither,

Now afore God, this reveren'd holy Frier,

All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,

To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,

As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there's time inough.

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her, Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

Weele to Church to morrow.

Mo. We shall be short in our provision, 'Tis now neere night.

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Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to Juliet, helpe to decke up her,
lle not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie Paris, to prepare him up
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt Father and Mother

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse I pray thee leave me to my selfe to night:
For I have need of many Orysons,
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which well thou know'st, is crosse and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my help?

Jul. No Madam, we have cul'd such necessaries

As are behoovefull for our state to morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone;

And let the Nurse this night sit up with you,

For I am sure, you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden businesse.

Mo. Goodnight.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Jul. Farewell:

God knowes when we shall meete againe. I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veines, That almost freezes up the heate of fire: Ile call them backe againe to comfort me. Nurse, what should she do here? My dismall Sceane, I needs must act alone:

Excun

Come Viall what if this mixture do not worke at all?

SC. I.

Shall I be married then to morrow morning? No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there, What if it be a poyson which the Frier Subtilly hath ministred to have me dead, Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd, Because he married me before to Romeo? I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it should not, For he hath still beene tried a holy man. How, if when I am laid into the Tombe, I wake before the time that Romeo There's a fearefull point: Come to redeeme me? Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault? To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in, And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes. Or if I live, is it not very like, The horrible conceit of death and night, Together with the terror of the place, As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle, Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones Of all my buried Auncestors are packt, Where bloody Tybalt, yet but greene in earth, Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say, At some houres in the night, Spirits resort: Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I So early waking, what with loathsome smels, And shrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth, That living mortalls hearing them, run mad. O if I walke, shall I not be distraught, Invironed with all these hidious feares, And madly play with my forefathers joynts? And plucke the mangled Tybalt from his shrow'd? And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone, As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines. O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,

Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Upon my Rapiers point: stay Tybalt, stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,

Take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good Angelica,
Spare not for cost.

Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go, Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow For this nights watching.

Cap. No not a whit; what? I have watcht ere now All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.

La. I you have bin a Mouse-hunt in your time, But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurs

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood, Now fellow, what there?

Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what. Cap. Make hast, make hast, sirrah, fetch drier Logs. Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel. I have a head sir, that will find out logs, And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.
The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere,



8C. I.

Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up, Ile goe and chat with Paris: hie, make hast,

Make hast, the Bridegroome, he is come already: Make hast I say.

Nur. Mistris, what Mistris? Juliet? Fast I warrant her she.

Why Love Levy? Madam event heart a why Bride?

Why Love I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?

What not a word? You take your peniworths now.

Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant The Countie Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little, God forgive me:

Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe?

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,

I, let the Countie take you in your bed,

Heele fright you up yfaith. Will it not be?

What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?

I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady? Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,

Oh weladay, that ever I was borne,

Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Enter Mother.

Mo. What noise is heere?

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heavie day.

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:

Revive, looke up, or I will die with thee:

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring Juliet forth, her Lord is come. Nur. Shee's dead: deceast, shee's dead: alacke the day. M. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.

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Fa. Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,
Her blood is setled and her joynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips have long bene seperated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the swetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Mo.

O wofull time.

Mo. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go, but never to returne.
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife: there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him.
Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all life living, all is deaths.

Pa. Have I thought long to see this mornings face, And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accur'st, unhappie, wretched hatefull day, Most miserable houre, that ere time saw In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage. But one, poore one, one poore and loving Child, But one thing to rejoyce and solace in, And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day, Most lamentable day, most wofull day, That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day, Never was seene so blacke a day as this:
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Pa. Beguild, divorced, wronged, spighted, slaine, Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,



SC. I.

By cruell, cruell thee quite overthrowne: O love, O life; not life, but love in death. Fat. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kil'd, Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now To murther, murther our solemnitic? O Child, O Child; my soule, and not my Child, Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead, And with my Child, my joyes are buried. Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions: Care lives not In these confusions, heaven and your selfe Had part in this faire Maid, now heaven hath all, And all the better is it for the Maid: Your part in her, you could not keepe from death, But heaven keepes his part in eternall life: The most you sought was her promotion, For 'twas your heaven, she shouldst be advan'st, And weepe ye now, seeing she is advan'st Above the Cloudes, as high as Heaven it selfe? O in this love, you love your Child so ill, That you run mad, seeing that she is well: Shee's not well married, that lives married long, But shee's best married, that dies married yong. Drie up your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is, And in her best array beare her to Church: For though some Nature bids all us lament, Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment. Fa. All things that we ordained Festivall,

Turne from their office to blacke Funerall: Our instruments to melancholy Bells, Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast: Our solemne Hymnes, to sullen Dyrges change: Our Bridall flowers serve for a buried Coarse: And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,

Execut.

And go sir *Paris*, every one prepare

To follow this faire Coarse unto her grave:

The heavens do lowre upon you, for some ill:

Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

Mu. Faith we may put up our Pipes and be gone. Nur. Honest goodfellowes: Ah put up, put up,

For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Mu. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, oh Musitions,

Hearts ease, hearts ease,

O, and you will have me live, play hearts ease.

Mu. Why hearts ease;

Pet. O Musitions,

Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full.

Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mu. What will you give us?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke. I will give you the Minstrell.

Mu. Then I will give you the Serving creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the serving Creatures Dagger on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you, do you note me?

Mu. And you Re us, and Fa us, you Note us.

2 M. Pray you put up your Dagger,

And put out your wit.

Then have at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,

And put up my yron Dagger.

Answere me like men:

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Musicke with her silver sound.



Why silver sound? Why Musicke with her silver sound? what say you Simon Catling?

Mu. Mary sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pratest, what say you Hugh Rebicke?

2. M. I say silver sound, because Musitions sound for silver.

Pet. Pratest to, what say you James Sound-Post?

3. Mu. Faith I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

I will say for you; it is Musicke with her silver sound, Because Musitions have no gold for sounding:

Then Musicke with her silver sound with speedy helpe doth lend redresse.

Exit.

Mu. What a pestilent knave is this same?

M. 2. Hang him Jacke, come weele in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and stay dinner.

Exit.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe, My dreames presage some joyfull newes at hand: My bosomes L. sits lightly in his throne: And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit, Lifts me above the ground with cheerefull thoughts. I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead, (Strange dreame that gives a dead man leave to thinke,) And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips, That I reviv'd and was an Emperour. Ah me, how sweet is love it selfe possest, When but loves shadowes are so rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from Verona, how now Baltbaser?

Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?

How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?

How doth my Lady Juliet? that I aske againe,

For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

Her body sleepes in Capels Monument, And her immortall part with Angels live, I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault, And presently tooke Poste to tell it you: O pardon me for bringing these ill newes, Since you did leave it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? Then I denie you Starres.

Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper. And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you sir, have patience:

Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import Some misadventure.

Tush, thou art deceiv'd, Rom.

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit 1 No matter: Get thee gone, Rom.

And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight. Well Juliet, I will lie with thee to night:

Lets see for meanes: O mischiefe thou art swift,

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:

I do remember an Appothecarie, And here abouts dwells, which late I noted

In tattred weeds, with overwhelming browes,

Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,

Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:

And in his needie shop a Tortoyrs hung,

An Allegater stuft, and other skins

Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelves,

A beggerly account of emptie boxes,

Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,

Remnants of pack thred, and old cakes of Roses

Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.

Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,

An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is persent death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him,
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho? Appothecarie?

Enter Appothecarie.

App. Who call's so low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore, Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me have A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare, As will disperse it selfe through all the veines, That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead, And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath, As violently, as hastie powder fier'd Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

App. Such mortall drugs I have, but Mantua law Is death to any he, that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse, And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes, Need and opression starveth in thy eyes, Contempt and beggery hangs upon thy backe! The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds laws The world affords no law to make thee rich. Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

App. My poverty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pray thy poverty, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will

And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight,
Rom. There's thy Gold,

Worse poyson to mens soules,

Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me
To Juliets grave, for there must I use thee.

Excunt.

Enter Frier John to Frier Lawrence.

John. Holy Franciscan Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law, This same should be the voice of Frier John. Welcome from Mantua, what sayes Romeo? Or if his mind be writ, give me his Letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out, One of our order to associate me, Here in this Citie visiting the sick, And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did raigne, Seal'd up the doores, and would not let us forth, So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to Romeo?

Law. Who bare my Letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it, here it is againe,

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Unhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood The Letter was not nice, but full of charge, Of deare import, and the neglecting it May do much danger: Frier John go hence, Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight Unto my Cell.

John. Brother Ile go and bring it thee. Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,

Within this three houres will faire Juliet wake,

Exit.

Shee will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to Mantua,
And keepe her at my Cell till Romeo come,
Poore living Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris and bis Page.

Par. Give me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,

Yet put it out, for I would not be seene: Under yound young Trees lay thee all along, Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground, So shall no foot upon the Churchyard tread, Being loose, unfirme with digging up of Graves, But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me, As signall that thou hearest some thing approach, Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go. Pag. I am almost afraid to stand alone Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure. Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew: O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones, Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe, Or wanting that, with teares destil'd by mones; The obsequies that I for thee will keepe, Whistle Boy. Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weepe.

The Boy gives warning, something doth approach, What cursed foot wanders this wayes to night, To crosse my obsequies, and true loves right? What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Give me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron, Hold take this Letter, early in the morning See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father, Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee, What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloofe,

And do not interrupt me in my course. Why I descend into this bed of death, Is partly to behold my Ladies face: But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger, A precious Ring: a Ring that I must use, In deare employment, therefore hence be gone: But if thou jealous dost returne to prie In what I further shall intend to do, By heaven I will teare thee joynt by joynt, And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs: The time, and my intents are savage wilde: More fierce and more inexorable farre, Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea. Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you. Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that, Live and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow. Pet. For all this same, Ile hide me here about, His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt. Rom. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death, Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth: Thus I enforce thy rotten Jawes to open, And in despight, Ile cram thee with more food. Par. This is that banisht haughtie Mountague, That murdred my Loves Cozin; with which griefe,

Par. This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,
That murdred my Loves Cozin; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle, vile Mountague:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man, Flie hence and leave me, thinke upon those gone, Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth, Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to furie. O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defie thy commisseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.

Ro. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee Boy.

Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Pa. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,

Open the Tombe, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face:

Mercutius kinsman, Noble Countie Paris,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of Juliet,

To thinke it was so? O give me thy hand, One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke. Ile burie thee in a triumphant grave.

A grave; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
For here lies Juliet, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Love, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy Beautie:
Thou art not conquer'd: Beauties ensigne yet
Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not advanced there.

Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloudy sheet? O what more favour can I do to thee,

Forgive me Cozen. Ah deere Juliet: Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeve,

To sunder his that was thy enemie?

Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,

Shall I beleeve, that unsubstantiall death is amorous? And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes Thee here in darke to be his Paramour? For feare of that, I still will stay with thee, And never from this Pallace of dym night Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes, Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in. O true Appothecarie! Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die. Depart againe; here, here will I remaine, With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here Will I set up my everlasting rest: And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres From this world-wearied flesh: Eyes looke your last: Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death: Come bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide, Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sicke wearie Barke: Heere's to my Love. O true Appothecary: Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be upon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light

To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I discerne, It burneth in the Capels Monument.

Man. It doth so holy sir,

And there's my Master, one that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there? Man. Full halfe an houre,

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir:

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence, And fearefully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to looke on his entents,

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes upon me.

O much I feare some ill unluckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe under this young tree here, I dreamt my maister and another fought,

And that my Maister slew him.

Fri.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which staines

The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?

What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale: who else? what Paris too?

And steept in blood? Ah what an unkind houre

Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?

The Lady stirs.

Jul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord? I do remember well where I should be:

And there I am, where is my Romeo?

Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest Of death, contagion, and unnaturall sleepe,

A greater power then we can contradict

Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,

Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:

Thy lips are warme.

Exit.

And Paris too: come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good Juliet, I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true loves hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end
O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop.
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Jul. Yea noise?

Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.

'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

Boy. This is the place,

There where the Torch doth burne.

Watch. The ground is bloody,

Search about the Churchyard.

Go some of you, who ere you find attach.

Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,

And Juliet bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lye, But the true ground of all these piteous woes, We cannot without circumstance descry.

• Watch. Here's Romeo's man,

Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets, Raise up the Mountagues, some others search,

We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Romeo's man.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. Wat. Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him, As he was comming from this Church-yard side.

Con. A great suspition, stay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misadventure is so earely up, That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the streete crie Romeo,

Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all runne

With open outcry toward our Monument.

Pri. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Wat. Soveraigne, here lies the Countie Paris slaine,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet dead before,

Warme and new kil'd.

Prin. Search,

Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd Romeos man, With Instruments upon them fit to open

These dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heaven!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of Mountague,
And is missheathed in my Daughters bosome.
Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell

That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come Mountague, for thou art early up To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night, Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:

What further woe conspires against my age? Prin. Looke: and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou untaught, what manners in is this,

To presse before thy Father to a grave? Prin. Seale up the mouth of outrage for a while,

And know their spring, their head, their true descent,

And then will I be generall of your woes, And lead you even to death? meane time forbeare,

And let mischance be slave to patience,

Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

Bring forth the parties of suspition.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,

Yet most suspected as the time and place Doth make against me of this direfull murther:

And heere I stand both to impeach and purge

My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Prin. Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale. Romeo there dead, was husband to that Juliet,

And she there dead, that's Romeos faithfull wife:

I married them; and their stolne marriage day

Was Tybalis Doomesday: whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:

For whom (and not for Tybali) Juliet pinde. You, to remove that siege of Greefe from her,

Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce

To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me, And (with wilde lookes) bid me devise some meanes

To rid her from this second Marriage,

Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.

Then gave I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)

A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to Romeo, That he should hither come, as this dyre night, To helpe to take her from her borrowed grave, Being the time the Potions force should cease. But he which bore my Letter, Frier John, Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone, At the prefixed houre of her waking, Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault, Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell, Till I conveniently could send to Romeo. But when I came (some Minute ere the time Of her awaking) heere untimely lay The Noble Paris, and true Romeo dead. Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth, And beare this worke of Heaven, with patience: But then, a noyse did scarre me from the Tombe, And she (too desperate) would not go with me, But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe. All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is privy: And if ought in this miscarried by my fault, Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time, Unto the rigour of severest Law.

Prin. We still have knowne thee for a Holy man. Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

Boy. I brought my Master newes of Juliets death,
And then in poste he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This Letter he early bid me give his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.

Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch? Sirra, what made your Master in this place?

Page. He came with flowres to strew his Ladies grave, And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did: Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe, And by and by my Maister drew on him, And then I ran away to call the Watch. Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words, Their course of Love, the tydings of her death: And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with Juliet. Where be these Enemies? Capulet, Mountague, See what a scourge is laide upon your hate, That Heaven finds meanes to kill your joyes with Love; And I, for winking at your discords too, Have lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd. Cap. O Brother Mountague, give me thy hand, This is my Daughters joynture, for no more Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that Rate be set,
As that of True and Faithfull Juliet.
Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his Lady ly,

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his Lady ly, Poore sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence, to have more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished,
For never was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of Juliet, and her Romeo.

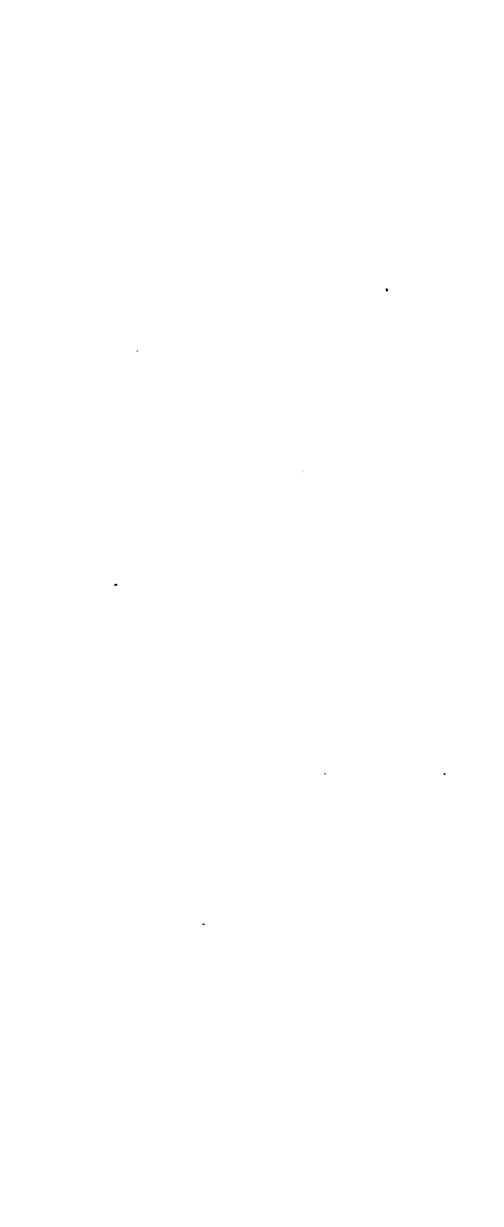
Exem

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.







Αl



